Richard Kearney L. NEW

PICTURE OF PARIS.

BY

M. MERCIER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

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NEW

PICTURE OF PARIS.

CHAP. CXXIV.

M. A. C. L.

WE read theſe four letters, in great capitals, on the front of a number of houſes, which mean, "*Maiſon* "*aſſurée contre l'incendie**." But a Sans-culotte took it into his head to interpret them in this way. "*Marie Antoinette* "*cocufie Louis.*"†

This licentious buffoonery did great prejudice to the king, who was rendered ridiculous by the arrangement of a few letters, and theſe two lines parodied from Voltaire, and which were ſometimes ſtuck up at the corner of ſtreets:

Les cornes ne ſont pas ce qu'un vain peuple penſe;
Ils furent tous cornards, tous ces beaux rois de France.‡

* Houſe inſured againſt fire.

† Maria Antoinetta makes a cuckold of Lewis.

‡ Whate'er the multitude may think of horns,
The brow of Gallia's Kings the gift adorns.

CHAP. CXXV.

THE CITY OF PARIS IN RELIEF (MONUMENT SEEN AT THE PALAIS ROYAL.)

If the French Revolution be the greateſt, the moſt extraordinary event, which has taken place in the empire of the world, and the moſt memorable which the archives of time and the pages of hiſtory ſhall preſerve to the lateſt generations, we ſhall love without doubt to contemplate the point where it took birth, and where was hoiſted, for the firſt time, that national cockade which will make the tour of the world; a prediction which is realiſing every day.

It is not good to imitate every thing, and folly to endeavour to paint what is beyond the power of the pencil; but if, inſtead of ſo many vain and ſterile paintings; we had under our eyes the real repreſentation of the ancient cities of the world, of which nothing but the remembrance remains, we ſhould perhaps diſcover in their ſtructure, their poſition, their locality, much to enlighten us reſpecting the more or leſs great, the more or leſs happy which has hitherto preſided over the deſtiny of nations.

An artiſt has made a monument, ſuch as does not exiſt, as far as I know, in any other city, at leaſt in ſuch a degree of juſtneſs and ſuperiority; it is the plan of Paris in relief; of that great human hive, where ſo many contrary elements live and ſtruggle. What ſhould we not give to contemplate, in the ſame proportion, the opulent and ſuperb Tyre; Thebes with its hundred gates; the flouriſhing Alexandria; Perſepolis; Babylon with its hanging gardens; Palmyra, whoſe ruins ſtill keep us in ecſtaſy; Carthage and ancient Rome, now almoſt effaced? Art might have immortalized theſe cities, and conveyed them down to us; and if the miſſionaries of China, inſtead of their myſtical nonſenſe, had ſketched and ſent us Pekin or Nankin, how would they have awakened our attention! Of what importance to us the city which they promiſe us in Africa, and which is announced to us as three times

greater

greater than London *, if they cannot tell us its greatneſs, and its relative proportions to the cities with which we are acquainted!

It is a happy, new, and bold idea, the conception of this figurative, or rather animated plan, which places in our view an immenſe capital, ſhews us all its various forms, neglects no details, ſo that the eye wanders through the ſinuoſities of the moſt obſcure ſtreets, viſits the ſquares, enters into the walks, and recognizes, in a circumference of forty-five feet, the houſes, buildings, palaces, ſquares, and croſs ways in a proportion truly geometrical. This ſlender monument, though compoſed of wood and paſte-board, may perhaps eſcape the ſcythe of time, and equal, like the pyramids of Egypt, the duration of ages; and this picture, in the view of politics, of civil economy, of police, and morals, is much more important for the philoſopher, than the factitious and lying battles of Alexander and Conſtantine. The picture of which I ſpeak (and it deſerves the name) offers you in a circumſcribed ſpace the firſt city, I may ſay of the univerſe, from the part which it has acted, and the all-powerful influence which it exerciſes, and will exerciſe ſtill more aſtoniſhingly, over the reſt of the globe. This ſketch excites meditation, produces ſurpriſe, and creates pleaſure and admiration; and the preciſion with which it is executed, and which is ſo much the more admirable the nearer you obſerve it, is a proof of extraordinary patience and ability.

At the firſt *coup d'œil* it appears a miniature, which grows larger as you contemplate it, and you perceive that immenſe and incredible maſs of houſes accumulated in the centre, and arrange themſelves in order, exciting in your mind the idea of an extraordinary population, at the ſame time that it carries you back to the time of Julius, of the Cæſars, when huts occupied the place of palaces, and Cæſar did not then imagine that the inhabitants of that muddy bourgade would one day go to take poſſeſſion of the capitol, and revive the genius of the Catos and the Brutus's.

The *ci-devant* Bourgeois recogniſes the ſteeple of his pariſh, where there is no vicar; the millionary his hotel, from whence he has diſlodged a prince, and the Engliſh

* The city of Houſa; it is ſituated towards the ſouth-eaſt of the city of Tombacto, on a river oppoſite to that of Senegal, in the latitude of nearly 15 degrees.

garden belonging to it; the woollen-draper, the corner of the ſtreet which forms the reputation of his ſhop, where he gives ſhort meaſure; the mechanic his workſhop, where his workmen lay down the law; the architect the two houſes which he has built, to make himſelf a third; the attorney's old clerk, the peeping-hole of the garret which he rents; the nun the gate of the convent, which opened at length to her wiſhes; the young nymph, Elyſium, where love and pleaſure lead her; and the lover the window, from whence was thrown, tied to a ſtone, the letter which cauſed his joy or his torment. I make my compliments to the opulent houſe of the contractor for the republic; in calamitous times he condeſcended to rob the republic a little; when no perſon was willing to ſerve it, the country is ſaved. I will not reproach him his gains or his enjoyments.

Yonder the wife of the ex-conventional ſhews her daughter the priſon where her unhappy father, abandoned by the whole nation, and ſtill a republican, waited that death which he had braved for the intereſt of liberty, and from his hatred to anarchy, and which he expected for thirteen months every inſtant of the day and night; there are the priſons which were reddened with human blood by clubs and ſabres, whilſt the curtain at the opera was drawing up, while Veſtris was dancing, and all the other theatres were overflowing.

On that ſide the aſtronomer diſcovers the obſervatory, that wonderful key of the firmament; he thinks he is reading in the ſtars; in thoſe letters of fire he does nothing but ſpell, and this is the reaſon why he is ignorant of the book. The man of letters, or he who aſſumes that name, perceives the library, where literary treaſures are open to him, but where the immenſity and inutility of the volumes make three quarters and half of the collection appear like cut ſtone.

The artiſt recognizes the gallery of the Louvre, where are arranged the pictures which excite his admiration and his deſpair; the ſoldier, the Hotel of Invalids, the term of his repoſe, the honourable reward of his labours; the poet, the Pantheon, where he will never be admitted, a temple tottering on its imprudent foundations; the beginner in the career of letters looks for the hall of the national inſtitute, an amalgam hitherto unknown; may it reſemble the Corinthian metal, eſteemed more precious than gold itſelf! The philoſopher ſmiles at the dome of that Sorbonne, where

where were ſeated thoſe uncouth theologians, whom all the world has a right to laugh at to-day, except perhaps a profeſſor of the human underſtanding; why not ſay therefore with the philoſopher Montaigne, *That we know the whole of nothing!* There is the college to which pedantry, driven out, returns again, and roots itſelf anew by the untameable obſtinacy of pedantic folly, eſpecially when it ſpeaks *ex cathedra*. The courtezan, who laughs at all writers and profeſſors, ſtops before the Chineſe pavilion, where ſhe graciouſly hails the nod of the ariſtocrat, who, as far as concerns her, is a good citizen. The dancer finds at the firſt glance the place of the opera, which he calls the *Spectacle unique*, and which is really ſo, as far as regards the dancing. As for the ſtock-jobber, who never had any other morality than that of the ſhark, he neither looks for nor ſees any thing but the Palais Royal, where ſwarm, under the colours of uſury, his devouring fry, and, as vices are in union, it is there alſo that debauchery diſplays its ſhameleſs ſcenes, and affrights the eye and the thought of modeſty.

But the man who loves his country and liberty, contemplates for a long time in ſilence what was called the *Manége*, that ſeat of the convention where the republic was founded, that point of renovation which holds to prodigy, that formidable and ſacred point, like the thunder of the ſkies, from whence were ſhot tempeſts, which, like phyſical ſtorms, ravaged and renewed the boſom of nature. The attentive obſerver before this curious piece of mechaniſm, early recognizes the ſecret or hidden affections of individuals, from the objects which they conſider with moſt attention; the old red cap itſelf trembles when the end of the wand points out the place where Samſon coined money, where the ſtatue of liberty became the idol of Moloch, and he ſteps away on one ſide, not to hear the reflection that follows, and which regards him. Here the towers of the Temple raiſe their lofty ſpires, and remind us of the deſtiny of the laſt king of the French, and the terrible puniſhment of perjury, which has reſounded to the extremities of the kingdoms of Tunquin, of Lao, and of Cochin-China.

At the *Champ de Mars*, in thoſe long and circular amphitheatres, we recollect thoſe four hundred thouſand men ſeated at the *fête* of the federation, the moſt ſingular, the moſt magnificent, and the moſt joyous that has ever taken place; a *fête* above romantic deſcription; when the revolution, ſtill intact and pure, and conformable to the writings of the wiſe, had not been crowned with ſerpents, armed

armed with daggers, and covered with a livid and bloody robe.

The towers of Nôtre Dame retrace the eaſy deſtruction of the catholic worſhip, the Saturnalia, the Bacchanals of the goddeſs of Reaſon, when aſſes and mules were decked with robes and mitres, when they ate anchovy ſallads in the ſacred vaſes, and when an opera-ſinger took the place of the immaculate Virgin on the chief altar; but ſee the Place de Grève, where Geneviéve, during a thouſand years the revered patron of Paris, was burnt like Duchauffour and Deſrues; there is the hotel, from whence the rebel commune marched with its Henriot of the 31ſt May, and its orator Chaumette, to murder the Convention, which ſlept under the knife. What reflections!

But the charm of the illuſion is complete, if provided with a magnifying glaſs you direct it ſucceſſively on the towers and domes which riſe above the humble houſes; on the dome of the Val-de-Grace, on the cupola of the corn market, the mint, the national treaſury, which diſgorges with ſo much difficulty, as the ſtockholder ſays; on the unequal towers of St. Sulpice, on the vaſt and heavy calotte of the Aſſumption, on the Luxembourg, now the directorial palace, from whence fled the Pretender, never more to re-appear; your eye returns ſeveral times to the colonnade of the Louvre, the Tuilleries, the Garde Meuble, the Military School, the Bourbon Palace, which its old proprietor will never more review, except in his dreams in the foreſts of Ruſſia, where he is gone to exiſt under the humiliating power of an arbitrary monarch; in that new hall, in the interior of that edifice ſpoilt by the moſt ignorant architects, will be rectified that frightful maſs of petty-fogging laws which compoſe every political ſin, and which never will be reconciled with that liberty which I idolize, and where I hope the pedantry of the lawyer will find no room; but alas! pedantry is every where; yet it has never done ſo much harm as at the tribune: Robeſpierre was leſs cruel than pedantic, and all political pedants are Robeſpierriſts.

So great is the fidelity with which each of theſe edifices is repreſented, that, with a magnifying glaſs, you think you ſee them in their natural dimenſions.

Beſides, the ſpectator ſtanding on a chair diſcovers Paris much better than he could ſee it from the top of the tower of St. Jacques-la-Boucherie; he embraces it in a ſingle look, meaſures its diameter by following, in their ſingular length, the immenſe ſtreets of St. Martin and St. Jacques, and the narrow obliquity of the adjacent ſtreets, which form

form a contraſt with them. The poor man looks in ſilence at the great hoſpital of humanity, which was ſtill better entitled, *La Maiſon de Dieu.* There is exerciſed the moſt advanced, the moſt perfect of all arts, ſurgery; ſurgery, which might ſay with pride to medicine, "You are yet far "behind me."

The entrance into the city on the ſide of the barrier of Chaillot, offers avenues of the greateſt and moſt pompous magnificence; they are connected in the perſpective with the chateau of the Tuilleries, and, together, form the fineſt, the moſt aſtoniſhing, and the richeſt garden, which imagination can create, or the eye contemplate.

The eye wanders along the circular roads of the Boulevards, ſometimes doubled; foreigners judge of the greatneſs of our capital, of the beauty of its environs, of the varied elegance of its country houſes, in following the long Boulevards, where tufted trees form in its middle a crown, and ſurround it, inſtead of a rampart of ſtone, with their green girdles.

Look at theſe immenſe fauxbourgs, larger than ordinary cities, which have ſent out armies in the great epochas of the Revolution; for the people of the ſuburbs are active when any commotion is to go forward.

Foreigners call by their old name the hotels of the Fauxbourg St. Germain, now deſerted, whoſe inhabitants had rather creep and beg in thoſe courts, which deceive and deſpiſe them, than unite themſelves to our majeſtic and invincible cauſe; foreigners hover over theſe extenſive gardens, where dukes and marquiſſes will never enter more, diſtinguiſh by their breadth the ſtreets of Bourbon and of the Univerſity, where rolled the equipages of the nobility, loſe and find themſelves again, but take as guides the theatres, which they frequently viſit, and the twelve bridges, which eſtabliſh the points of communication of the north with the ſouth, and the ſouth with the north.

Among ſo many houſes the ſtranger ſearches in a diſtant quarter the modeſt habitation of the hero, whoſe name already effaces ſo many others, and who has not yet finiſhed his great deſtinies; the ſtranger will ſay, at leaſt in returning to his home, I have ſeen at length his dwelling; and he ſtill looks in a noiſy quarter for the humble dwelling of J. J. Rouſſeau, exiled from the Alps, who wanted wood during the winter, and who received after his death ſtatues, and the homage of expenſive *fêtes.*

In ſhort, the eye loves to rove, and follows the different branches of the Seine, which form the iſlands of St. Louis, Louviers,

Louviers, and the city; it is the body of a ſwallow with the wings of an eagle, and it is from the city that has iſſued the great town; the daughter is at leaſt thirty times larger than the mother; it is a dwarf that has produced a giant. From this primordial point you follow the majeſtic courſe of the Seine, its ſuperb quays, which are ſeen no where elſe, the Pont Neuf, which it would be ſo eaſy to metamorphoſe, and erect into a triumphal bridge in honour of our generals. The Seine ſo completely divides the great city, that the weight of the buildings on each ſide is nearly equal, and the eye heſitates in deciding which is the moſt loaded with houſes. The foreſtaller, who uſurps the name of trader, is fixed by the Halle; it is the mine of this fellow's wealth; like the *maître d'hotel*, he follows the quays to diſtinguiſh each part after the different kinds of merchandize which are landed there; he fixes his attention on the trains of wood and on the barges which line them; he ruminates and prepares his plans of monopoly under the eye even of the laws and the magiſtrates, whoſe vigilance and authority he ſets at nought.

From that point wood is carted every year, which is brought in from forty leagues around, to feed the chimneys of the rich, the ſtoves of poverty, and the little clay ſtoves of indigence.

The quays are encumbered with veſſels of wine, and the friend of humanity never reflects without pain, that this liquor, ſo precious to the health when it is natural, is adulterated by the venders, and arrives at Paris to undergo a ſecond, and even ſometimes a third adulteration. O chemiſts! what are you doing? When an author renders himſelf guilty of a ſoleciſm, or fails in theatrical rules, he is rudely treated the next day by the critics; and you! why do you not take a walk on the port, your ſilver cup in your hand, taſting, marking, and denouncing the adulterated caſk?

Look where the coal-barges are unloaded, where they founder, or are overturned, the waters of the Seine reſemble for more than an hour the Stygian pool.

The ſpectator who likes to ſtudy this central point of a great empire, the theatre of great events, the city which has aſtoniſhed the whole world, and which will be talked of a thouſand years hence as we talk of it to-day, is agreeably ſurpriſed when he places himſelf before thoſe points of view, which the artiſt has copied with ſo much ſkill; he is never wearied with admiring the aſtoniſhing perſpective of the chateau of the Tuilleries, where deſpotiſm, after

after having ſigned the treaty of Pilnitz, that is to ſay, the diſmemberment and partition of France, anxious to ſeize again its leaden ſceptre, but trembling at the ſtroke, and fallen into its own ſnares, was finally ſubdued; look at the moſt magnificent of views from the ſquare formerly called Royal to the Champs Elyſées. The garden of plants offers conſolation to him, who is as it were caſt out of the city; and the alleys of St. Mandé, the antipodes of the barrier of Chaillot, delight the ſuburbian. I view this garden with an eye of predilection; I prefer it to the proud ſpot where wanton the arts, thoſe immortal maſter-pieces which ought to be confined to muſeums, and not preſented to the eyes of youth; arts which have too long ſubſiſted at the expence of agriculture, confined, neglected, and abandoned, and whoſe fructifying treaſures have been waſted on inanimate, indecent figures, uſeleſs to the happineſs of mankind.

The ſquares, in which the ſtatues of the kings were placed, preſent nothing of their remains but the degraded and mutilated pedeſtals, an eternal monument of the power of the people and the weakneſs of kings. We ſmile at all the monaſteries, emptied of their monks and monkeſſes, and transformed into dancing rooms, concert rooms, and cooks' ſhops. The clergy were in poſſeſſion of a third of the edifices and houſes of the great city; where is this clergy, ancient, rich, and powerful? a day has deſtroyed them, and the papal mitre, the tiara, are fallen alſo; the great Lama, or the Dalai Lama, holds good ſtill.

Such is the curious and inſtructive plan which places the whole of Paris under our eyes, ſuch as it was in 1789, without any degradation, and with all its ſucceſſive augmentations. We ſee that if the revolution had lopt off thouſands of heads, it has not injured its phyſical maſs; that this is the ſame, abſolutely the ſame; and the reflection which tells us that the bird paſſes and the neſt remains, fixes itſelf deeper, when we contemplate ſo many palaces and houſes, inhabited no longer by their proprietors, or whoſe former poſſeſſors have been cut off.

But when Boſſuet thundered at Verſailles before Lewis the XIVth theſe words: "Kingdoms die, Sire, as well as kings!" the prophetic words were underſtood at court only as the language of the preacher. Boſſuet ſeems to have announced the republic of France, which is proceeding with a ſteady pace through Europe.

There is one thing wanting to the perfection of this work, which human power cannot give it; and that is, to

ſee,

ſee, as in Paris itſelf, the motion of its inhabitants, the croſſing of carriages, the running of horſes, and of thoſe light and dangerous cabriolets, ſtill unforbidden; the tumultuous concourſe of the people, of a people paſſing away to their theatres, where they ſee nothing but hells, demons, ſpectres, ghoſts, bloody nuns, and with which they amuſe themſelves, becauſe they have no faith in them.

A poſtchaiſe will tranſport this aſtoniſhing city to every nation in Europe; the artiſt will ſhew it to men, to women, to children of different countries; he will procure it entrance, and exhibit it at London; under the gates of Vienna, Madrid, Berlin, and Peterſburgh; judge of the ſurpriſe of all theſe jealous potentates, who will have nothing to put in parallel with it; of the aſtoniſhment of the Grand Turk, and the Khan of Tartary, at the ſight of Paris, which they had never ſeen but on a map, and no larger than a point; they have heard it ſpoken of as one of thoſe poetical beauties which we celebrate in Pindaric odes; they will ſee it face to face, and they will be ſtupified at it; and if theſe deſpots are ſurrounded with their courtiers, none of them will aſk, or will dare aſk, Where is the Place of the Revolution? no perſon will ſay, Shew it to his majeſty. All the women of foreign countries will ſigh in ſeeing the plan of a city, where they would wiſh to have been born; and all of them will ſay in whiſpers, Oh! it is there only that pleaſures exiſt! it is there that our ſex enjoys a double liberty!

If the artiſt travels, as he has promiſed me; if he tranſports to diſtant countries his curious monument, he may ſay to the crowd which has not travelled, and which never will travel: "Here is that famous city which I bring you; I put it under your eyes; this city, for ſo many ages paſt the head, the arm, the light of the world! See this city, ſovereign by its arts, its ſciences, and its manners, in which every thing that was celebrated has lived, or was born; into which, at the approaching peace, the whole of Europe will flow, anxious to ſee places ſo long time celebrated, to viſit this ſingular ſpot, this city, glorious mother of liberty, iſſuing triumphantly from its boſom, as Minerva, completely armed, from the brain of Jupiter. Paris was reſolved to cruſh a throne that oppreſſed her, and ſhe cruſhed it in three days: as the bomb, launched into the air, never returns to the mortar, ſo ſlavery has fled this proud city, never more to re-deſcend: amidſt the tempeſts of the Revolution, and of bloody anarchy, Paris ſtood immoveable; its own fury, Jacobins' exceſſes even, have

have not been able to deſtroy it; and the innumerable armies of coaleſced kings, who were eager to devour it, have paſſed away like ſhadows; their diſtant fortreſſes are fallen, and Paris ſubſiſts entire; a ſlight defence has driven back thoſe celebrated legions, commanded by the kings of the North. Paris has ſent out from its walls three hundred thouſand men, and ſeems to have undergone no diminution; it has chaſtiſed Italy and Germany, and Germany and Italy have aſked for peace. Here is the powerful brain which creates, forms, and diſſeminates republics; which will make them germinate on every ſoil oppreſſed by kings or olygarchs; this is the arm which ſhall execute the boldeſt projects, which ſhall throw a bridge from the Seine to the Thames; it has already changed the feudal face of Europe, and the greater the reſiſtance to the rights of man and of liberty, the greater ſurface will be covered by the regenerating torrent. Like a rock in the middle of the ſea, which reſiſts the polar waves, and holds to the foundation of the world, witneſſing a thouſand ſhipwrecks; ſo will it ſubſiſt in all its glory, in that glory ariſing from ſtrength of mind and the force of arms.

Others will fall into ecſtaſies before thoſe black and hideous paintings which are brought from Italy, which preſent us with ſcarcely any thing but what had relation to the catholic church, an old regime of terror, the maddening rage of executioners revived in our days; one would ſuppoſe them ancient revolutionary committees, exerciſing their barbarities; a Fouquier Tinville, under the name of Herod, of Pilate, or Dioclefian. I turn away my eyes from thoſe ancient horrors, which ſeem to diminiſh the new; I had rather look at Paris in relief; theſe are the kinds of pictures I like beſt, ſuch as give me the living features of cities, and which ſave their memory from deſtruction; true pictures, which make the philoſopher and the legiſlator reflect; which inſpire the moraliſt, and furniſh him with political ideas of every kind. It is without doubt in this mode that a future generation, leſs puerile than our own, leſs in love with falſe and barbarous images, will meditate, and make profound reflections on a human hive of ſuch extent and vaſt dimenſion. This artiſt is called the Citizen Arnaud; he has made a natural repreſentation of Paris, as I have attempted in my picture to draw a moral ſketch; and I thought that it was my duty to ſpeak of this work, which is *unique* in its kind.

CHAP.

CHAP. CXXVI.

BONS MOTS OF THE TIERS ETAT.

A NOBLEMAN of the ſtates of Dauphiny having ſaid, in order to ſupport the primacy of the nobility, *I think on all the blood which the nobility has ſhed in battles*; a man of the *tiers etat* anſwered him, *And the blood of the people ſhed at the ſame time; do you think it was water?*

One of our ſeigneurs was one day entertaining his farmers, who brought him money, and in order to give himſelf an air of popularity, received them at his own table. At the end of the repaſt, willing to regale his gueſts, he ſaid to his maître d'hotel, *Give them ſome of the tiers etat*, the name he gave to brandy. *You are in the right*, anſwered one of his peaſants, *for it is the liquor which has moſt ſtrength and ſpirit.*

CHAP. CXXVII.

SHOPKEEPERS.

SHOPKEEPERS, retailers, pedlars, every trading claſs in general, are more or leſs grumblers by character and habit; they are in continued oppoſition with every man who has taken any part in our political debates. A revolution is always a ſcourge for the generation in which it happens. To hear theſe perſons, one would ſuppoſe that the revolution ought to have choſen any other time than that in which they live. Why have dangers come to aſſail them? They never examine whether this revolution is not made up of a number of revolutions, and indiſcriminately cenſure the talents, the virtues, and the vices of a crowd of individuals, laviſhing the names of wretches on patriots who have ſaved their country, as well as on the monſters who have diſhonoured it by their crimes.

They

They are not aſhamed of aſſociating Condorcet and Marat. The moſt ridiculous accuſations, the moſt groſs invectives, iſſue from their mouths againſt every republican. They would rather ſee mankind the prey of eternal deſpotiſm, than undergo the ſtorms which have deranged their trade. They call themſelves friends to quiet, and with thoſe friends the iron ſceptre of tyrants would remain unſhaken in their hands. Were kings revived and put in place, they might without fear deliver themſelves up to every exceſs of vengeance, to all the madneſs of power.

They are continually calling to mind the tables of proſcription; and when the fatal carts which dragged the victims to execution paſſed, they looked coolly and tranquilly on thoſe that were going to be ſacrificed, and honoured their conſtancy and their misfortune neither by a ſigh nor a regret.

Their courage has not been put to the ſame proof; they have never indeed reflected whether there would be courage in braving oppreſſion and tyranny. Arbitrary meaſures, according to them, are ſuch as order the payment of patents and taxes; that is what would revive their independent ſpirits, if they knew how to handle any thing except an ell, and the pen which traces the multiplication table.

Devoid of every kind of political ideas, it matters little to them that this man is prowling to erect again the bloody altars of the Maratiſt, and that, to raiſe up a throne annihilated by the general will. There are no other vexations, according to them, than ſuch as fall on the tradeſman; and as the word republicaniſm is a new word, it was very uſeleſs to create it, as well as the calendar, which has raſhly changed the name of the months of the year, obliging the citizens to be at the expence of talent for memory, a crime unexampled, a criminal ſyſtem, and a complete piece of extravagance. Such is the cant of the ſhopkeepers, and in this claſs I reckon the notaries. The pen-gentry are thoſe who have the narroweſt ideas; and notaries, above all others, have thicker heads than could have been allowed even under the new order of things.

CHAP.

CHAP. CXXVIII.

ARRESTATION.

LINGUET, who proſcribed this word, wiſhed us to make uſe of that of *arrêtement*. Linguet was in the wrong. We ought never to employ this word, but in ſpeaking of things; we ought to ſay, for example, the *arrêtement* (the ſtopping) of the courſe of a rivulet; the ſtopping of a carriage at the door of a houſe. The word arreſtation is applicable only to perſons arreſted by order of a conſtituted authority. Nevertheleſs, when proofs were diſcovered of the treaſon of Gabriel Mirabeau, whom Condé called a *great man* and a *great ſcoundrel*, and when the propoſition was diſcuſſed at the National Convention, to exhume from the Pantheon the aſhes of this deputy, who ſold his genius to the higheſt bidder, Pierre Manuel, after having defended the memory of his friend, terminated his diſcourſe by ſaying, that the Convention ſhould limit itſelf to putting his memory in *arreſtation*. At the time when the decree, which ordered the arreſt of *ſuſpected perſons*, appeared, it was perceived with terror, that by the definition which it gave of what was to be underſtood by *ſuſpected*, there was no one whom the Committee of Public Safety, whom the Revolutionary Committees, whom the viceroys in the departments, might not declare ſuch. The execution followed cloſely the promulgation of this law, which impreſſed the marks of ſlavery on the front of liberty. The fear of being denounced as ſuſpected forced ſome to abandon their homes, and dive into foreſts; while others, after having made their will, buried themſelves in caverns.

CHAP. CXXIX.

BOISSY D'ANGLAS.

SURNAMED Boiſſy Famine. He was maître d'hotel to the king's brother, penſionary of the court: he ſeemed to me, while he was ſpeaking, to be always holding a napkin

napkin under his arm, as I have ſeen Paſtoret hold his parliamentary robe which fell down to his heels.

We are not yet certain whether this Boiſſy d'Anglas was not in accord with the aſſaſſins of Ferand, when he appeared ſo unſhaken in ſaluting the bloody head which was offered him, and when the balls of the blunderbuſs pierced the wainſcot four feet diſtant from him. Faithful to the plan of the royal re-action, he battled for it till the 18th of Fructidor, when his part ended.

He had ſigned the proteſt of the ſeventy-three. Quite aſtoniſhed at having done an act of courage, or rather from fear, he begged to have his ſignature effaced. This favour was granted him from contempt.

The idea of organizing a famine was not new; the court had ſometimes made uſe of it. During the ſummer of the year three, Boiſſy d'Anglas lied like a Barrere, and favoured, as one of the moſt active agents of the faction of the Anglomanes, that diſaſtrous ſcarcity, by means of which they had hoped to have driven a famiſhed people to demand a king.

In recompence for the long faſt they had undergone, the people of Paris named him deputy; and his name was the firſt on the liſts which were ſent into the departments. When I ſay the people of Paris, I mean to ſpeak of the ſections, which ſeemed agreed with the foreign cabinets; ſo much in oppoſition were they to the genius of that liberty, which created ſo many prodigies.

With this Boiſſy d'Anglas was connected that execrable Aubry, the moſt cowardly and vileſt of men, and who already believed himſelf a ſecond Monk; but who, without ability, without underſtanding, not having even the momentary audaciouſneſs of a conſpirator, obtained a terrible influence after the days of Praireal. He broke Buonaparte's commiſſion.

This Aubry was the ſcourge of the French armies, diſmiſſing with frigid inſolence all the brave republican officers, whom he replaced by knights of the poignard, by body guards, and other people devoted to the cauſe of royalty.

Never was the republic in greater danger than at the time of the operations of this artful and cold-blooded wretch, who fettered the valour of our troops; and it was time that the 18th Fructidor overthrew thoſe Clichians, who were all, under the guidance of the infamous Carnot, about to betray and dye their country in blood.

We

We muſt alſo obſerve, that Boiſſy d'Anglas and Aubry were amongſt the royal pamphleteers, and the moſt contemptible and moſt wretched ſcribblers of the faction.

CHAP. CXXX.

TREATED LIKE A DOG.

An expreſſion which circulated in converſation in the firſt years of the revolution, and the origin of which is unknown.

Under the old regime, the treaſury penſions, which were called royal, amounted to more than an hundred millions. Obſerve, that thoſe granted to the ancient ſubjects of the *royal* academy of muſic amounted to more than two hundred ſeventy-eight thouſand livres; and that a penſion of ſix thouſand livres was given to the hair-dreſſer of Mademoiſelle d'Artois, who having died at three years of age, had no hair to dreſs. But note alſo, that the government became economical in certain circumſtances. For inſtance, the brave Aude, who made general Ligonier priſoner in the battle of Laufeld, and who contributed to gain the victory, had a penſion granted him by the royal treaſury of two hundred livres. From economy, however, they took care, by way of reſerve, to reduce it to an hundred and eighty-eight livres three ſous, which they totally forgot to pay him. A circumſtance by the way, which proves, that under the old regime our brave ſoldiers were treated with much leſs humanity than his majeſty's dogs. Look at the account given in 1788, by the calotin de Brienne, and there you will read, "For "the maintenance of his majeſty's dogs, at eight ſous ſix "deniers a day for each dog, forty thouſand livres. For "the furniture of the ſaid dogs, ten thouſand livres a "year." Now the pay of a ſoldier amounted at moſt to ſix ſous a day. His majeſty's dogs, therefore, were better treated than the ſoldiers, who ſhed their blood to defend what he called his rights. There was not a ſoldier who would not have ſaid, that he would have been very happy to be treated like a dog.

CHAP. CXXXI.

MUSCADINS.

A KIND of men, whoſe buſineſs it is to wear an elegant or ridiculous dreſs, and whom the beat of a drum metamorphoſes into women. "The ſon of Czar Peter I. "burnt one of his fingers," ſays one of our writers, "in "order not to do the work his father exacted from him." We have ſeen a Muſcadin cut off his thumb to avoid carrying arms againſt the enemy: he ought to have kept it to handle the needle or diſtaff.

Theſe perſonages form the contraſt of the filthy Jacobins. One would have thought that a ſpirited ſet of young men would have embraced republican principles; but theſe young men were rich, and wiſhed to diſtinguiſh themſelves from thoſe they called *blue-coats*. The muſcadins were laughed at, drubbed, and kicked, wherever they went with their *dog's-ears*, and *their hair turned up with a comb*, to brave the republicans. If they had the advantage, it was very ſeldom, and then they were four againſt one. They act the royaliſt when out of hearing, but the emigrants deſpiſe them ſtill more than they deteſt the patriots.

CHAP. CXXXII.

PUBLIC SPIRIT.

NOTHING is more amuſing than the efforts of writers to determine preciſely what is *public ſpirit*. Every one is deſirous of fixing it in his coterie, or in his newſpaper. This man fell into the party of oppoſition without knowing it, the other ſerved the government by his inconſiderate ſpeeches, and without wiſhing it.

It was impoſſible that there ſhould have been any public ſpirit in thoſe great commotions, or at leaſt to find out preciſely where it was. The ſenſible and tranquil portion of citizens perhaps in ſecret reaſoned thus: "Let us take

patience from a ſpirit of reaſon and calculation; the worſt that could happen would be, not to be badly governed, but not to be governed at all." The word *public ſpirit* has therefore had at Paris and elſewhere very different acceptations. The obſervers, if I may ſo expreſs it, placed their fingers on the thermometer when they conſulted it, and took for the temperature of the air the greater or leſs heat of their hands. Ten who ſpeak make much more noiſe than ten thouſand who hold their tongues, but the noiſe goes off.

To feel the pulſe of the public mind requires a very fine touch. We muſt examine accurately if the motion be in proportion to the noiſe; and ſubtract afterwards from the calculation every thing which is due to the being drawn on, and to the effect of example.

An office of public ſpirit was once formed, every thing was picked up that was ſaid at the coffee-houſes and theatres; but the next day it had another verſion; for what is called *ſpirit of oppoſition* is innate amongſt the Pariſians. One man cries out fire, in order to extinguiſh it; another, to plunder the houſe. It is not public ſpirit which reigns at Paris, but the ſpirit of criticiſm. Amongſt the drawing-room gentry, the firſt affair they daily demand, is amuſement: Nothing leſs amuſing than praiſe. Satire is much better fitted to paſs an hour or two gaily; it dips its little arrows in every acid; gay in the circle, tenaceous in coffee-houſes, bawling at the Halle, laughing or crying every where, but having every where for its baſis a ſpirit of contradiction, which neceſſarily excludes that common *intereſt*, which is the intereſt of the whole.

The revolution has often been a theatre, in which Paris was divided into two claſſes; one which acts, the other which ſits in the galleries, judge, as at the Circus, of the ſkill and ſtrength of the combatants.

Hence thoſe ſceptics, who never welcome the news of our victories; hence thoſe habitual declaimers, who are always in oppoſition to every thing wiſhed for by the wiſe.

CHAP. CXXXIII.

NATIONCULE.

THE city of Geneva, which forms a republic and a ſeparate ſtate, is a point ſcarcely perceptible. Nevertheleſs this Nationcule, the moſt contentious in Europe, has given birth to a crowd of individuals, who have agitated whatever countries they have been received and employed in.

Public liberty owes much to M. Necker; and it is the height of injuſtice not to ſeparate him entirely from the enemies of republican principles. What we have to reproach him with, is having done what every man did at that time; having attempted to reconcile certain principles with thoſe of liberty, which were irreconcileable. He enjoyed afterwards too great an eclat, too proud a day, when all the people of Paris proſtrated themſelves as it were before him, as before a protector. It is of the eſſence of republican government not to think that its ſafety depends on Themiſtocles, or Scipio, but on the nation itſelf, which bears within it the imperiſhable principles of liberty. We always thought that M. Necker wanted to monarchiſe the republic, and this inculpation has made us forget all the former ſervices which he has rendered the country.

When we reflect that Rouſſeau, native of the city of Geneva, would, had he been alive, have been dragged to the guillotine; and that after his death, he has been made a political ſaint, we muſt reflect a little in order to appreciate in a juſt manner the praiſes and inſults of men, and judge on what all that depends.

Claviere, another enlightened man, killed himſelf in order to prevent his execution, and preſerve to his family a fortune, which by this means eſcaped confiſcation.

The Swiſs who deſcends from his mountains, to go and ſell his ſervices and his blood to the deſpot who pays him the deareſt, is not worthy the title of republican; ſtill leſs the calculating banker, who heaps up gold in tons, and who comes to Paris only for that purpoſe.

CHAP. CXXXIV.

ADULTERATED WINES.

PARIS, whoſe ſuperfices contains within its ramparts only three millions ſeventy-three thouſand and ninety ſquare fathom, and whoſe population is at leaſt ſeven hundred thouſand ſouls, conſumes annually four hundred fifty thouſand muids* of wine, not comprehending brandy, beer, and cyder.

Whether therefore the vines of Burgundy, of Champaigne, of Languedoc, and Rouſillon, be beaten or not by the hail, it matters little; the quantity muſt be the ſame: and, according to the principle of the wine-dealers, the ſecret is known how to make enough for every one.

The moſt villanous of all apprenticeſhips is that which is made at the manufacturer of wines; his cellar is a practical ſchool of knavery and cunning of every kind; it is a laboratory at leaſt as formidable as that of a quack.

It is there that a libertine apprentice forms himſelf in the art of preparing, and diſtilling poiſons; of compoſing with the woods and dyeſtuffs of the Indies, with beet-root, carrots, turnips, and litharge, a mixture, which his maſter makes him put into ſealed bottles, under the pompous names of *Tonerre*, *Bourgogne*, *Champagne*, *d'Alicant*, *Madeira*, and *Cypreſs*.

The liſt of thoſe fine and foreign wines, true maſterpiece of his compoſition, figures in capital golden letters among the black bunches of the iron vine, which bends in cluſtres at the door of his tavern; it is the only vocabulary of the noted ſots of the neighbourhood.

It has been ſaid, with as much fineſſe as good ſenſe, that *truth lies at the bottom of the bottle*, which contains happily the true juice of the god of joy. There is alſo truth in the adulterated bottles; it is a terrible truth; there is *death in the pot!* yes, death, which like a knawing worm, faſtens on its prey, and ſlowly corrodes it.

* A muid contains 300 quarts.

Mild

Mild and tranquil gaiety does not expand the brow of the laborious mechanic, condemned to the uſe of this traitorous liquor. A deep melancholy on the contrary darkens his viſage, whilſt he drinks it without miſtruſt. The poiſon ſoon penetrates into his veins like a fiery ſerpent, and puts him in a rage. The exceſſes which he commits in his delirium, are owing ſolely to the perfidy of the vintner.

It is not for his own wine that he thirſts, it is for your gold. He will not bate you a farthing, but holds your money, and paſſes and re-paſſes it with his thumb; a cheat and a knave from principle, he takes only money of good alloy; and ſeldom ſells you any thing but wines that are falſe or adulterated.

Look at him, one hand on the key of the till of his counter, and the other on the inexhauſtible can: his head is as full of motion as that of a fox on the watch. He welcomes, with a knaviſh ſmile, the crowd that enters. "What price, gentlemen," accoſting them; "twenty-"five, or thirty ſous?" His attentive eye examines, and diſtinguiſhes each claſs of tiplers.

He is more cunning than the pickpocket, for he knows how to cheat even the thief, by ſcoring on his ſlate a greater number of bottles than he has emptied with his noiſy companions.

There are three kinds of wine for the three principal parts of the day. The wine of the morning is alterant; this is the deareſt.*

The adulterating vintner well knows that the morning is the hour for houſe-painters, carpenters, maſter-maſons, and ſmiths. Their meaſure in their hand, they mount the tottering ſtaircaſe of his drinking-room, where the only decoration which meets the eye, are the attributes of the god of Lampſacus, pourtrayed with charcoal.

The bottles are rapidly emptied, and the laſt which comes is always the ſmalleſt; for the quart is reduced to ſome lines more than a pint in thoſe bottles, which ſeem all choſen to reſolve the problem of the infinite diviſibility of matter.

* The price of wine is ſcandalous. A workman pays his day's labour for a bottle; too happy, when he is not reduced to drink that which is ſold to hackney-coachmen, to the inhabitants of the alleys, thoſe of the Greve, or the vagabond beggars of the Fauxbourg St. Marceau.

The

The wine of noon is diluted with river water in ſufficient quantity, becauſe that of the morning has parched the throat. That of the evening is ſpirituous, ſharpened by brandy or ſpirits of wine, and ſometimes impregnated with dead cat, to give it body. It is the middle claſs who drink this, to comfort themſelves after the day's exceſſive labour; and as it burns rather than warms the ſtomach, it is every where vaunted; and it is on this error in taſte that more than one vintner builds his reputation.

How I pity the hard-working man, who bending under his burden, and his limbs bathed in ſweat, ſtops at the door of this ſacrilegious profaner, to aſk for a poor half-quarter-pint! When he puts to his lips this terrible red mixture, I fancy I ſee a man about to ſwallow poiſon.*

It is not enough to know the ſuperfices of this immenſe city. The cellars belonging to taverns occupy three-fourths of its ſubterraneous topography. It is into thoſe labyrinths you muſt penetrate, to ſurpriſe the fabricator in the midſt of his ingredients.

It is in vain to eſtabliſh duties on the entries of wine; he will ſet at nought the moſt ſubtle ſcrutiny. His wine, like the water of Arcueil, will come into Paris through inviſible channels.

It is the avidity of gain, more than the inſufficiency of the laws, which makes thoſe of his profeſſion ſo intrepid, and who, being in poſſeſſion of the ſame ſecret, manufacture every where the ſame wine, brave the ſentence of the liquor ſtandard, and the experiment of the chymiſt.†

* The wine merchants of new date do not yet mix their liquors, becauſe they are not yet initiated in the ſecret of the old.

† The wines alſo in the ports are adulterated. The wine which is of pure growth, is deſtined only for the rich. But let a tradeſman of the lower order, a taylor for inſtance, cheapen a barrel; the wine-merchant, who diſcovers him by his gait, and crooked legs, will ſell him wine of Surenne for wine of Mâcon. One might ſuppoſe that he regulates the pleaſure of his mouth, according to the ſtate or condition of the individual; he judges that it is not nectar, but verjuice, that ſuits the plebeian cockney, ſuch as will ſting his palate.

CHAP. CXXXV.

BOSSUET.

BOSSUET compoſed, for the uſe of his pupils, his diſcourſe on univerſal hiſtory; in which he judges, in the twinkling of an eye, conquerors, kings, nations, crimes and virtues; and traces with an energetic and rapid pencil, time, which ſwallows every thing up; the hand of God on human greatneſs, and kingdoms which periſh like their *maſters*.

This ſublime expreſſion was heard both by kings and prieſts; and when the inſtant came in which the great evangelical truths were accompliſhed, prieſts and kings would neither comprehend nor hear them. They had only taken for ſounding phraſes, and idle rhetoric, whatever was ſaid in the pulpit on the ſupreme will of the Creator, who breaks thrones, and diſperſes empires.

Kingdoms which periſh like their maſters! Oh! crowned heads, remember all of ye the expreſſion of Boſſuet!

CHAP. CXXXVI.

NEW WORKSHOPS.

THE daughter of Michael Lepelletier, St. Fargeau, when married to a rich Hollander, received for a wedding preſent, gueſs what——twelve wigs!

By means of theſe wigs, which are always worn without powder, ladies can change their phyſiognomy every day, and are no longer dependent on an hair-dreſſer; they can preſent a new viſage every day to their lover, and afford him ſometimes an agreeable ſurpriſe. Is he known, or ſuppoſed, to have a favourite,—quick, they take her treſſes.

Baldneſs is what is moſt unbecoming in a woman; ſhe ought to avoid even the ſlighteſt appearance of it. There are at preſent workſhops for women's wigs, *which* have almoſt the elegance of boudoirs; a duſt of powder durſt not

ſhew

ſhew itſelf. You find in them a complete aſſortment of wigs, of all ſhades and deſcriptions, of all forms, dimenſions, and lengths.

The wig-maker, amidſt his glorious treſſes, preſſes dexterouſly with the ends of his fingers the point of a papillot; he does not ſuffer an unruly hair to wander from its place, he is as neat as his comrades are dirty. He may be ſaid not to make wigs, but to paint them. Sometimes he takes a fiddle, ſings his amours; and all the perriwigs which ſurround him aſſume a gently tremulous motion; and ſeem to applaud his taſte, and the lightneſs of his hand.

It is from the eaſy and rapid change of the hair, that Paris is become a gallery of painting, renewed every inſtant at the will of the curious, and preſenting an aſſemblage of whatever is moſt rare and original in heads of every kind.

Orphiſe changes her looks three times a-day. In the morning ſhe is a tranſparent nymph, in a muſlin robe. Her wig has the conical form of a hive. She goes to breakfaſt in the country; that is, at Paſſy.

At three ſhe ſhines with a thouſand attractions; her red ſhawl makes her look like a butterfly with purple wings; her Berenice wig fixes every one's attention.

In the evening, when the ſun has diſappeared, ſhe is Diana with a tuckt-up-robe, and quick ſtep. A diamond creſcent ſhines above thoſe foreign and jet-black hairs, which a ſimple ribband confines in a knot on the back of the head; her eyes at the opera wander in ſearch of thoſe of an ambaſſador, a miniſter, or thoſe of a Greek or a Turk; in ſeeing her paſs, the ſpectator obſerves aloud, that *ſhe is hunting the wild beaſt.*

I hear a cabriolet at a diſtance, driven with the noiſe of thunder; already the courſer, as rapid as the impetuous deſire which governs it, moiſtens my ſhoulders with his breath. Some one bawls out, *gare!* I turn round, and ſee in the phaeton a goddeſs, with the head-dreſs of the king of Saturn.

The women who drive the cabriolet are half men: whip in hand, they affect the air, the demeanour, and the voice; but it is always the colour of the wig that regulates the tone.

This man haunts theatres, where he can meet with the marvellous. He loves noiſe, tumult, horſes which prance on the ſtage, devils more terrible than thoſe in the temptations of St. Anthony, and who mount up in the air with a monk in their claws, a capuchin, or an attorney. He muſt

muſt have ſpectres, dark dungeons, the bloody nun, or the carnival of the ſeraglio. In ſhort, nothing pleaſes him more than cities beſieged in form, aſſaults, cannon, comets falling from heaven in ſhowers of fire, the ſhrill ſound of trumpets, or the rolling of drums.

CHAP. CXXXVII.

TO LANTERN.

THIS word ſignified formerly to loſe one's time in doing nothing, or in doing nothings. At the beginning of the Revolution, it ſignified *to hang a man at the lantern iron.*

To guillotine, and *guillotine*, have gained ſuch an aſcendancy, that the words *lantern*, and *to lantern*, are altogether out of uſe.

CHAP. CXXXVIII.

BRILLIANT NAMES.

THE names of Ariſtides, of Plato, of Socrates, of Corneille, of Voltaire, of all great men, paſt or preſent, are leſs illuſtrious, leſs brilliant, than thoſe of jewellers. How ſo? will you ſay—becauſe the names of thoſe dealers, written in letters of diamonds at the bottom of their ſhops, dazzle the eyes when you read them; they efface, therefore, all other names known by their ſplendour: it is a ſignature which the Great Mogul only ſhould make. Poor profeſſors, who teach morality and belles-lettres, are ſtuck up at the corner of the ſtreet. The names of theſe jewellers ſhine with a thouſand fires—they ſparkle like the ſun: it is in order to ſell, but dear, much dearer than that of Poultier, repreſentative of the people, when he puts it for money at the head of his incivic journal. The jewellers, from the ſplendour of their names, attract every eye; one might therefore ſay of them, that they have formed a brilliant name, even radiant, in their ſigns, either at the Palais Royal, or in the Rue St. Honoré, and that no name in the National Inſtitute can enter into parallel with theirs.

CHAP.

CHAP. CXXXIX.

COATS OF ARMS.

THE moſt deciſive decree for the democrats, and the moſt mortal againſt the ariſtocrats which was ever made, was that of the 19th of June, 1790. "No French citi-"zen ſhall wear, or cauſe to be worn, liveries, nor have "*coats of arms.*"

In thoſe days of deſolation, the nobility veiled the inſcriptions and eſcutcheons of the nobels with a kind of plaſter coverings, as the calotins cover the face of their ſaints and madonas in the mourning of the holy week. The nobility hoped, that the Revolution would not laſt longer than this ſlight covering. They acted like the ſculptor, who inſerted the name of the prince in a cement of curious compoſition, under which was engraven the name of the artiſt, whom time ought to hand down to poſterity. They were in hopes that time would bring back their eſcutcheons, and continue to ennoble their race. On the pannels of many carriages were painted a thick miſt, which meant that the foggy ſeaſon which obſtructed the ſight would paſs away. One of our ariſtocrats, leſt the people ſhould not ſeize the allegory, put for a device, *Ce nuage n'eſt que paſſager*—This cloud is but momentary.

The number of ci-devant nobles was but ſmall, who lulled themſelves with thoſe dreams; the greater part were not ſo fooliſh as to amuſe themſelves with ſuch dreams, except *Capet-Condé*, into whom ſeems to have emigrated the ſoul of M. l'Abbé. *Thirty thouſand men*; and who did not ceaſe to ſay like him, *Give me thirty thouſand men, give me a noyau of thirty thouſand men.* The reſt of the nobles regard their nobility as dead and buried, and the equality eſtabliſhed by the declaration of rights makes them ſuffer the anticipated puniſhment of the valley of Jehoſaphat.

It is very true, that an old counteſs died with rage upon reading the decree, though ſhe did not expire at the moment, as was ſaid, but half an hour after. The decree ſpread the peſtilence in hotels, and was worth a real peſtilence to the phyſicians*.

It

* It was time: the phyſicians began to complain of the diminution of their practice. A lady ſaid lately to one of them. "*It ſeems to me,*
"*M. le*

It is, moreover, the fineſt part of the ariſtocratical gentry who were attacked with this peſtilence, of which the patients expire in extraordinary ſtiflings, as from an ariſtocracy ſtruck inwards; others waſted away inſenſibly in the languors of a conſumption. This ariſtocratical ſpleen undermines, in the ſame manner, the dowager dutcheſs, the toothleſs maréchale, and the young viſcounteſs, who had flattered herſelf that when ſhe no longer wore the colours of the convent, ſhe ſhould ſeparate herſelf from the claſs of the *vilains*, with the privilege of rouge; ſhe is deſolated at not having any longer her livery, and ſays, as in the *Prodigal Son*—

" Votre ecuſſon, vos gens, votre livrée
" Tout retraçoit une image adorée."

Some, however, conſoled themſelves, ſince their lacqueys were left. Be it ſaid, to the honour of the ladies of the court in general, no perſons had leſs contempt for the Tiers. It is ſaid, they had in fact united the orders, long before Syeyes had put it in theſis.

CHAP. CXL.

POINT OF VIEW.

At a diſtance Paris is figured as peopled with republicans ſenſible to national honour, proud of poſſeſſing the government which conquers immenſe provinces, changes the ſyſtem of Europe, and founds republics; it may perhaps be ſuppoſed, that the celebration of the 9th Thermidor excites ſome enthuſiaſm, that the days of Arcole and Lodi are kept with joy and pride, and that the thirty-firſt of May is a day of univerſal mourning. Not at all! In general, the ſhop-keeper, the attorney, and all the multitude who hold the juridical pen, attach neither their glory, their love, nor their remembrance, to any epocha whatever. Twelve hundred republicans repreſent this immenſe city; brave, generous, lovers of the country, they alone, with the government and the good military force, would

" *M. le Docteur, that there are not many ſick at preſent.*"—" *Alas! Ma-*
" *dame, how ſhould there be, they have put every body under a re-*
" *gime.*"

drive

drive back the ſlaviſh horde of kings, and deſtroy the moſt ſilly and contemptible prejudices.

To throw out inſults againſt the Legiſlative Body, to calumniate its members, to affect contempt for every thing which is done, and to do this without diſcrimination, without diſcernment, to attribute the public immorality to what was only the work of the enemies of the Revolution; this is what is practiſed on all ſides; this is what gives a neauſea to the well-informed man, affects the heart, and leads the true republican, arming himſelf ſometimes with juſt diſdain, to exclaim, "The opinion of Paris is null in politics; "we muſt never depend upon it, and ſtill leſs embarraſs "ourſelves with any thing they ſay."

Such is the anathema which a crowd of perverſe ſpirits has drawn on this city; ſlaviſh inſtruments, repeating the catechiſm which they have learnt from their prieſts, and carrying confuſion and chaos into morals and inſtitutions, who ſpeak of excluſive tranquillity, and the happineſs which is due to them, in preference to all the other inhabitants of the republic. Cowards! they ſcarcely condeſcend to notice our victorious ſoldiers, who fight their battles for them!

CHAP. CXLI.

COMIC SCENE.

M. le Curé, of St. Sulpice, at Paris, had given notice for ſome days that he was going to manifeſt his refuſal of taking the oath to the nation in an exemplary manner. This *fanfaronade*, and the well-known character of the prieſt, required that meaſures ſhould be taken for the maintenance of order, and the dignity of the worſhip of this church.

Citizens in arms were poſted to keep the public peace. The faithful filled the temple. The prieſt of the golden calf mounted the pulpit, and preached on *hell*, in order to prepare the minds of his auditory, by means of terror, for his anti-conſtitutional concluſions. There was a great deal of laughing at ſeeing the calotin agitating himſelf like a perſon in torment, and his whole perſon did not ill repreſent the prince of the demons in the tribune haranguing the fallen angels, ſuch as Milton has deſcribed him.

When

When the mouth of this energumène had vomited out blaſphemies againſt the National Aſſembly, an univerſal cry of indignation reſounded from the vaults of the temple. The hypocrite thought he ſaw the crown of martyrdom deſcending on his head; he grew pale, and exclaimed, "Father, remove this cup from me!" The cries, however were not threats, but only calls "*To order, to order.*" The guilty conſcience of the calotin had led him to miſtake it for ſomething elſe. Suddenly the majeſtic organ filled the church with harmonious ſounds, and made every heart re-echo the air ſo celebrated, that of *Ca ira! ça ira!*

Indignation was turned into patriotic joy, and the mover of the counter-revolution was invited to ſing *Ca ira.* He deſcended from the pulpit, covered with ridicule, ſhame, and a cold ſweat. Summoned to do his duty by taking the civic oath, he haughtily refuſed, and withdrew.

A municipal officer then mounted the pulpit, and ſaid, "Citizens, the law does not oblige this man to ſwear allegiance to the nation; by his refuſal he has only incurred his diſmiſſion from the public employ which was confided to him; he will ſoon be no longer our paſtor, and you will be called to name another, who ſhall be more worthy of your confidence." Thoſe few words, pronounced in the name of the law, reſtored that reſpect which was due to the ſacredneſs of the place, and the moſt profound tranquillity was obſerved.

CHAP. CXLII.

TO A NARROW MIND.

Argumentum ad hominem.

THOU art pale with envy and jealouſy; thou, who aſpireſt to all places, even thoſe where thou wouldſt be the moſt unhappy of men. Art thou ignorant, that of all governments which nations have attempted, ours is that which grants moſt to ſelf-love? Whatever thou be, it invites thee; it invites every age, every condition without exception, without diſtinction. Thou haſt not to grow old before thou reacheſt the ſeat which thou coveteſt; it is not neceſſary

neceſſary to be born a ſenator to become ſo; no one ſhould deſpair at his birth of attaining the end which he may propoſe to himſelf, whatever it be. The doors of the palace of authority are open to all amateurs. This power, which thou deſireſt, thou ſhalt exerciſe to-morrow: this embroidery, which ſhocks thee, thou ſhalt wear the next year; or at leaſt, he to whom thou envieſt it, unrobed and dreſſed like thee, ſhall come and ſeat himſelf near thee on the benches of the parterre, and conſole thee for his glory of yeſterday.

If thou art a cenſor, and even a difficult cenſor, thou mayeſt call him to account for his year's greatneſs; thou mayeſt with impunity ſee him from the height of thy brilliant carriage, paſs on foot, and ſtep on one ſide at the noiſe of thy chariot's coming; thou wilt be to-morrow what he was yeſterday.

The ſame men, who, under the old regime, had not ſufficient influence or talent to become counſellors at the Chatelet, conſider themſelves at preſent above every place which is not the firſt. They attribute to themſelves every talent fit to govern, and imagine that it was not worth while to have made the revolution, unleſs they are put in poſſeſſion of riches, credit, and power. Such is the logic of all thoſe little ambitious men who call their own ſpirit the public ſpirit, their opinion the public opinion; and while they ſtile themſelves republicans, unite their voices to thoſe of emigrants and refractory prieſts; and as in ſubſtance the evil is done when it is talked of, ſo is evil committed when you are become a diſturber.

CHAP. CXLIII.

TRIC-TRAC.

THE technical words of this game are become expreſſions truly new, from the national ſenſe which is annexed to them. The following little piece appeared at the end of the year 1789.

Le Roi fait une ecole à chaque coup,
La Reine a toujours le dez contraire,
Les Princes ont trop hazardé,
La Nobleſſe a pris le coin bourgeois,

Le

Le Clergé fait la ville de miſere,
Le Tiers a pris ſon coin par puiſſance,
Le Duc d'Orleans a decouvert ſon jeu,
Le Aſſemblé Nationale a mis tout bas,
La Fayette bat ſouvent les deux coins,
Les Laroche-Foucaults ſont en petite bredouille,
L'Evêque d'Autun a fait la caze du diable,
Necker a fait une mauvaiſe tenue,
Le Compte de Mirabeau fait ſon plein,
Les Parlemens ont joué trop ſerré,
L'Armée et la Marine ſont en grande bredouille
Les Milices nationales ont le pavillon.

CHAP. CXLIV.

COFFEE-HOUSE ORCHESTRAS.

FORMERLY only kings and princes of the blood enjoyed the ſingular privilege of dining to the ſounds of muſic; at preſent all citizens without diſtinction are princes and kings, and dine in ſymphony with flutes, horns, and hautboys.

The bagpipe even plays in the ſmoaking guinguette of the Limoſin, while he is ſwallowing his porridge; but it is particularly in the ſubterraneous vaults of the Palais Royal that the Academy of the *quinze vingts* attract the crowd.

Twelve or fifteen virtuoſos of equal abilities, hoiſted on a Parnaſſus of deal boards, torture your ears without mercy, and ſmile malignantly at your martyrdom, becauſe their tympanum is trumpet-proof.

This is not all: often a hair-brained Diana with ſwollen neck mouths the horn, and plays a *preſto* throughout without taking breath.

To complete this vocal melody, a porter ſtrikes and whips with the full ſwing of his arm an enormous drum, the deafening noiſe of which ſhakes or ſtupifies every brain.

At every inſtant the leader of this horrible uproar beats with his hand and feet, to keep in time his indocile muſes. They are acquainted with no other harmony than the jingling of glaſſes, or that of bottles, which they break in the agitation of their drunkenneſs. Brandy runs like Hippocrene at the bottom of their Parnaſſus.

You

You may diſtinguiſh there, by his impertinent air, more than one Marſyas who would defy Apollo, and who, in his proud delirium, would ſupport even to the end the puniſhment of the flaying alive.

Yes, thoſe modern Corybantes, who tune to ſuch harſh ſounds their ſqueaking cymbals, have the moſt perfect conſciouſneſs of their own talents; and whoever does not applaud the whiſtling of the dunken fluter who drivels in his flute, or a ſinger with a raven's voice, runs the riſk of being inſulted or ill-treated.

Theſe are the coffee-houſes which have brought about the mode of harmonical concerts, and which have made muſic the trade of all the world.

And do we not ſtill ſee on the old Boulevards, in that coffee-room ſo frequented by the people, a *poetical cabinet* placed under the orcheſtra, where the god of wine, concealed in this ſanctuary of genius, communicates his petulant vien to his implacable miniſters, and inſpires his Pythoneſſes with poetic rage.

In ſhort, the vender of lemonade, proud of his orcheſtra, puſhes his boldneſs ſo far as to erect a theatre in full coffee exchange, where they act tragedy and comic buffoonery. If both are laughed at alike, it is becauſe the ſpectators, who drink a glaſs between the acts, know not how to cry.

CHAP. CXLV.

CONSUMPTION OF PAPER.

If the conſumption of paper aſtoniſhed thinking heads under the old regime, that which is conſumed under the new ought to aſtoniſh them much more.

The liberty of the preſs, the firſt thought of the creators of the revolution, has put the pen into the hand of almoſt every individual which compoſes the republic.

Dating from the epocha in which the firſt ſpark of liberty appeared to the French, a legion of idle half-witted men, of artiſts without employ, of lawyers without briefs, pſeudo-philoſophers, prieſts without benefices, phyſicians without practice, ſcribbled with impunity, and mingled with the juſt cauſes of complaint of the French their imprudent

imprudent writings, both ſeditious and deſtructive of morality.

The proclamation of the rights of man, which opened a wide field to chicane about the reſpective rights of citizens, gave birth to the right of petition; afterwards appeared the conſtitution of 1791, which re-whitened the edifice of the tottering ſtate, and diminiſhed its foundations.

Plans came in from all parts, and it was impoſſible to find rooms and boxes to ſtore all thoſe enormous heaps of paper.

The ſale of the eſtates of the clergy, the abolition of the nobility and of feudal rights, the emigration of the rich and the nobles, the arrival of the king at Paris—all theſe cauſes transformed the hotels of this capital into offices. Every day new conſpiracies were hatched, every day true or falſe conſpirators were arreſted, and millions of reams of paper were employed for printing acts of accuſation.

Printers and bookſellers having multiplied without end from the abolition of freedoms and companies, denunciations and defamatory libels became the mode, and it is from the unpuniſhed publication of the liſt of the cuckolds in Paris, that the licentiouſneſs of the preſs has taken its riſe.

The evil which paper has produced in the different phaſes of the Revolution is ſo great, as to lead us almoſt to wiſh that it had never been invented.

In reality, has it not ſeconded every effort of malevolence and calumny! Paper was the firſt confidant of the conſpiracies formed againſt the ſafety of the citizens, and the firſt plans of the civil war were executed by it.

Millions of blue, violet, yellow, and red bills, ſtuck up every hour in the day, became ſo many public tribunes attracting the attention of crowds of people; the walls became orators, prompters to murder and pillage, and never were preachers more greedily liſtened to, or more practically obeyed.

The inſtitution of the different clubs had alſo its different committees, and theſe committees were the arſenals in which were fabricated addreſſes and petitions for the inhabitants of each department, by which the leaders of factions governed the repreſentatives of the French, extorted decrees, or cauſed laws to be rendered at their will. What a powerful arm is paper!

Terror aroſe from the ferment of political furies; it engendered civil, criminal, and revolutionary tribunals, and at every ſtep you ſaw ſentences of death ſix feet in length

cover the walls, and hang like menacing ſwords over every head.

Swarms of news-carriers through the ſtreets, bawling out the peſtilential papers of hired ſcribblers, and the poſts to tranſport them through France, ſeemed the image of perpetual motion.

Paper gave a ſort of ubiquity to the malignant to execute their conſpiracies; the maximum, the certificates of citizens, orders for bread, meat, and paſſports, will be long and laſting monuments of the invention of the moſt horrible deſpotiſm under the reign of liberty.

Nevertheleſs, the creation of more than thirty thouſand laws, printed, publiſhed, paſted up, and ſent by heaps into every town of France, does not appear to have diminiſhed the quantity of paper; nor is it exhauſted by the forty milliards of paper money which has been put into circulation. Since the new conſtitution, how much has been wanted for printing the ſheets which have iſſued from the offices of the directory, the two councils, the ſeven miniſters, departmental adminiſtrations, and, in ſhort, from thoſe of all the conſtituted authorities!

An Indian newly arrived at Paris, and whoſe affairs led him to wait on a miniſter, ſtruck with thoſe pyramids of circular letters which encumbered the offices, did not heſitate to aſſert, that they uſed in a ſingle day, in one ſecretary's office, more paper than was conſumed in a year throughout the whole of his country.

And what would he have ſaid, if he had known what no clerk is ignoranr of, the unworthy uſe which is made of more than half the white paper, the purchaſe of which coſts ſo many millions a-year to the government?

The mountebanks, who in oppoſition to each other diſtribute and poſt up their noſtrums, furniſh us with the true ſecret of employing paper well, which is that of ſaying a great deal in a very little ſpace, and filling up the page and the back without leaving any margin.

Where is the man of genius who will ariſe all at once to ſimplify the wheels of the great political machine? Who will eſtabliſh a ſingle centre of correſpondence, without paſſing through ſo many intermediaries? Such a one will have diſcovered a fine plan of economy, for the ſurplus of what government pays too much for its paper would be ſufficient for the maintenance of the hoſpitals.

Nevertheleſs money would do much to cure the governor and the governed of the mania of writing. Let the government pay well, and the ſervice will go on without obſtacle;

obſtacle; half the quantity of arms and paper would be ſufficient. He who employs himſelf in the reprinting of uſeleſs or dangerous novels is highly criminal. We have ſo many good books; let thoſe ſuffice, and let us learn to read.

The laws ſerve to make ſky-rockets; why are they not rather made with the ſheets of the novel of Juſtina?

CHAP. CXLVI.

THEO-PHILANTHROPISTS.

The hereditary chief of the ſpiritual hierarchy, whoſe terrible or bloody ſceptre bent the heads of credulous mortals at his nod, is hurled from his throne. The worſhipped foot of the ſuperannuated god of Rome touches the earth which is to cover it! The thunder remained powerleſs in his hand at the ſight of the conquerors of Italy.

Immortal thanks be rendered to philoſophy! reaſon triumphs! Superſtition, credulity, and all the ſacerdotal juggleries give way to true religion. Its perſuaſive voice begins to be heard in every heart. Soon will this powerful religion, the germ of which is born with us, be the only prevailing one, and ſuch is that which is taught and profeſſed by the Theo-philanthropiſts.

The true friends of God and the true friends of men; ſimple in their doctrine, like the Apoſtles of Chriſt; humble like them; like them the enemies of pomp and grandeur, the Theo-philanthropiſts inſpire confidence, gain every ſuffrage in their favour, and generalize their proſelytes.

Their ſimple worſhip is founded on the belief of a Supreme Being, on the dogma of the immortality of the ſoul, on conjugal love, reſpect due to old age, piety towards parents, and beneficence.

And this worſhip eſtabliſhes itſelf without theological diſputes, without violence, without effuſion of blood; for the Theo-philanthropiſts force no one to believe. The text of their goſpel is the vault of heaven, and God is the concluſion of that ſublime book which can never be ſurveyed without admiration. They worſhip no ſculptured

image, leaving willingly to catholic prieſts the care of making God viſible or inviſible, agreeably to their will or avarice.

The tabernacle of the Theo-philanthropiſts is the univerſe, the picture of which diſplays to the perverted looks of the atheiſt the ineffable wonders of the creation, and fills the believer with perpetual tranſport.

Flowers, the firſt production of the harveſt, the fruits which the earth pours from its boſom, cover their altar, and form its only decoration. They preſent them to the Eternal, as the offering of the gratitude of mankind. They preſent before him alſo the young child, adorned with the graces of his age, and its innocence. They imitate him who juſt enters the world with the elements of nature, and breathe into him the creating ſpirit. To the terror of prieſts, the flames of purgatory, to the pantomimes of the maſs, to the indecent ear of confeſſors, they have ſubſtituted the rudiment of reaſon.

They inſtil into the hearts of children the leſſons of wiſdom, exhort women to love their huſbands, teach men to love one another, and to do the ſame good to others as they would wiſh to be done to themſelves. They repreſent death as the beginning of immortality, and preach reſpect and gratitude to the invincible defenders of the country.

Without receiving or wiſhing for money, to perſuade men that they cannot do a good action which does not meet with its reward, nor commit a bad action without puniſhment; to demonſtrate this truth by the irreſiſtible argument of the daily experience of the good and evil which happens to us, is certainly the complete triumph of philoſophy. Such is true religion.

When the lower claſſes of the people, under the direction of the factious, profaned the temples of the prieſts, it was not God whom they meant to inſult, but the knaves, who for ſo many ages abuſed their credulity. They intoxicated themſelves in drinking in the cup of the *reaſon* of Robeſpierre, but the next day they lamented their madneſs.

At preſent, theſe ſame people do not fail attending the ſervice of the Theo-philanthropiſts, where they aſſemble to rebaptize and regenerate themſelves in ſound morality. Leſs diſdainful than the corrupted rich, who ſeeks and finds his god only in his ſtrong box, the poor man goes to learn how to be juſt and compaſſionate.

Flouriſhing peace will doubtleſs give more pomp and ſolemnity to this inſtitution. At that period, a perfect ſymphony

phony will execute in all its majeſty the hymn to the Father of the Univerſe. The little children already repeat it in chorus, and the young girl ſings it, uniting her voice to that of her virtuous mother.

Clothed in a robe of linen, the Theo-philanthropiſt lecturer, in the pulpit of truth, leads theſe ſongs of joy. Innocence of heart formed the ſucceſs of the Chriſtian religion. Reaſon is the eternal bulwark of the heart of the beneficent religion of ſerious republicans.

Let the Theo-philanthropiſts guard continually againſt admitting any material image into their temples; let them connect all their thoughts with the great conception of Moſes, who forbade every repreſentation of created things, much more that of the divinity; let them ſpeak of God only with words, and every man of ſenſe will go and worſhip with them.

It is right to obſerve that ancient nations were not idolaters, or adorers of images and ſtatues. Lucian remarks, that the ancient Egyptians had no ſtatues in their temples; nor had the Greeks, according to Euſebius, till the time of Cecrops, who firſt erected a ſtatue to Minerva; and Plutarch aſſures us, that Numa forbade the Romans the repreſentation of God under the form of a man or an animal; and during ſeventy years, neither ſtatues nor paintings of the Divinity were ſeen in their temples.

CHAP. CXLVII.

M. PINCE-MAILLE.

In the fabrication of our ſmall coin, we have forgotten M. Pince-Maille, of happy memory; we deſpiſe farthings, deniers, liards, pieces of two liards. The loweſt piece of money is a ſous. The conſequence is, that the moſt worthleſs object at preſent is worth a ſous; a ſous for a match, for a ſprig of mint; and as a turnip is worth a ſous, there is not perhaps coin enough to procure thoſe kinds of commodities. What would *M. Pince-Maille* ſay to this? He would lament over the degradation of his dear coin, and the impolicy of the meaſure; and amidſt our great money ſpeculations, we have ſeen that mercantile

tile avidity was not ſatisfied till it had ruined the copper coin.

The pooreſt is not diſpenſed from giving his alms, but he who has only eighteen ſous can give nothing, ſince he would give more than the twentieth of what he poſſeſſes. The beggar laments, and is no longer heard. What is a ſous? I am aſked. Alas! every thing is compoſed of infinite-ſimals.

Where is the time, when riſing at ſix in a winter's morning, my arm too ſhort to embrace my Greek and Latin Dictionary, I croſſed the Pont Neuf, and as a ſupplement to my breakfaſt, bought a *petit paté*, of two liards; as a prudent ſcholar, I had only ate my week's allowance, compoſed of two ſous, on Friday morning, when the ſcholar Pince-Maille advanced me both Friday and Saturday, for the intereſt of an inch and half of ſugar barley, which was little more than a quarter of a little ſtick.

We muſt be more than fifty years old to feel the ſublimity of the expreſſion of St. Albin, in the *Pere de Famille:* when informed by his father that he has fifteen hundred livres revenue, he thinks himſelf ſufficiently rich to maintain a wife and children.

The foreſtallers, who call themſelves merchants, and who are exclaiming that trade is ruined, would not wiſh to ſee German kructzers amongſt us. With the little coin have diſappeared all the little cakes, the delight of infancy, and ſometimes even of youth; for want of little money, there are no longer any of thoſe unexpected enjoyments, of thoſe luxurious temptations at the ſight of fruit ſtalls; children can no longer purchaſe a ſingle pear in ſummer, or burn their pockets with cheſnuts in winter.

Amidſt our high money ſpeculations, we do not think of the infinite-ſimals which govern the whole world; and the tradeſmen of Paris, who are neither manufacturers, nor merchants, but foreſtallers, think that every thing would go well, if the leaſt piece was of ſix ſous; and if every plumb, which they ſend for from Tours, was ſold by them at five ſous a-piece.

CHAP.

CHAP. CXLVIII.

EVENT OF THE PLAIN OF GRENELLE.

MISFORTUNES never come ſingle. The burning of the abbey, and the terrible event of Grenelle, near Paris, ſeem to juſtify this proverb. On the 14th of Fructidor, at a quarter after ſeven in the morning, the powder magazine blew up. The exploſion took place at firſt by a great ſtroke, which was immediately followed by ſeveral other very ſmart ones, which made the houſes tremble as if ſhook by an earthquake. Every window inſtantly burſt open, and men and women, filled with terror, were aſking each other from whence the noiſe came. An immenſe column of ſmoke, which aroſe on the weſtern ſide of the city with terrific majeſty, ſoon gave the ſignal of ſome great and ſingular misfortune. At nine, the mutilated corpſes of the workmen, who were victims of the exploſion, were brought into the city on biers. The ſtreet of Grenelle St. Germain was filled with women, making lamentable cries, and running to look after their huſbands, dead or wounded. There are no colours dark enough to paint the ravage cauſed by this exploſion. Figure to yourſelf the ground where the magazine and workſhops were placed, buried under a maſs of calcined ſtones, the wrecks of beams, of planks torn into a thouſand pieces, and heaped confuſedly on each other; in the midſt of this frightful diſorder, the carcaſſes of horſes ſtruck dead at the moment of the eruption; cart-wheels torn from their axes, ſplit in pieces; the houſe and laboratory ſtill ſtanding in a moſt ſhattered ſtate, but preſerving the ſemblance of a building, as if to indicate the meaſure of the dreadful force of the powder.

The magazine was ſurrounded with gardeners' grounds; every thing was ploughed up, overturned, diſperſed, confounded; nothing was ſeen but one ſtone on another; their houſes ſeemed abſolutely deſcended under ground; the roofs were beat in, the tiles carried away, or almoſt reduced to powder; the furniture, the kitchen untenſils, diſſeminated on every ſide; the trees ſtripped of their branches and ſhattered; the fruits of the labours of thoſe unfortunate men, ſuch as melons, pumpkins, cucumbers,

French

French beans, which were about to be gathered in, were devaſtated and loſt without reſource. Each one contemplated with tears in his eyes this horrible calamity, without ſpeaking, without daring to aſk the number of the dead and wounded *.

The misfortune was engraven in characters of fire and blood on the ſoil. The ramparts of the Champ de Mars were in part overturned, or removed from their foundations. The trees planted around were whitened by torrents of duſt; others, ſplit from top to bottom, were ſtript of their leaves. From under heaps of ſtones were dragged out morſels of human fleſh, men's heads ſmaſhed. That vaſt incloſure, which in the glorious days of the revolution offered the delightful ſpectacle of the re-union of the French people free, preſented nothing in this fatal day but the horrible image of deſtruction and death; the field was covered with nothing but black planks, great beams and ſtones, and ſeemed like the eruption of Veſuvius.

It was obſerved that few people, whoſe appearance denoted eaſy circumſtances, went to ſee this diſaſter. Nevertheleſs aſſiſtance was as ſpeedy as the evil has been ſudden. To all ſuch as traverſed the Gros Paillon it wore the appearance of a place that had undergone a bombardment. There was not a whole glaſs in a ſingle window. The windows of the dome of the invalids, and thoſe of the church, were ſhattered; the military ſchool ſuffered alſo conſiderable damage. The commotion was felt at Verſailles, St. Denis, Goneſſe, Luzarches, and many other places. Coats and caps were found on the top of Mount Martre.

Rich as well as poor gave their mattreſſes to tranſport the wounded to the hoſpitals of the Gros Paillon and the Invalids. The number of the dead was unhappily too conſiderable. The greater part of the citizens were convinced of it by their own eyes; and we were ſcandalized at the cowardly falſehood of certain repreſentatives of the people, who publiſhed in the ſtreets of Paris, that the misfortune was not ſuch as malevolence had thought fit to deſcribe it.

Hiſtory will tell us ſome day, that theſe two diſaſtrous events were not the work of chance. O Paris, how many different and ſecret ſtrokes have the enemies of thy ſplendour beſtowed on thee? and how is it that thou yet ſubſiſteſt?

* They were taken off immediately, and tranſported to the neareſt hoſpitals.

CHAP.

CHAP. CXLIX.

PARIS A FRONTIER TOWN.

NOTHING was wanting at Paris, in order to exhibit a ſpecimen of every kind of fight, but to be a frontier town. This has now taken place. The call to arms is beaten, cannon are dragged about; the garden of the Tuilleries was inundated with regiments of cavalry; tents were erected; the feet of the horſes dug up the walks of the alleys; the bark of the young trees was torn off by their teeth; it became quite a camp. Each tree had eight horſemen lodged under it.

We are accuſtomed to the ſound of the drum, to ſee blue coats, dragoons, and huſſars, galloping in the ſtreets; generals paſſing with double epaulets in ſaſhes, a red feather ornamenting a gold laced hat.

The citizens mount guard, patrole the ſtreets, are taught the military exerciſe by officers of the troops of the line commiſſioned for that purpoſe. In all the public halls you ſee colours and ſtandards; and the fireworks which are exhibited offer nothing but the noiſe of bombs and the thunder of artillery in a day of battle. A great quantity of gunpowder is conſumed every day; they ſwear, they ſmoke, as at the army; the blue coat is the dreſs of every one, and ſome never ſhave but with the ſplinters of bombs from Liſle or Valenciennes to ſerve as baſons.

I ſaw a formidable army on the day that Louis Capet and Maria-Antoinette were brought back to the chateau of the Tuilleries. Antoinette paſſed under the name of the Counteſs of Korff, Louis for her valet de chambre, and Elizabeth for her chambermaid. The warriors of Xerxes were not more numerous. One would have thought it the guard, not of a king who was a priſoner, but of the greateſt monarch on earth. The proceſſion never ended. We may aſſert, that from Straſburg to Paris there were more than five hundred thouſand people under arms. Three perſons were tied on the box of the carriage. Never did the power of the people appear more formidable, and the people on that day behaved ſingularly well; they did

not

not ſuffer an inſulting word to take place; and the king himſelf, taking a part in this extraordinary ſpectacle, ſmiled on the people, and ſaid with an ingenuouſneſs fitted to excite the ſmile of pity in the wife; "Well! "here I am!"

When he was ſurrounded by this great Pariſian army, I ſaid to myſelf—Yes, here he is; this being, marked with the ſeal of a peculiar fatality; at his birth he was the object of his grandfather's hatred, who deteſted all his race, becauſe his ſon wanted to aſſaſſinate him, in order to mount the throne. Lewis the XVth, in return, had poiſoned his ſon, and extinguiſhed in his grandchildren, by a barbarous method, the ſources of generation. Lewis the XVth, the moſt debauched of men, had opened, to uſe the expreſſion, that career of humiliation into which his grandſon fell, for ever under the dominion of the haughty houſe of Auſtria.

I ſaw at the ſide of Lewis the XVIth the modern Fredegonde, from her cradle the enemy of France, ſinking under the weight of her powerful and ill-ſupported fury, almoſt dead with terror and vexation; ſhe locked in her arms, as a ſacred ſafeguard, the preſumptive heir of royalty, who ſeemed to be puniſhed by a divine hand for the ſins of his forefathers. Parricide, poiſon, inceſt, had been as familiar to this family as they were to the ancient houſe of Atreus and Thyeſte. All thoſe humbled human grandeurs made me think on Boſſuet, when he thundered, in the name of God, on the heads of kings.

It has fallen to the lot of few mortals to ſee what I have ſeen, and particularly under the point of view that I have ſeen it.

The reign of terror has loſt me quantities of paper, in which I had noted my reflections. Some were burnt by my neighbours, for fear they ſhould have been ſurpriſed in their poſſeſſion; others have never been given me back; but enough remains to give poſterity a ſketch of thoſe new and great ſcenes.

I have already ſaid, that Lewis the XVIth was *devôt*; but how durſt he, if he was *devôt*, perjure himſelf in the face of heaven and earth, and deceive the people, who had confidence in ſuch ſolemn oaths? It was becauſe he was *devôt*; he believed in a power ſuperior to his own, in the power of the pope, who could abſolve him from every oath. This falſe and contemptible idea led him to regard the act of the oath as a vain formula, which could not bind him in any manner.

This

This city, ſince the revolution, has become a garriſoned town; it abounds in ſoldiers, who go and come, paſs and repaſs, and it is one of the great embarraſſments of the miniſtry to diſcipline without too much conſtraining them; for a permiſſion to come to Paris is generally a recompence of their bravery.

The children, inſtead of playing *à la chapelle*, play at ſoldiers, patrole with ſticks on their ſhoulders, and grenadiers' caps made with papers.

Every one mounts guard; the moſt rattling and moſt deaf, as well as the moſt wiſe and attentive. A centinel lately bawled out, to the extent of his voice, *Who goes there? who goes there?* the paſſenger, who was hoarſe, in vain anſwered, *It is I, citizen; it is I.* The other was going to fire:—*Don't kill me, my friend; don't kill me:—it is thou who art mounting guard for me.* The centinel approaches, and the maſter diſcovers his cook; carrying, inſtead of his ſpit, a bayonet at the end of a muſket.

CHAP. CL.

OVERTHROW OF THE CATHOLIC WORSHIP.

THE preceding year the proceſſions of the holy Sacrament at the *Fête Dieu* were celebrated with the uſual pomp, and the Hoſt had been eſcorted by the mandataries of the nation. Nothing announced ſo ſudden a deſtruction. The people in general ſeemed attached to the ceremonies of catholiciſm; but there are bodies ſtruck with lightning, who ſeem ſtill to preſerve their life and organization, but touch them, and they crumble into duſt.

The people had the appearance of believing in the maſs, in tranſubſtantiation, and in the moſt received dogmas of the catholic faith; but the people did not believe in them at all. All the ſarcaſms of Voltaire againſt the prieſts, all the pleaſantries of the author of the Pucelle, had reached them. The conduct of the biſhops, who were before their eyes, the morals of the eccleſiaſtics, the riches of the clergy, that ſpecies of fatted calf which had been ſought after for a long time to be killed, the liberty given to thinking and writing, every thing had brought to a term a worſhip which bore a character of idolatry, reprobated by

by reaſon, and which was ſupported only by its external ſplendour.

There was only a ſingle ſtep to take to lay the revolutionary axe to the root of altars loaded with gold and ſilver: had they been naked, they would have eſcaped the deſtroying hand.

It is not their overthrow which ought to aſtoniſh, but it is having ſeen them fall in one day, with all the circumſtances of the moſt profound contempt or hatred. The progreſs of irreligion was extremely rapid amongſt the vulgar, who armed themſelves at once with hammers and levers to break the ſacred images before which ſix months back they bent the knee. They were eaſily perſuaded that it was a uſeful thing to transform the temples into magazines, golden cups and croſſes into money, the iron grates into bullets, and the copper cherubim into cannon. The mob thought, that after the decree of national ſovereignty, the right of doing every thing, of commanding every thing, and of not obeying, was fully devolved to them alone.

Amidſt the celebration of divine ſervice, they heard with joy the noiſe of the ſmiths' hammers, who were unfaſtening and levelling the baluſtrades of the chapels.

Sculptors, hired for the purpoſe, were laborious in effacing with the chiſel, on every epitaph, the titles of noble families. They reſolved that the archives of filial piety, that remembrances conſecrated by the regrets of friendſhip, ſhould no longer attract the attention of feeling minds; monuments and tombs were attacked; and greedy maſter maſons preſented themſelves in crowds to execute the plan of the committees of demolition.

Contracts were made to unnich all the ſaints, to diſlodge all the virgins, to efface coats of arms from every tomb; dangerous ſcaffoldings were ſuſpended to go and ſcratch out from lofty roofs figures of popes, whom for hundreds of years paſt ſpiders had hid under the black mantle of their hereditary webs. Angels and archangels were mutilated; St. Thereſa loſt her noſe, the child Jeſus had no head, St. Paul was without arms, Chriſts had fallen flat on the ground, felled by ſabres, the pike and lances; laughter, and the ſpirit of madneſs preſided over this unforeſeen war againſt whatever had hitherto been held moſt ſacred and inviolable in religion and the arts.

They did not proceed to this deſtruction with the fury of fanaticiſm, but with deriſion, with an irony, a ſaturnalian kind of gaiety, well fitted to aſtoniſh the obſerver.

The

The caverns, where death aſſembles his peaceful victims, were viſited. A revolutionary commiſſary, with a torch in his hand, pryed curiouſly among the aſhes, to find marks of feudality on the worn-out impreſs of gold and ſilver plates.

Spouſes, who were inſeparable during their lives, and who ſeemed to be united after their deaths, were ſcattered through the vaults. Epitaphs, preſervative of the remembrance of the ſplendid actions of our moſt famous warriors, and of ſo many illuſtrious perſonages, were carried off, becauſe they were found in a temple, and thrown, with the wrecks of altars, into a depot, as ſhapeleſs ſtones from a quarry.

Joiners, ſmiths, goldſmiths, brokers, milliners even came to bid for thoſe confiſcated objects, proceeding from churches or the prieſts' wardrobes, and you might have ſeen in old clothes ſhops the ſacerdotal garments hanging by the ſide of pantaloons; furniture brokers expoſed to ſale crucifixes and chamber-pots, cloſe-ſtools and altar-pieces.

Some days before the preliminary of this rich inventory, the prieſts in ſecular habits celebrated maſs with glaſs vaſes and tin egg-cups.

The magnificent gilt paliſadoes of the metropolitan, the beautiful wainſcotting of the choir of the Chartreux, were broken up and ſold; the rich canopy of the maſter-altar of the church of the Invalids was thrown down, and trodden under foot in the duſt.

How many ſhrines, heretofore ſparkling with the fire of rubies, have diſappeared, broken into piece-meal, and we may gueſs by whom!—all thoſe precious ſtones circulate in the hands of the foreign trader.

We have ſeen ſhining on the fingers of thoſe preſidents of revolutionary committees, the emeralds which decorated the ſuns uſed in the maſs; ſome of them had velvet breeches cut out of the pulpit cloths; and ſeveral, who for the firſt time wore ſhirts, had them made of the ſurplices of the choriſters.

All the plate of the eighty-three departments, and that of Brabant, was ingulphed in the melting furnaces of the mint; and we have effectively eaten the *bon Dieu* and the ſilver ſaints in coin, for with this money wheat was purchaſed.

Theſe dilapidations were ſoon after followed by extravagant fêtes of which the firſt example was given by Paris to the departments. The actors who figured in them were yet intoxicated with the fumes of the brandy which they had

had drunk out of the ſacramental cups, after having eat mackerel on the patin, aſtride on aſſes whoſe hind parts were covered with prieſts' robes; they guided them with the paſtoral ſtaffs, and held claſped with the ſame hand, burettes and the holy ſacrament. They ſtopped at the doors of cabarets, where they held out the ſacred cups, and the vintners, with the bottle in their hands, filled them three times.

The aſſes were followed by mules, bending under the weight of croſſes, candleſticks, incenſe pots, and vaſes for holy water; they reminded us of the equipages of the prieſts of Cybele, whoſe panniers, filled with the inſtruments of their worſhip, ſerved at once for a magazine, a ſacriſty, and temple.

It was with this equipage that thoſe profaners marched to the national convention, into which they entered, groteſquely covered with ſacerdotal ornaments; they harangued, and were harangued in return, whilſt thoſe ſcandalous proceſſions were welcomed with the moſt noiſy acclamations.

In the mean time they burnt in the courts all the ſaints and crucifixes of wood; the flames of the pile aſcended to the ſecond ſtory of the houſes, and every one opened his windows to throw into the fire the books which had been condemned by Jacobiniſm.

At the ſight of theſe new orgies the miſled multitude ran in crowds, proud of having ſhook off the yoke of religion; they raiſed ſhouts of laughter, threw out the moſt indecent and clamorous invectives, and carried to the pile the confeſſional boxes, from which they had now freed themſelves. The proſtitute pointed out to her paramour, with a wanton air, the picture of the chaſte Suſanna half burnt; and that of the Holy Supper formed for a long time a ſign to a cobler's ſhop.

Chaumette, the atheiſt, triumphing at the ſucceſs of thoſe profanations, imagined that he had expelled the Deity from the Univerſe. He puſhed to every kind of extravagance the atrocious conceptions of impiety; and inſtituted the feaſts of reaſon.

It was then that the prieſts of Paris and the departments, terrified at the roarings of the ferocious beaſts of the commune, ſent their letters of prieſthood to the convention; and became apoſtates, to avoid puniſhment and death.

Gobet, archbiſhop of Paris, went to confeſs at the bar, that he had never been any thing but an impoſtor and a quack;

quack; and that he deſpiſed the worſhip of which he had been miniſter. A crowd of prieſts followed his example; it was who ſhould unprieſt himſelf.

The 20th November, 1793, witneſſed the extent of their irreligious frenzy; an immenſe file of men, ranged on two lines, and covered with ſacerdotal garments, led the march; they bore on biers the various inſtruments of divine worſhip; ſuns, candleſticks, and plates of gold and ſilver. In preſenting this rich offering, gaiety took poſſeſſion of the troop, and they demanded as a reward for their zeal, and a mark of their triumph, permiſſion to dance at the ſame moment the Carmagnole; the national convention acquieſced in the petition; and ſeveral members leaving their curule chairs, took the girls, covered with the ſacerdotal garments, by the hand, and danced the Carmagnole with them.

The next day it was decided that the relics of St. Genevieve ſhould be burnt in the Place de Gréve, to expiate the crime of having been inſtrumental in propagating error, and boiling the pot of idle canons. A mountaineer, and one of the moſt terrible vociferators amongſt theſe energumenes, named *Fayan*, moved, that the procès verbal ſhould be ſent to all the ſections, and to the pope. This motion was carried; and the Carmagnole was on the point of being danced again.

But in the midſt of thoſe maſquerades, the dancers were giving ſolidity to the revolutionary tribunal, ordering the apotheoſis of Marat, ſpurring on the murderous zeal of their proconſuls, and by their famous law of the *ſuſpected*, furniſhed means of ſending to the ſcaffold, or of plunging into dungeons, whoever could not obtain from his revolutionary committee a certificate of civiſm.

CHAP. CLI.

FETES OF REASON.

THOSE who have been witneſſes of thoſe fêtes will never forget them. They almoſt doubt the evidence of what they have both ſeen and heard.

Reaſon was commonly a divinity, a girl choſen among the claſs of the *Sans-culottes*; the tabernacle of the maſter-altar

altar ſerved as a footſtep for her throne, the cannoneers with their pipes in their mouths were her acolytes. The cries of a thouſand confuſed voices, the noiſe of drums, the hoarſe ſound of trumpets, the thunder of the organ, led the ſpectators to think that they were tranſported amongſt the Bacchantes, on the mountains of Thrace.

A people ſuddenly releaſed from a political and religious yoke are no longer a people; they are an enfuriated populace, dancing before the ſanctuary, yelling the Carmagnole, and the dancers (I exaggerate nothing) almoſt without breeches, their neck and breaſt bare, their ſtockings about their heels, imitated by their rapid turnings thoſe whirlwinds, the forerunners of tempeſts, which ravage and deſtroy wherever they take place.

The wife of the bookſeller Momoro, a villainous orator at the Cordeliers, the ſinger Maillard, the actreſs Candeille, ſuch were the goddeſſes of reaſon, borne about in triumph, almoſt worſhipped, and who did not diſlike the admiration.

The fronts of the chapels, collateral with the nave of the churches, were covered with great pieces of tapeſtry, and not without deſign. From theſe obſcure hiding-places proceeded burſts of laughter, which attracted the notice of the curious; on lifting up a corner of the tapeſtry they gave the paſſer-by a peep of ſcenes, at leaſt as pictureſque as thoſe of the temptations of St. Anthony.

The ſame fête in the church of St. Euſtache, diſplayed the view of a great cabaret. The inſide of the choir repreſented a landſcape decorated with cottages and tufts of trees. Myſterious groves formed part of the perſpective, the aſcent to which were by paths which wound amongſt great maſſes of rock. Precipices made of deal boards were not inacceſſible; troops of girls unbluſhingly followed in files running after the men; and the planks were continually cracking under their haſty ſteps.

Around the choir were tables loaded with bottles, ſauſages, hams, and other eatables. On the altars of the ſide chapels, ſacrifices were offered up at the ſame time to ſenſuality and gluttony; and the hideous traces of intemperance were ſeen on the conſecrated marbles.

The gueſts flowed in at every door; whoever preſented himſelf took part in the feaſt. Children of ſeven or eight years old, boys as well as girls, put their hands into the diſhes as ſigns of liberty: they drank even from the bottles; and their ſudden intoxication afforded amuſement to the degraded beings who ſuffered it. Oh! how deplo-

rable

rable is the blind impetuoſity of the people, who obey ſo ſtupidly the reins of the leaders of factions!

At St. Gervais, the ceremony was performed without the banquet; the women of St. John's market entered with their baſkets; the church ſmelt of herrings. The venders of tiſanne chinked their goblets to ſlake the thirſt of the ſalted food. There was a ball in the chapel of the Virgin; a few lamps, which threw out more ſmoke than light, ſerved for luſtres; and, that not a ſingle inſtant might be loſt to modeſty, they added night to the depravity, in order, amidſt the confuſion of thoſe aſſemblies, to indulge, during the darkneſs, the abominable deſires kindled during the day.

From the church of St. Gervais, they went down to the Place de Gréve, where a multitude of ſpectators were warming themſelves at the flame of the baluſtrades of the chapels, and ſtalls of prieſts and canons.

All Paris contemplated, without breathing a word, theſe proceſſions of the Jacobin league. Drunk with wine and blood, returning from the ſport of the ſcaffolds, the prieſts and prieſteſſes of Reaſon followed with tottering ſteps the car of their impure divinity. Another car followed it, which was a moving ocheſtra filled with blind muſicians, an image too faithful of reaſon at that time.

Another car accompanied them, bearing a trembling rock, on the top of which an actor of the opera, tranſformed into Hercules, ſeemed with his club of paſte-board to be ready to cruſh every thing that was not Jacobin.

The air reſounded with the roarings of thoſe tigers: the words *guillotine*, *national razor*, *putting the head out of the little window*, *patriotic curtailing*, gentle terms uſed by the Mountaineers, ſtruck every ear by turns; and the pale ſpectators, frozen with terror at the ſight of their red caps, their menacing inſcriptions carried impudently about by barbarians in the pay of tyrants, found neither language nor expreſſion when poſted ſpies forced them to proſtrate themſelves before the image of liberty.

Thoſe maſquerades, already ſo incredible, were followed by thoſe of the hideous Marat. In every public place, temples, mauſoleums, and triumphant arches, were erected to him. On the Carouſel, a kind of pyramid was erected to his memory, in the inſide of which was placed his buſt, his bath, and his kitchen lamp. It was guarded by centinels, one of whom died one night either with cold or horror. The number of his buſts equalled the heads which he wiſhed to have cut off.

The grave-diggers of the cemetary of the Innocents carried about in triumph this honoured buſt, in wooden ſhoes and breeches full of holes, but which in the ſound parts were well lined with aſſignats, throwing baſiliſk looks on the paſſengers who did not humble themſelves before the idol.

Who would have thought that after the 9th of Thermidor this new Moloch ſhould have received the honours of the Pantheon? But it was the day rather of his laſt judgment than of his triumph. One ought rather to have been afraid of breathing the air through which this carrion had paſſed.

CHAP. CLII.

FÊTE TO THE SUPREME BEING.

THOSE fêtes of reaſon had given great diſpleaſure to Robeſpierre, becauſe he was not the inventor of them; beſides, a deep cry of indignation had been raiſed againſt this mixture of idolatry and atheiſm, of which ſome were deſirous of forming a new religion.

Robeſpierre was jealous: he was a miſerable ſeven-hours-attorney *; what he had read he had read badly. He imagined he could play the part of Mahomet, and reſtore the Supreme Being to all his rights. He had fair game after the Lupercalia, the infamous proceſſions which wretched Charlatans had been making in Paris and its departments, to eſtabliſh a ſimple, auguſt, and affecting ceremony. But Robeſpierre had no imagination, none of thoſe brilliant qualities which flatter and ſeduce; he was dry, and became ridiculous when he wanted to enact the Pontiff. His fête to the Supreme Being conſiſted in a diſcourſe which he did not make, and the author of which he afterwards put to death. He ſet fire to two figures which repreſented atheiſm and fanaticiſm, and holding a great bouquet in his hand, he peeped through the flowers at

* The name given at the court of juſtice to theſe babbling lawyers, who, under the title of advocates, had a ſort of a prating facility void of meaning, but inexhauſtible as to utterance.

every

every thing that was paſſing. He marched at the head of the national convention, which reſpectfully left a diſtance between themſelves and their leader, of a ſpace of fifteen feet.

The fête was ſilent, its novelty left every mind in aſtoniſhment, waiting for what was to ariſe from this pompous title.

A perſon muſt be very devoid of genius not to ſtrike out ſomething great, or at leaſt which had the air of it, on a theatre ſo vaſt, and in circumſtances ſo favourable. Robeſpierre ſpoke to a nation which wanted a worſhip, and he had nothing to ſay to it. Never had any prophet, at the opening of his miſſion, ſo numerous an auditory; he played the ſtupid metaphyſician, and was of all known innovators the moſt miſerable in means, and the moſt barren in reſources.

Elevated on a ſcaffolding erected againſt the palace of the laſt king of the French, a monarch (for he was ſo on that day), he could not make a geſture worthy of the part and of the moment in which he was placed.

Oh! had he carried an old Bible under his arm, placed his hand thereon, and ſaid, "This is the book of all "times, and of every nation; I adopt it, I join myſelf to "the proteſtant communions, let us ſeparate ourſelves from "Rome, let us unite ourſelves to Chriſt," the monarch would have become pontiff, and the interpreter of a pure, a rational, and reformed religion.

I am ſure that this advice had been given him; but Robeſpierre, who had never travelled, was ignorance perſonified. He knew nothing of the law and rule of mediums, his obſtinate pride threw him into extremes, the refuge of ordinary minds. His piece was cold, and was hiſſed, and the parodiſt of the legiſlator of Mecca marched from the ſteps of his altar-throne to thoſe of the ſcaffold.

Every place bore the inſcription which he had dictated, *The French people acknowledge the exiſtence of a Supreme Being, and the immortality of the ſoul.* I ſhould therefore wiſh to identify myſelf to the brain which invented thoſe lines, I might metamorphoſe myſelf in a thouſand ways, but I ſhould never divine the ſenſe he wanted to give them. They are at the ſame time ſo fooliſh and ridiculous, that one is tempted to think that he had not himſelf paid any attention to it.

Theſe inſcriptions remained a long time after his puniſhment, which appears as inconceivable as the number of docile hands which erected them.

CHAP. CLIII.

EMIGRANTS' CELLARS.

WHAT a ſmall ſtock of wit theſe emigrants had! They have diſembarraſſed us of their perſons, and have left us their eſtates, their furniture, and their cellars full of wine.

Who has drank all theſe fine wines? You know, my friends, firſt of all the preſidents and members of the revolutionary committees; but as there were cellars which contained from fifteen to twenty thouſand bottles, they could neither reaſonably nor phyſically drink the whole.

Theſe delicious wines had been ſold as part of the domains of the republic. Who has bought them? the money jobbers, from whom the government itſelf bought louis and crowns to furniſh the ſervice of the armies, which were in a deplorable ſtate.

Throats, which had hitherto ſwallowed nothing but water, poured down the wines of Beaune, of Nuits, of Riveſaltes, of Jurançon, of Paille, of Rouſſillon, of Paquaret, of Rancio, Cape and Hungary wines; heretofore they had only heard of them, now they made a moſt intimate and joyous acquaintance with them.

It was impoſſible to meet with any thing more finely arranged than thoſe cellars. The bottles were placed in ſuch order, that there was nothing but the corkſcrew to apply to them. How they ſounded in drawing! how the Champagne ſparkled in the long beer glaſſes! for no other drinking utenſils were made uſe of, unleſs it were ſometimes earthen mugs; for they were not very choice about the cryſtal, whether it were more or leſs clean or tranſparent. Figure to yourſelves commiſſaries of ſections making an inventory of theſe riches in preſence of Bacchus, proceeding to the taſting, ſometimes deranging the tickets, but always ſipping for the greater exactitude and perfection of the inventory; and ſometimes beginning the trial anew, leſt they ſhould make a miſtake in an inventory of ſuch importance. The examination of courſe was prolonged, and the cloſing never took place till the ſots had exhauſted all their diſſertations.

It was therefore impoſſible to deceive the public, when the ſale of theſe wines was announced. It was not the chimney-

chimney-ſweeper who bid, nor the pedlar, nor the porter, nor even the wine cooper; but the univerſal broker, the trafficker in copper coin, the agents for the ſale of national domains; the Floras alſo of the four ſeaſons, and the feathered goddeſſes of the caverns of the Palais Royal.

Heretofore the rich only had the privilege of drinking theſe rare wines; they were now ſcattered abroad, made their entry into every houſe, and became for ſome time as current money as bales of ſtuffs and books.

There were throats who could never have known what foreign wine was, but which, thanks to the revolution, were moiſtened with its ſavour, while he who had taken the trouble to amaſs and ſtore up thoſe precious bottles, was making grimaces in the depths of Germany, and drinking four ſmall beer, which he was probably but too happy to meet with.

In all our commotions the cellars have not been forgotten; the conquerors have a right to drink a toaſt to victory. I recollect that after the 10th of Auguſt, we walked for more than fifteen days over the wrecks of numberleſs bottles, and that the fragments were ſo ſtrewed about in the Tuilleries, that any one would have ſuppoſed that they were going to make a road with pounded glaſs.

CHAP. CLIV.

FORCED LOAN.

We are ſurpriſed at firſt how it came to paſs that two words ſo oppoſite and repulſive have been aſſociated together, but a little obſervation accuſtomed us to this inconſiſtency. The loan bore only on the eaſy claſs of thoſe who paid taxes; and the greater part of the inhabitants of this capital remembered that at the beginning of the revolution they had made the generous offer of part of their plate, of their jewels, and ſhoe-buckles. They had hoped that theſe gifts, joined to other ſacrifices, would concur in raiſing the ſhaken credit, and ſecuring the foundations of the ſtate, tottering towards its fall; but they were taught by new ſhocks that theſe funds had been inſufficient.

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The abundance of paper money rendered this loan illuſory, and the mantua-maker who had offered her ſilver thimble, gave more in fact than the millionaire, who got rid of demands with maſſes of aſſignats. I ſaw an aſſignat of an hundred livres on the ground, and a porter of the Temple ſaid in my preſence. *It is not worth the trouble of ſtooping for.*

CHAP. CLV.

VIVE LA MONTAGNE.

WHOEVER has not ſeen or heard thoſe popular ſections filing through the national convention, and yelling in their accuſtomed manner, can form no image of what thoſe people were who bawled *Vive la Montagne!* They were not led, they were let looſe to riot in every thing that licentiouſneſs could imagine of what was moſt abſurd and moſt violent. The ſpeeches of their orators, the anſwers of the preſidents, the patriotic hymns, the ſongs of liberty, the ſhrill cries, the clamours, the clank of arms, the brandiſhing of pikes, the flags with inſcriptions, two thouſand women in the upper galleries ſtretching out or twiſting their arms, and joining their Megæra ſcreams to all thoſe other diſcordant ſounds; ſuch was the harmony which ſurrounded and accompanied Chaumette, when he came to the bar. Thoſe only who heard this Chaumette, procureur-ſyndic of the commune, when he entered into converſation with the convention about the poor, the unfortunate, the maimed, and the aged, and about every thing he had done for the ſplendour of the republic, for the cruſh of the throne, for the ruin of federaliſm, could form a juſt idea of the inſolence of a demagogue, and of the ſtrange and uncouth things with which this part inſpired him.

Theſe burleſque buffooneries would have provoked the inextinguiſhable laugh of the gods of Homer, if ſanguinary ferocity had not alſo accompanied it with menacing words. Amar, who never opened his mouth but to require the murder of his colleagues, and who ſeemed to have entered into the convention only to become its executioner, complimented and congratulated Chaumette, and the whole

whole multitude joined their vociferations and menaces with that atrocious infernal energy which announced the depopulation of France, and the murder of the French. At this cry of *Vive la Montagne*, it ſeemed as if all the tigers were ruſhing unchained from their dens to devour without hunger.

A witneſs and victim of theſe ſcenes of madneſs and violence, I repeat, that he who has not been preſent at them cannot know the hiſtory of thoſe deplorable days, and ſtill leſs give an account of them to poſterity. He who has not been on the ſpot cannot form an idea of what an extravagant and barbarous character a populace ſet on by villains can exhibit. Muſic of Tartarus! opera of hell! ſongs of demons! exulting cries of beings ſtruck with thunder by the divinity, and become the enemy of man! accents of wickedneſs and deeply-tinged guilt! Yes! I have heard ye on earth, all thoſe infernal cries are contained in *Vive la Montagne!* When the Verres of Nantes wrote to the convention, giving it advice of a noyade of fifty-eight prieſts, and added gaily, *What a revolutionary torrent is the Loire!* the aſſembly covered by immortal applauſes the horrible report of Carrier.

CHAP. CLVI.

ARISTOCRATICAL SPITE.

An old counteſs, ſpeaking in a circle of nobles one day, ſaid, "You very well deſerve, gentlemen, the treatment "you meet with; I foretold you that the nobility was loſt, "when I ſaw you leaving women like us, and paying your "court to girls of the tiers etat." The ſame perſon ſaid, "I know very well from hiſtory that a crown is ſometimes "taken away from a king, but this is the firſt time the "diadem has been ſwindled from a monarch's head." The expreſſion at leaſt was ſmart.

One might make a pretty curious collection of all the ſayings produced by ariſtocratical malice; many that were the effect of fury or paſſion are leſs ingenious on that account. It is not to be imagined the ridiculous things which they attributed to the miniſter Neckar, who, placed in a line

line with the amiable Calonne, the deſpoiler ſeemed a bear coming down from the Alps, not obſerving that none of the monied men, nor any of the creditors of the kingdom, could be deeply in love with the charming Calonne.

The union of the orders was celebrated by three days of illumination. They had the pretenſion at that time of meaſuring out to us a doſe of partial liberty.

The women loſt all their influence after the great exploſion; vainly did they imagine that the French would return to their former frivolous taſtes; the empire of public opinion, and of its increaſing force, is incalculable. The Pariſians were diſpoſed for the eſtabliſhment of every political theory, and every ſyſtem of legiſlation; it was neceſſary, therefore, to keep up with this diſpoſition.

At one time, when an affectionate and happy union between the wiſhes of the king and thoſe of the nation was about to take place, the puerile and deteſtable pride of the women gained an aſcendancy over the intereſt of the public. I have heard a long diſcuſſion to prove that the parliament ought to compel the monarch to take for his model the aſſembly of the ſtates at Paris in 1614, whilſt the national wiſh and the increaſed information of the age were in invincible oppoſition to that form.

CHAP. CLVII.

WORTHY PEOPLE.

How every thing changes, even to words! If a cowardly or idle man wiſhed to be exempted from mounting guard, he made himſelf a domeſtic; and though he receive wages, his maſter calls him his *confidential man.* The ſpies ſo juſtly abhorred, and unhappily ſo neceſſary, are no longer ſpies, but *agents* of the police. The players are become *artiſts*; the attornies, *men of the law*; phyſicians, *officers of health.* The man, who talks nonſenſe for an hour with a loud voice, becomes an *orator*; and his wife, his daughter, his ſervant-girl, and his neighbours, have no doubt but that he is one of the moſt eloquent men in France. We have no longer any executioners, they are all *executors of criminal judgments.* In ſhort, men noted for the

the infamy and corruption of their morals, or the impudence of their inciviſm, are *worthy people*; *they are worthy people*, obſerved a virtuous citizen, *what are we?*

So much abuſe has been made of the term *honnêtes gens*, that the moſt daring royaliſts and violent conſpirators have diſguiſed themſelves under it, have aſſumed it, and refuſed it to every other perſon.

CHAP. CLVIII.

ROYALIST RE-ACTION.

THE three quarters and half of the Pariſians have no idea of the horrible royaliſt re-action which took place after the overthrow of the ſcaffolds, and which deſtroyed more than had been ſacrificed on thoſe ſcaffolds. Patriots who were moſt exempt from weakneſs and crimes of every kind were incarcerated by thouſands.

The Pariſian, in his idle babble and ſilly reaſoning, imagining that a revolution is made or ſtopt at pleaſure, is far from believing that the ſouth of France has been drenched with blood. He is always turning back to the aſſembly of the notables, and the *deficit* that might have been made up. He neither knows, nor has followed the chain of events, and has never ſet his foot on thoſe unhappy regions, covered with ruins, bones, and aſhes. He has not ſeen the land of the Vendée ſtrewn with corpſes; thoſe vaſt cemeteries, thoſe horrible catacombs, are the work of *this royal and catholic army*, the exiſtence of which he alſo calls in doubt.

Caitiff! who canſt only drive thy venal pen over ſtamped paper; or thou, indefatigable babbler, haunter of coffee-houſes, or lounger in the ſhops of ariſtocratical pamphlet-ſellers, go to the plains of Chalons, into the deſolate ſtreets of Liſle, walk over the ruins of Valenciennes, of Queſnoy, Thionville and Condé, or the burnt and ravaged countries of the ſouth and the coaſts of Breſt; the echoes, reſounding their lamentable murmurs, will thunder in thy ears. "It is in the name of the catholic religion and the king that theſe fields, lately decked with corn and flowers, are covered with ſkulls of men, and thoſe bloody veſtiges; look at theſe countleſs tombs, where lie in

in heaps thouſands of thy brethren; hear, hear the ſepulchral voice mingled with the croaking of the ravens; their voice cries to thee, that the royaliſts wiſh to ſacrifice the laſt of the republicans! But the ignorant wretch has not even thrown his eyes over the map in which thoſe fatal ſpots are imprinted; he is affected by no calamities but ſuch as touch him nearly, and which have not even reached him. Habitually mutinous, a rebel in his language, hiding himſelf in his office or ſhop, at the leaſt tap of the drum he is ready for any ſervitude without enquiring its name. He bellows with tenderneſs for a drivelling king, and rejects a republican conſtitution, not becauſe he does not love it, but becauſe he has not capacity enough to comprehend it. Oh! let him go to Algiers, and learn obedience, ſince he does not wiſh to be free at home!

Rovere one day aſked the workmen employed in digging the garden at the Tuilleries, what they were making there? "An ice-houſe*," anſwered one of them. This workman was better informed than all the tribe of Paris.

CHAP. CLIX.

LOUIS D'OR.

THE louis d'or has been worth 18,000 livres in aſſignats. We came at length to talk only of millions and milliards. It is impoſſible to calculate what influence thoſe fatal denominations had on the dearneſs of proviſions, which augmented progreſſively with the increaſe of the aſſignat. It was the departments who firſt refuſed to accept this unfortunate paper as currency, admitting only coin in their commercial tranſactions.

Every one recollects the deplorable effects which reſulted from money-jobbing. The paper fell with the velocity of a burſted balloon; and to do honour to its memory, an engraving was made, repreſenting the various kinds of paper which had been made uſe of during the revolution. The one had no reproach to make to the other.

* Alluding to the ice-houſe of Avignon, where Rovere headed the ruffians who committed the maſſacres.

This

This allegory on the paper-money reminded us of that made 1720 by the celebrated Picard, on Lewis's bank.

This engraver had repreſented Folly, in whalebone petticoats, driving a carriage loaded with ſhares to the hoſpitals of the madmen, the beggars, and the ſick. A ſwoln-cheeked Fame, ſounding a trumpet, flew before to announce its arrival. Fortune ſtanding on the carriage, under the figure of a woman, was diſtributing by handfulls ſhares in the South-ſea and the Miſſiſſippi. The Miſſiſſippi with a wooden leg, and the South-ſea with a large plaiſter, drew the carriage; and the ſubſcribers to this new ſyſtem were puſhing at the wheel, and driving it over the real merchants, known by their ledgers under their arms. A devil in a cloud was blowing ſoap-bubbles of various ſizes, emblems of the bank bills. Serpents with fools-caps were flying about, amidſt the figures of Deſpair, Care, and Remorſe. A head with two faces; one laughing and the other crying, gave the key of this ſingular picture.

We want a new Picard to immortalize the aſſignat. But there is nothing to laugh at, for every one loſt. No one expected ſo ſudden and total a fall.

Since that epocha, how many obſcure and unknown chambers have become pawnbrokers' ſhops, ſecret depots of every kind, which want, indigence, and narrow circumſtances have heaped together! Hence it happens, that you find in almoſt every one's houſe ſuch ſingular aſſortments of furniture; mahogany writing-deſks, and velvet chairs, with hoſpital carpets; a clumſy bread coffer by the ſide of an elegant harpſichord; and gilded fire-irons, in an old plaiſter chimney without a back.

If a taylor or ſhoemaker invite you to take a glaſs, it is maraſquin, or liqueur of the iſles. One would imagine that ſome fantaſtic ſpirit had amuſed himſelf during the night in mingling the furniture of the rich and poor together; and had taken the beſt wines out of the cellars, and ſtowed them in the garret. The mixture for four years paſt has been ſo extraordinary, that it mocks the pencil; and the obſervations I now make are only to engage the attention of ſuch as wiſh to examine it after me.

An owner of a ſallad-ſtall at this moment lives in one of thoſe Engliſh gardens, planted with weeping-willows; its ivy walks and melancholy yews ſeem to throw a mournful crape over the flowers, and place, as it were, nature under a funeral canopy. My ſallad-vender, however, has erected in the middle of the garden a great copper buſt of Lewis the

the XIVth, which he bought by the pound, and is looking for its fellow.

All the figures copied from the antique are to be found in the corners of houſes; and a waſher-woman came to offer me a Niobe, and a Charlemagne, whoſe names were abſolutely unknown to her.

Such are the ſports of fortune, varied and humerous, forming the after-peice; the farce after the dreadful tragedy, of which we have all been witneſſes.

CHAP. CLX.

COUNTRY FARMERS.

At the time of the league, when Paris was beſieged, the inhabitants trucked over the walls a girl for a ſirloin of beef. In the month of Frimaire 1795, for a quartern loaf, or a fowl, more than one commiſſary of a ſection obtained from gratitude the favours of more than one pretty woman, who did not like to die of hunger. Every man ſold his choiceſt pieces of furniture, in order to buy flour, lentils, beans, and butter. Beds and wardrobes were turned into oat-cakes; farmers' barns were transformed into upholſterers' warehouſes. Theſe farmers were hard and inexorable, and while they laughed at the miſery of the Pariſians, plundered them with all the cruel exaction of the moſt griping avarice. The revolution, which has given them ſo great a doſe of liberty, and encumbered them with riches, is neither underſtood nor felt by them; and the enjoyment of its benefits is received without gratitude. Their wives have purchaſed coſtly clothes, eat on ſilver plate, complain of the vapours, and tell their huſbands, "I cannot get up to day, ſay I am indiſpoſed." Damaſk and mahogany furniture has taken up its abode with ploughs, horſes, dung, and inſtruments of huſbandry. Wooden ſhoes no longer clatter down the ſtaircaſe; it is now covered with carpets.

With the flour-peck in his hand, the farmer takes every thing that is offered him, ſweeping away rings, gold croſſes, ſilver thimbles, and all the jewel ornaments of the inhabitants of the fauxbourgs. He went and placed himſelf in the ſide box at the theatres; and there, with a broad grin, he

he was calculating how he could ſtore into his barn the contents of the playhouſe.

While he was eating his fill, the lower claſs of people, ſo numerous in this city, were crowding together at ſix in the morning at the doors of bakers and butchers, preſſing and ſqueezing; fear of returning with empty hands ſaddened the countenance of many a mother of an intereſting family, who ſeemed, from the ſpot where ſhe was almoſt cruſhed, to hear the moans of her children. Paleneſs, miſtruſt of the future, and ſorrow, were painted on every viſage; you meet in the morning with nothing but perſons of both ſexes ſorrowfully walking homewards with their allowance of bread in their hands, which they were eating beforehand. Hunger had hollowed the cheeks of many a young female, whoſe features ought to have ripened with love, and for love.

A pound of ham was worth two hundred livres. The tin fountains of coffee for the lower claſs of people, and of which the fiſh-women, and men and women carriers of the Halle, took every morning a cup, had diſappeared; ſugar and coffee had no connection; it was all ſtored away in cellars, lofts, and in houſes to let.

Want of the moſt common neceſſaries of life was ſupported by this great people with admirable patience; they never rioted; the magazines, in which the committee of public ſafety had ſtored up every neceſſary commodity, even cloth, were never broken open.

The ſhops were ſhut at the cloſe of day, and not opened till late the next morning; it was who ſhould not ſell; people were afraid of each other in every bargain they made. He who calculated beforehand on the diſcredit of the aſſignats, found the ſecret of enriching himſelf. The dearneſs of wine had rendered the Pariſian character phlegmatic and cold; he loſt his ſlightineſs by degrees.

The Fauxbourg Marceau, which from time immemorial has been the haunt of workmen of every claſs, the ragman, the well-cleaner, the river-porters, the dog-ſhearers, the ſalop-vender, the itinerant muſician, the beggar, was one ſilent waſte; nevertheleſs, the people remained quiet. A few baſkets of potatoes, diſtributed from door to door, with an allowance of bread, kept them from ſtarving.

It is difficult to explain at preſent what reſtrained the vengeance of the people, and even ſilenced their murmurs. Hiſtory will therefore meet with facts, of which it will not be able to aſſign the cauſe; ſince contemporaries and witneſſes of theſe ſingular events are not able to render a faithful account of them.

CHAP.

CHAP. CLXI.

POINT OF VIEW.

I AM inexhauſtible, you will ſay, when I talk of my dear cockneys: but a thouſand pens, a thouſand volumes, would not be ſufficient to paint them; they are ſo curious, changeable, and inconceivable.

Their character is a labyrinth, in which the obſerver is loſt.

The moſt rapid pencil can but imperfectly follow the moveable and fugitive ſhades of their phyſiognomy.

Is it a reality, or a chimera? Let us take a point of view.

"I love the Pariſian," ſays the emperor Julian; "becauſe he is grave and ſerious like myſelf."

The Pariſian is changed ſince that epocha. It is true, that the ſame emperor boaſts alſo of the goodneſs of the wine growing in the territory of *Lutetia*; and we muſt own, that if we judge of the eulogy of one by the other, we ſhould be tempted to take the whole for irony.

But every thing changes here below; and the ſame ſoil which formerly produced heroes, now produce caſtrati. The Romans of the eighteenth century no more reſemble the contemporaries of Scipio, than the modern Pariſians reſemble thoſe deſcribed by the emperor Julian. The portrait which he makes of the inhabitants of Antioch would ſuit them much better.

Thoſe men, heretofore ſo ſerious, are nothing more nor leſs than light puppets in the hands of a few mountebanks.

Lately, they were patient under the yoke, and lightened their chains by ſongs; they had every quality to make *good* and *docile* ſubjects. Now they are mutinous, and always ready for a change of government.

Though you have been talking to them of liberty for ſix years paſt, they are nearly as well informed in the point, as thoſe Indians are learned in aſtronomy, who believe that the night is produced by a mountain, which places itſelf between the ſun and the earth. If you ſpeak to them of the ſovereignty of the people, they think themſelves maſters of the world.

There

There is not a barber, nor an attorney's clerk, who having had the honour of being preſident of his ſection, does not think himſelf the rival of George the IIId; and of Turenne alſo, if he has commanded a poſt at the barriers. Their views do not extend further than the circuit of their walls. They think that the univerſe goes no farther than the brinks of the Seine; or at leaſt, that thoſe who dwell on its happy banks are a privileged caſt, from whom France ought to receive its laws.

Robinſon Cruſoe thought himſelf a great monarch in his iſland; but Robinſon found wherewithal to maintain himſelf: his labour furniſhed him abundantly.

If theſe madmen were only ridiculous, one might laugh at them; but the conſequences of their extravagance are dreadful, and we muſt put a ſtop to them.

Their ſectionary theatres reſemble that of Shakeſpeare, in which burleſque and tragic ſcenes are huddled together.

That vanity ſhould turn the heads of a few individuals, is a very common accident, which it is impoſſible to remedy; but that three or four ſcore of ambitious ſcoundrels ſhould take it into their heads to play the madman, and draw the whole body of the people into this vortex of their delirium, is a misfortune which we ſhould take the trouble to prevent.

We ought to enlighten the people with reſpect to the projects of their movers; and to be continually repeating to them, that the ſovereignty belongs to the nation, and not to the ſections of Paris.

The London coal-porter, the Swiſs peaſant, the American hunter, are better acquainted with their rights, and know better how to reaſon about them, than certain academicians who are now making ſpeeches in the ſections.

It is nevertheleſs aſſerted, that the ſovereigns of Paris are a good ſort of people, and that they would willingly abdicate their ſovereignty in favour of a Bourbon or a Brunſwick, in exchange for ſome modeſt titles, ſuch as ſecretaries of the king, king's advocates, ſheriffs of Paris, lieutenants of the police, ports, penſions, &c. I believe it.

Unhappy people! open then your eyes on the projects of theſe tribes of jugglers, *anarchiſts*, *Babouviſts*, who are lengthening out war and famine at the expence of your credulity. Liſten to the voice of your legiſlators, who are anxious to reſtore peace and plenty, and a free government with liberty, which you may cheriſh; but of which you have made ſo bad a uſe.

CHAP.

CHAP. CLXII.

FOUQUIER TINVILLE.

In order that Robeſpierre might give a free courſe to his crimes, it was not enough for him to be powerful, ſupported even by a daring municipality; he ſtood in need of ſome atrocious and obſequious characters, one of thoſe men who pique themſelves on being a valet of tyranny, and to whom crimes coſt nothing. The pale-viſaged dictator met with Fouquier Tinville, an old procureur at the Chatelet, and attached himſelf to him; never was there formed a more congenial aſſociation between heroes of wickedneſs.

Had a wiſe foreſight buried in eternal oblivion the hiſtory of the revolutions of empires, the hypocrite Robeſpierre would not perhaps, like Cæſar, have aſpired to the dictatorſhip; and the horrible Fouquier Tinville, taking the confidant of Nero for his model, would not have carried the ſcience of accuſation to ſo high a pitch of perfection.

Never did there exiſt a man of a mind more deeply cunning, more dexterous in framing crimes, and falſifying facts. Each of his words was a ſnare, which the perſon accuſed could neither ſee nor avoid; his tongue and his thoughts were enchained. In vain did the wife in tears conjure him, on her knees, to hear to the end the juſtification of her huſband; the tiger, deaf to the voice of grief, pronounced with ſternneſs the condemnation of the innocent.

Juſtice, though ſlow in puniſhing, ſeized at length on this iniquitous accuſer, who diſplayed, throughout his examinations, an unſhaken preſence of mind. Seated on the foremoſt bench at the tribunal, where he had condemned ſo many innocent people, two great cartons ſerved him for a writing deſk. He wrote without ceaſing, and his pen ſeemed to run as faſt as his thoughts; and while he wrote, not a ſingle word, either of the preſident or of a fellow-priſoner, of a witneſs, a judge, or the public accuſer, eſcaped him. His attention in the courſe of this long affair did not ſeem to relax a minute; he was like the Argus of the fable, all eyes and ears. It is true that

that he affected to ſlumber during the ſumming-up of the public accuſer; but this inattention was only diſſembled, in order to deceive the ſpectators. He affected a tranquillity of countenance, though hell was already in his heart.

His fixed look made the audience turn away their eyes in ſpite of themſelves; when he ſpoke, he knit his eyebrows; his voice was loud, rude, and menacing, changing continually from ſharp to grave, and from grave to faultering. It was impoſſible to put more aſſurance than he did in his denials, more addreſs in perverting and inſulating facts, and eſpecially in pleading *alibis*. When a judge handed to him a ſentence ſigned in blank with his own hand, he denied his ſignature with a firm voice, and did not tremble before an accuſing witneſs. When the proof was peremptory, he made the court reſound with his horrible invectives. Impoſture, impudence, obſtinacy, anger, were the only arms which he could oppoſe to the power of truth; every criminal paſſion ſeemed ſtarting from his conſcience, and laid him open as it were to the eyes of the ſpectators.

This monſter in human ſhape had a round head, black and ſtrait hair, a narrow and pale forehead, hazel eyes round and ſmall, a full face marked with the ſmall-pox, a look ſometimes fixed, ſometimes oblique, a middle ſize, and a ſtrong leg.

Under the ſanguinary reign of this ſecond dictator, we could no longer call our country our mother; it was only the tomb of her children. Not a being, except he who had trodden under foot every ſentiment that could indulge a ſmile. While families paſſed days and nights in weeping, ſighing, trembling, expecting the ſatellites which this tyrant ſent for prey into every opulent houſe.

Thoſe who happily eſcaped his tyrannical power, ſaw him in the cart which drew him to puniſhment. The vaſt ſteps of the courts of juſtice were covered with an immenſe crowd of ſpectators, who, on the firſt appearance of this great criminal, poured forth an unanimous cry of indignation. Their accuſing voices were as many darts, which ſtruck at once on his bare heart. His front, impenetrable as marble, bid defiance to every look; he was even obſerved to ſmile, and throw out menacing words. But at the foot of the ſcaffold when he felt the pangs of death, he appeared at that terrible moment to feel the weight and enormity of his guilt. This inexorable terroriſt trembled in his turn under the pitileſs axe; and his life

was extinguiſhed in the blood of the baſket, where lay already the heads of Benoit de Foucault, of Duponnier, and Dix Août, the miniſters of his barbarities.

CHAP. CLXIII.

SALTPETRE.

THE coaleſced powers were anxious for the ruin, the diviſion, or diſmemberment of France. We had arms, iron, and courage; but powder for the ſervice of the armies was wanting; and we had not even the firſt materials. But how many reſources a populous city offers, the ſoil of which has contained for ſo many ages the wrecks of all the terreſtrial and putrefying elements. In a moment each man deſcends into his cellar, and digs up the earth; in every kitchen the pavement is taken up, and the aſhes carried off from the hearths. Every heap of rubbiſh is examined, in order to extract the earths impregnated with ſaltpetre; every wall was, as it were, licked, and whatever bore the taſte of ſalt was carried off for revolutionary fabrication: it was quick; it was univerſal; the operation was performed in every houſe; it was done with zeal; every ſpot of impregnated ſoil was turned up, and thouſands of ſhovels brought and expoſed the humid ſoil to the rays of the ſun.

This operation, which could not have been thought of, or at leaſt executed, but in revolutionary times, hindered France from falling into the power of the coalition.

Who could have imagined that the cellars of Paris contained in their boſom the means of repelling the league of kings?

Every citizen laboured with indefatigable zeal, becauſe he felt the neceſſity of the meaſure: no perſon complained of being harraſſed, becauſe when ſafety can be purchaſed only by a bold operation, it is always felt and adopted. Inſcriptions were written over the doors of ſeveral houſes, which laſted for more than a year, which were conceived in theſe terms: "To haſten the death of tyrants, the "citizens living in this houſe have furniſhed their con- "tingent of ſaltpetre."

CHAP.

CHAP. CLXIV.

THE PEOPLE MORE DAINTY THAN HERETOFORE.

THE moment a common workman was able to gain, in the time of paper money, two hundred crowns a day, he accuſtomed himſelf to dine at the reſtaurateurs, putting aſide his cabbage and bacon for fowl and creſſes; throwing by his tin can, though of tolerable ſize, for the ſealed bottle at forty ſous. The diſh of coffee and the glaſs of liqueur were neceſſary appendages to his good cheer, which made him inſolent, lazy, libertine, greedy, and guttling.

The more elevated claſſes of ſociety have conſequently far ſurpaſſed the lower orders in gluttony, the votaries of which vice have been multiplied by the ſale of the emigrant wines. In the time of the aſſignat, the loweſt clerk ſavoured Hermitage wine; and the barber's boy is not the only one amongſt his equals, who can boaſt of having taſted delicious Madeira.

The cooks of princes, of counſellors to the parliament, of cardinals, of canons, and of farmers general, did not remain a long time out of employ after the emigration of the imitators of Apicius. They became reſtaurateurs, and advertiſed that they were going to prefer and practice, for whoever would pay, for the *ſcience of the gullet*, as Montaigne ſays.

Money-jobbing, which blew up, though a little too late, the ſecret of the fabrication of paper-currency, in order to force the re-appearance of the coin, that it might be bought up with paper of no value, gave birth to that ſwarm of glow-worms, or newly rich, whoſe gluttony exceeds even that of the Chanoines.

Thoſe men of *ſtraw* and *hay*, of *oats* and *meal*, are the perſons who have brought the *petits ſoupés* again into vogue; and the cooks have alſo redoubled their refinement, to give to their profeſſion all its importance and all its dignity.

It was a title of nobility amidſt the famine to have a table covered with the moſt exquiſite food, with the firſt of each ſeaſon, and diſplaying bread white as ſnow, while the populace were preſſing at midnight to get, at the peril of their lives, an ounce of oaten bread.

At preſent, even when the republic is ſeated on the baſis of equality, it is ſtill by means of ſplendid dinners that intrigue riſes to the higheſt poſts.

CHAP. CLXV.

CONTRACTORS FOR THE SERVICE OF THE ARMIES.

You find among them old hackney attornies, jews, lackeys, and other people of this complexion, who, having ſeen at a diſtance the diſcredit of the paper money, received it from all hands in the vigour of its youth; with this paper money they monopolized every commodity; afterwards jobbed paper for louis, and louis for paper; and having by theſe tricks made conſiderable capitals, they preſented themſelves to the miniſters, and made propoſitions for the ſervice of the different armies of the republic. They had no difficulty in getting contracts*; after giving an intereſt in them to certain deputies, certain heads of offices with gilded tongues; through ſuch intermediaries they obtained large advances to enable them to pay thoſe with whom they dealt; but they had the addreſs to keep the funds, which were then almoſt always made in coin, and bought up bills in the market at a low price, making immenſe profits with the money of the public treaſury, while they paid their manufacturers, merchants, and tradeſmen with mandats. This money, before it entered again into circulation, ſerved them alſo to buy up the mandats, and ſell them again when the price was high; they then boaſted that they had furniſhed the ſervice without receiving a ſous from government, as if they could prevent it from being underſtood, that they had dexterouſly made

* When they had made their extravagant contracts, they exacted large ſums in advance, which they obtained, and found a part of the magazines, of which there had not been time to finiſh the inventories, ſtored with objects of conſumption when they entered upon their functions. Theſe they diſtributed, without untying their purſe-ſtrings, to the various ſervices that wanted them, and from whom they received *bons*, which they paid in as money; and by this ſubtle manœuvre made immenſe gain, to the loſs of the public. At preſent, theſe purſe-proud contractors complain of meeting with delays in their payments; and threaten the government with diſcontinuing their contracts, and committing the ſafety of the armies.

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the ſupplies with the laſt louis torn from the economy of the indigent, by the ſcience of money jobbing.

All the money of the public treaſure is ingulphed in the coffers of theſe greedy contractors, who are continually beſieging its gates, continually complaining, and demanding, and who ſometimes make off with the deniers of the ſtate, without being ever more heard of.

The tradeſmen and manufacturers, who have furniſhed the contractor with their reſpective articles, being badly paid, or not paid at all, have always ſent in damaged goods, or of inferior quality. The ſoldier has been many a day without eating bread, or taſting food; preſenting the afflicting ſpectacle of the moſt hideous nudity. Shoes have been delivered to him, the ſoles of which were made of parchment and paſteboard. The ſick died in the hoſpitals for want of medicines; or if by force of conſtitution a few ſurmounted the violence of the diſeaſe, ſcarcely have they found, on rejoining the corps, a morſel of bread, which they could devour in almoſt choking themſelves without appeaſing their hunger. The horſes had bundles of reeds inſtead of hay; and they were even obliged, in the conſtant want of forage, to ſweep away the ſnow which covered the graſs of the meadows, to let them pick a few ſpires, incapable of prolonging their exiſtence; and the horſes, periſhing by thouſands, ſtrewed the way with their carcaſes*.

And the authors of ſo many evils are thoſe, who in public promenades, and on days of national feſtivals, are mounted ſo proudly on dreſt horſes, fed to the prejudice of horſes for the field. Theſe men are the devourers of the ſubſiſtence of the people, dining with as much ſplendor and ſenſuality as princes at dreſt balls, and who would, if they durſt, have pages to precede their brilliant carriages. Theſe are the ſhameleſs raſcals, who in the liſts of expences which they produce to the government, inſert with impudence the ſame article twice, which fraud eſcapes the eye of the comptroller only becauſe they are continually on his ſhoulders, with their watch in their hand, fixing the time of his labour, in order not to miſs the hour of the payment of their bills.

This is but a ſmall corner of the curtain lifted up, which conceals the ravages of a terrible war. Great God! open the eyes of blind mortals; ſoften their hardened heart with

* Dragoons have been ſeen ſharing their bread with their horſes, for want of forage.

the laſt tears of ſo many mothers deprived of their children, dead in the field! Put a ſtop to that phrenzy, which makes them deviate ſo wide from the path of reaſon. It is time for humanity and wiſdom to reſume their empire; it is time for every one to be impreſſed with this truth; how noble, how uſeful is it to ſacrifice glory to ſafety of the country! The mathematical ſcience of killing men is not worth the ſimple ſcience of ſowing an handful of wheat, of planting a tree, and creating our likeneſſes. It is time for men to begin to love one another; then it will be no longer neceſſary to conſtrain them to ſwear to be faithful to the laws of their country; then univerſal peace ſhall ſpread its glorious canopy over all the earth, and gentle concord reign amongſt *all its happy inhabitants*.

CHAP. CLXVI.

PROMENADES IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

ALL the women are Graces, Junos, Venuſſes, Calypſos, Euchariſes; all the men will ſoon be Apollos and Narciſſuſſes, Endymions and Antinouſes.

On the road of the Bois de Boulogne, I perceive Daphne in a cabriolet, which an Engliſh courſer is bearing off to Bagatelle. You would ſuppoſe it the Olympic racing ground, from the cars with two horſes flying amidſt clouds of duſt to this abode of folly.

Thouſands of lamps, ſuſpended from ſhrubs, have transformed it into a palace of rubies, emeralds, topazes, and diamonds. What a *coup d'œil!* Armida inhabits theſe ſhades; it is her magic wand which has created thoſe ſparkling objects. The flutes breathe in concert, while the loves are ſporting in the myſterious grottoes.

The moſt exquiſite fruits decorate the ſide-tables of the ice reſtaurateur; Pomona herſelf lays down her baſkets; ices of every colour, compoſed of perfumed eſſences, citrons, oranges, and pine-apples, ſolicit every taſte; it is Olympus here; it is Garchi who diſtills the ambroſia. How many Mars are led hither, and treated by their Venuſſes!

But what reſplendent light is that which gleams through the air? It is the emperor of China travelling in a lantern?

tern? or the bird of Jupiter pouncing on a hare? No, it is a luminous bomb, which lightens the aſcent of an unknown goddeſs. Every one applauds with tranſport. *How beautiful ſhe is!* is the general exclamation; the crowd tremble for her life; vows are offered up for her ſafety; the greateſt anxiety is expreſſed for her return. At length, to the great ſatisfaction of the ſpectators, ſhe deſcends with majeſtic ſlowneſs in her car drawn by doves; ſhe touches the earth; they run, they preſs; every eye is fixed on this charming object: and what do they ſee——a large doll!

The aſſembly, though a little confuſed, laugh at the miſtake, and ſeparate amidſt a ſhower of gold. Thus paſs the days of ſummer at Paris.

Bagatelle was the rendezvous of the moſt brilliant part of the ariſtocracy. It was there that all the armies of the republic were conquered——by the tongue: that Buonaparte was baptiſed by the name of Cæſar Dictator; and that we were threatened with a military government.

Capet of Provence, and his wife, more fortunate than Capet the elder, paſſed the frontier; it was they who formed the principal ſubject of converſation. The late proprietor of Bagatelle was ſo amiable! he loved the girls, and even women of faſhion, ſo much, that it is almoſt impoſſible that ſuch goodnature ſhould not ſome day or other help him to the throne. They are perſuaded that ſuch is the deſign of Condé, ſupported by Pichegru, M. Courant de Neufchatel, and the bookſeller Fauche Borel.

I ſhould inform my readers, that I was well acquainted with thoſe two perſonages. The firſt is a kind of foreſter, very fit for a bold ſtroke, as almoſt all the Swiſs are; riſking his life without ſcruple for a *coup de main.* The ſecond is a diſcreet kind of a diſtaff, from which you may ſpin and knot a good deal of thread. The town of Neufchatel is otherwiſe the firſt city in the world where there are moſt men of addreſs to be bought or ſold, no matter by or to whom.

CHAP. CLXVII.

THE MOUTH IS ALWAYS AT WORK.

HAVE you ever heard of *Adephagie?* It is a Greek word, which ſignifies the *Goddeſs of Gluttony.* In the midſt of revolutionary horrors, Adephagie loſt no part of her empire. Her numerous altars were not leſs erected by the ſide of the guillotine, and the wide cemeteries encumbered with victims. The Pariſian, in ſhort, did not loſe a ſtroke of his tooth.

It is the wide-extended mouth of the people, which, in this immenſe city, the real reſervoir of power, has made the ruſty crowns leap out from every coffer, from every hiding-place; however ſlow the circulation, however great the ſcarcity of coin, the crowns buried for a century paſt, by their magic power put windmills, tuns of wine, butchers, and cooks of every degree, in motion.

In vain do crowns ſlumber inviſible in the bottoms of ſtrong boxes or dark cellars; they muſt always make their appearance brightened, ſhining whenever fêtes and feſtivals are on the carpet.

The ſumptuous tables are ſpread by the ſide of committees, where the life or death of men were ſubjects but of ſlight diſcuſſion. After the office of executioner came that of the ſcullions.

Without the aid of the mouth, money, in this age of ſtern egotiſm, would accumulate in maſſes; gluttony has dug a perpetual outlet for it, and the decemvirs themſelves, who rejected every other petition, however earneſt and juſt, had their ears wide open to every invitation to a ſplendid table.

The mouth is the moſt amiable of pleaders, the moſt perſuaſive of counſellors; it can ſpeak as imperiouſly as money in the ear of the truculent clerk, and render him gentle.

The victims in the priſons ſacrificed to their ſtomach, and food of moſt exquiſite kind paſſed the narrow wicket for men who were near their laſt meal, but were ignorant of it.

From the bottoms of dungeons contracts were paſſed with the reſtaurateurs, and the articles were ſigned on both

both ſides, with particular conditions with reſpect to the delicacies.

No one ſcarcely ever viſited a priſoner without bringing him for conſolation a bottle of claret, liqueurs of the iſles, or delicate paſtry.

The paſtry-cook on his ſide, who well knows that the mouth is always going, ſent his lifts alſo into the priſons, promiſing to exerciſe his utmoſt ſkill. Nothing, ſays the advertiſement, equals the delicacy of his art; cheeſecakes and cuſtards, in atteſting the progreſs of his ſcience and induſtry, will bear witneſs alſo to thoſe of Pariſian luxury, whether impriſoned or free.

His glaſs-ſhop is become as elegant, as decorated, and as neat in the inſide, as that of the jeweller. Tarts and ſpice cakes are arranged under glaſſes with as much ſymmetry as curioſities of natural hiſtory.

He has made a ſcientific ſtudy of all taſtes and conſtitutions.

At the tempting ſight of thoſe ortolan pâtés and kidney tarts, the ſtranger, the contractor, the new millionaire, and the priſoner, by hearſay, felt their purſes. Who will believe that when blood was flowing in torrents, the paſtry-cook, more audacious in his conceptions than Aretin, moulded his paſtry into Priapus, and gave his cakes the form of the virginal ſex? All exceſſes touch each other; never was there ſeen a greater propenſity to gluttony, than in thoſe days of calamity and horror. I call to witneſs for the fact the ſix priſons into which I have been plunged.

I do not conceal it, that when I ſaw myſelf ſeparated from the world and from ſociety, I did not wiſh to die, and leave my aſſaſſins that triumph and ſatisfaction; I wiſhed to live, on the contrary, to ſee the end of theſe ſingular events. I declared to all the companions of my misfortunes, that I conſtituted myſelf a man-plant, and that I was reſolved to be nothing elſe; I made a capital affair of my four meals a-day, or rather of one ſingle meal, which laſted from morning to evening, eating like the children only when I was hungry. It is with this regime that I tamed liſtleſſneſs, bad air, and ſolitude, and prepared myſelf to wait the great day of national juſtice, and ſee thoſe odious tyrants periſh, whoſe figures and characters it has been reſerved for me to deſcribe.

He who wiſhes to act the angel, ſays Paſcal, *acts the beaſt.* I did well not to act the angel. In preſerving my health, I kept my mind in tune, and though the walls of priſons were

were walls of darkneſs; I recall ideas which I ſhould not have found elſewhere, and which guide me in my obſervations.

CHAP. CLXVIII.

CAPITALIST.

THIS word, under the old regimen, was ſcarcely known any where but at Paris, and meant a monſter of fortune; a man with a heart of braſs, and who had only metallic affections. He has no country: he is domiciliated without being a citizen: and this inſulated being has no fear that taxation ſhould touch his property, which is immenſe.

He laughs when he hears you talking of the territorial tax; he has not an inch of land.

CHAP. CLXIX.

PUBLIC KITCHENS.

THE extreme ſcarcity of bread, and the continually progreſſive increaſe of the price of proviſions, reduced to very great diſtreſs almoſt every family not in eaſy circumſtances, and eſpecially the neceſſitous. They nevertheleſs found on the Pont au Change wherewith to ſatisfy the cravings of hunger. In the middle of the Quay de la Feraille, about ſeven in the evening, the ſtrong odour of herrings ſeized the moſt impenetrable noſtrils.

On each ſide of the foot pavement cooks had erected their kitchens, not certainly of the rank and ſtanding of thoſe known at the time under the name of blue ribbands, and where you dined with unbottoned waiſtcoats.

On the edge of the table of the laſt century were arranged the plates, which contained each three broiled herrings ſprinkled with ſhreds of onions and a little vinegar, the whole for a billet of fifteen ſous. By the ſide appear a few diſhes of ſtewed prunes and lentils ſwimming in their ſauce.

ſauce. Earthen bowls of green leaves filled up the middle under the name of ſallads, to tempt the paſſengers.

We have ſeen them ranged by hundreds around theſe frugal tables, eating without bread portions much too moderate for the capacity of their ſtomach and the vehemence of their appetite. One man drinks his lentils without chewing them, another ſwallows a herring at a mouthful, without troubling himſelf about the bones.

The Place de Greve preſented the ſame diſtreſsful ſpectacle, which no compaſſionate man could behold without feeling the tears run down his cheeks.

He ſighed in ſecret over the horrible evils occaſioned by war, and curſed the factions, who, gorged with gold and delicacies, affected poverty, lamented over the fate of the indigent, and excited them to revolt; he was under continual apprehenſions leſt cruel famine, under the form of a *living death*, ſhould ſuddenly make its appearance amidſt heaps of victims. Nevertheleſs he decreed in his heart a deſerved eulogium to thoſe cheap and modeſt reſtaurateurs who prevented the unhappy from periſhing entirely with hunger; very different from thoſe banking traiteurs, who make a fortune of every dinner of their numerous gueſts.

Look at thoſe roofleſs ſhops along the buildings of the Louvre on the ſide of the Seine. There laborious Hercules's, many hard-working men, go and appeaſe their hunger at a reaſonable price. Strings of herrings hung up to dry in the ſun await the gridiron; it is the affair of a twinkling; meat, puddings, eggs, ſalt fiſh, are all mingled in the ſame diſh, which boils before the ſhop between two ſtones, and is ſoon emptied. Appetite is the ſauce to this truly Spartan food. Thoſe taverns are the real refectories of ſobriety. The man who takes his repaſt there has gained it lawfully by the ſweat of his brow, and the tradeſman who receives the reckoning is a juſt man.

I do not look with the ſame eye on the egotiſt, who, alone at a table, dines at the Palais Royal for fifty livres; nor the opulent reſtaurateur, who ſends him his bill with his glaſs of liqueur.

It is not impoſſible, in reflecting in an inn, to divine a good plan of economy, finance, and morality.

The labouring man ſpends in proportion to his gain, and ſaves the reſt to maintain his wife and children; he pays as he receives, and owes nothing. But every thing

is

is relative. Every one ſhould live according to his circumſtances, and then every thing would go well, even the government.

CHAP. CLXX.

BREVIARY.

How did Louis Capet, the laſt king of the French, employ himſelf during his impriſonment in the tower of the Temple? He drank, ſlept, and ſtudied his Breviary. One might have taken him for the moſt ſtoical of philoſophers, if it had not been known that he became a devôt; it is certain that he had fed himſelf with a number of theological ideas, and perhaps he was the only one at his court who thought about them. The prieſts had exerciſed their myſtical power over his brain, which already was not a very ſtrong one.

I met Clery, his valet-de-chambre, at the Force, who made me acquainted with ſeveral circumſtances concerning him. He ſaw, with great calmneſs, all his decorations, even his knife, taken from him; but he was very much affected when they carried off his fire-ſhovel, and did not conceal his anger.

During his return from the hall of the convention to the Temple, at the time of his ſecond examination, he aſked Chaumette what country he came from—"*From the depart-*" *ment of the Nievre*"—"*It is a beautiful country.*"—"*Have* "*you never been there?*"—"*No, but I propoſe making the tour* "*of France in two years time, and ſeeing all its beauties.*" Obſerving that the ſecretary of the commune had his hat on his head in the carriage, he ſaid to him with a ſmile, "*The* "*firſt time you came to take me from the Temple, you had for-*" *gotten your hat: you have been more careful this time.*"

Deceived by the nobility, by his two brothers, by La Fayette, knowing that the project was to declare his children baſtards, after taking from him the crown, it is really aſtoniſhing that he ſhould have acceded to a plan of eſcape unjuſtifiable in every point of view. It has been ſaid that he was yet ignorant of all thoſe conſpiracies; but when he was duly enlightened, why did he not become ſincerely and truly conſtitutional?

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It was the Breviary then which conſoled him for the loſs of all his greatneſs.

It is not aſtoniſhing, that after his death the prieſts wiſhed to make him a martyr. Relics containing his hair, true or falſe, were diſtributed for a long time; knaves ſold them to fools; and in confeſſionals, the having been preſent at his execution was a reſerved caſe. At the moment I write, and I can ſcarcely believe my eyes, I ſee unloaded at the door of a church at Paris twelve or fifteen confeſſionals quite new. I ſtarted back with ſurprize at the ſight of this papal artillery; each of thoſe hypocritical boxes is a piece of cannon ready charged againſt the republican government. Sacerdotal preaching is already an open war; we can foreſee or prevent its effects; but confeſſion ——, who can calculate its ſecret and dangerous conſequences?

Several bookſellers have aſſured me that Breviaries were bought up wherever they could be found. Delivered from Capucins, from Pic-pus, from Minims, Chartreux, monks unſhod, with or without beards, priors, canons and abbés, we ſaid, "A few hours are ſufficient for labour, if every "one would put their hand to the oar, to make France "a real Utopia;" and now they are reading the Breviary of Paris as in paſt times, and more than in paſt times; for thoſe who read do not read careleſsly or not at all as formerly.

Breviaries and Miſſals are ſent into the departments and to Germany, while our abominable romances are paſſing into Spain, where they had never heard talk of them. Thus twenty years are ſometimes ſufficient to change entirely the face of an empire. If the Spaniards read our books, good as well as bad, they will be our imitators and rivals.

How many events have happened from 1789 to 1797, unknown, unobſerved, unparalleled in ſpite of ſo many writings; what a ſpectacle concealed from hiſtory! how many new ideas on the extravagance and perverſity of men!

CHAP.

CHAP. CLXXI.

SUPERFINE COOK.

In the manner we eat at Paris, the beſt cheer in any other place is not worth a dinner at Meot's, hot, ready, well-dreſſed; you chuſe your meat in a liſt of a hundred diſhes, a liſt printed with the moſt ſtudied care; a fine gilded ſaloon, ſculptured and theatrical; pyramids of fine fruit; a ſucculent odour which ſpreads itſelf around, and which would give you an appetite if you had none. At the principal bar, two ladies of elegant appearance ſuperintend the police, and ſtill more the receipt.

It is there that you dine like a happy man; but the dinner is very dear, and you would ſuppoſe that the tariff of eatables is a rule for every other reſtaurateur, ſo accurately do they model themſelves on the higheſt price. It is in theſe ſaloons that you find on the right and left the Frenchman ſociable and pliant. From thence you go to the opera, to hear Œpide à Colonne, and ſee the ballet of Pſyche; that ballet, an aſtoniſhing aſſemblage of all the efforts of art, and you leave it ſtupified with admiration and pleaſure, a thing inconceivable! Never in the happieſt times did the French, or any other people, attend the theatre with ſo much rage. The opera begins at ſix! at three the people beſiege the doors, another thing as inconceivable! This people, without reſtraint, impetuous, and violent, range themſelves with patient tranquillity on little narrow inconvenient benches, where they find themſelves ſqueezed, and half in darkneſs; they are all ſtill and ſilent, or talk low.

They applaud with tranſport ſcenes of delicious tenderneſs, which excite or inſpire goodneſs. Every heart ſwells with pleaſure, every eye overflows with tears, and the whole audience feel the ſame ſentiments.

Are theſe really the ſame Pariſians who by thouſands have acted like ferocious tigers, while others have ſuffered themſelves to be incarcerated like ſheep in a butchery? Is it really on the ſame pavement which leads to thoſe brilliant ſpectacles, that the carts have rolled along with ſixty or ſeventy victims, in which the huſband was mingled with the

the wife, the mother with her ſon, and the friend with the friend.

Foreigners thought, that after the dreadful ſtruggle, of which we had been the deplorable inſtruments, that after ſo much bloodſhed, we were plunged into miſery, into anarchical tumult, and exciting only feelings of pity; not only incapable of ſupporting theatres, which indicate flouriſhing circumſtances, but aſking if we had not forgotten how to laugh. And it was at this epocha, that the theatre of the Vaudeville was revived: the ſtock of its little pieces is but a trifling affair, but they are ſo pretty, ſo pregnant, ſo well acted, that even in this ſubaltern and ſecondary kind of amuſement, we ſee a nation which continues to leave the reſt behind it in the dramatic career, not perhaps in works of genius, but by the wit and gaiety with which it ſeaſons its productions.

And on the ſoil of ſo many pleaſures they are endeavouring to re-unite the infernal elements of the famous mother-ſociety of Paris; they are ſowing the germ of revolutionary tempeſts, which have deſolated France, and are anxious to revive their ſyſtem of bloody anarchy.

The more we conſider this city, the more we behold it a collection of ill-aſſorted things, an unparalleled mixture of characters, and we may aſſert that it is not laws but men which reign, for the laws aſſume the complexion and phyſiognomy of thoſe who execute; we are then literally governed by individuals. What is moſt important then is the choice of the men; we have ſeen ſome ſporting with the barbarous horrors of injuſtice, oppoſition, murder, and deſtruction; we have beheld others diſplaying at theſe terrible epochas every thing which beneficence and compaſſion could inſpire of what was moſt magnanimous, and indulging only the virtuous paſſions.

CHAP. CLXXII.

TIVOLI.

I WENT yeſterday to *Tivoli*; not the *Tivoli* where Horace ſtrung his lyre, where Propertius compoſed his ſweet verſes, and thought by the ſide of his beautiful Cynthia; not the *Tivoli*, where, amidſt the moſt ſmiling verdure, an impetuous

fuous torrent ruſhes, dividing itſelf into five rivers, which by five different channels either burſt out, or run, or throw themſelves headlong:

> Me neque tam patiens Lacedæmon,
> Nec tam Lariſſæ percuſſit campus opimæ,
> Quam domus Albuneæ reſonantis,
> Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lacus, et unda
> Mobilibus pomaria rivis!

Once more, it is not the *Tivoli* at the charming *Caſcatelles*, which we may ſtill ſee, after paſſing under verdant trees, acroſs mulberries, fig-trees, pomegranates, and plantain trees; it is the Tivoli, not of Italy, but of the Rue Lazare, known formerly under the name of *Folie Boutin*. What a difference! There you tread on green turf and odoriferous flowers; here you walk on a dry pavement, and breathe ſometimes very diſguſting odours. There you hear in the neighbouring woods the concerts of a thouſand birds; you ſee on the tops of the mountains flocks feeding or at play; here you behold white chimneys and uncrowned ſteeples, and hear the cries of miſery and the oaths of hackney-coachmen.

Have you ſeen the temple of Veſta, or that of the Sybil? No.—Have you ſeen thoſe fine columns which lean over the abyſs? No.—The grand caſcade, and the grotto of Neptune, thoſe hanging rocks, thoſe wild grots, thoſe ſhrubs ſo green, that turf ſo flowery? No, no! but I have ſeen alleys garniſhed with two rows of chairs, lighted by yellow lamps, occupied by women in *ſpencers*, who were amuſing themſelves by gaping, and by young men throttled with ſacks, and who were laughing ſillily and liſtleſsly.

I have ſeen a temple eight feet large, and twelve feet high, illuminated with coloured fires; I have ſeen fireworks well executed, but too ſpeedily terminated; I have ſeen a dance compoſed of four perſons under a tent, which might contain an hundred.

I have heard the noiſe of a dozen inſtruments, which changed their place without any change in their monotonous ſympathy.

I have heard the rights of war and peace diſcuſſed amidſt a ſwarm of cockchaffers, which drove direct againſt the heads of the grave debaters.

I have heard praiſes beſtowed on the delights of Bagatelle, and cenſures laviſhed on the pleaſures of Tivoli.

I have heard regrets of a horrible regime, of which the principal ſpectacle were the executions on the Place of the Revolution.—

Revolution.—What the devil! have you neither heard nor ſeen any thing agreeable! you muſt have been very ill amuſed.—Pardon me, I was amuſed; I have ſeen many very agreeable things, and heard others which were not leſs ſo. It is this name of Tivoli which ſpoilt every thing; this name has recalled to my mind ſo many remembrances, that it has forced me to make compariſons, which were not to the advantage of the French Tivoli. I began my walk, therefore, with a good deal of prepoſſeſſion; and who can flatter himſelf with being exempt from it? But all thoſe whoſe judgment is regulated by prejudice are not diſpoſed to own it ſo frankly.

By degrees the cloud is diſperſed; I forgot Italy, Propertius, and the Caſcatelles; and I ſaw what I ought to ſee, that is, a ſuperb Engliſh garden, where—

Sans contrainte et ſans art, de ſes douces premices,
La nature epuiſa les plus pures delices:
Des plaines, des côteaux le melange charmant,
Les ondes à leur choix, errantes mollement,
Des ſentiers ſinueux les routes indeciſes,
Le deſordre enchanteur, les piquantes ſurprizes;
Des aſpects en les yeux heſitoient à choiſir,
Varioient, ſuſpendoient, prolongeoient leur plaiſir.
Sur l'email velouté de la fraiche verdure,
Mille arbres, de ces lieux ondoyante parure,
Charme de l'odorat, du gout et des regards,
Elegamment groupés, negligemment epars,
Se fuyoient, s'approchoient, quelquefois à ma vue,
Ouvroient dans le lontain une ſcene imprevue;
Ou tombant juſqu' à terre et recourbant leurs bras;
Venoient d'un doux obſtacle embaraſſer nos pas.

To this deſcription, of which it might be permitted to bate ſomething without doing any wrong to the real beauty of the place, you may add that of a gay troop of Loves and Graces, running, flying, playing at all the ſports known at Cytherea; that of a double row of pretty women, gazed at and gazing, decently violated, without hiding any thing from the look, cenſuring without mercy the dreſs of modeſt citizens who paſſed before them without turban or ſpencer.

Look at thoſe little butterflies, whoſe ridiculous dreſs cannot diſguiſe elegance, more than it can diſarm criticiſm, animating the picture by their noiſy gaiety; ſpeaking, with equal inattention, of their horſes and their miſtreſſes, of Buonaparte and Bagatelle, of the pleaſures of their laſt ſuppers and the cares of the directory, of the ballet of Pſyché and the horrors of war! Happy age!

One of them ſaid to his companion, *There is no perſon here.*—*You are mad*, replied the other; *I have counted more than eight hundred pretty women.*—*Oh*, anſwered the firſt, *but I have not found her here I am looking for.*

CHAP. CLXXIII.

POWDERED HEADS.

As much wheat is conſumed in France in uſeleſs powder as would nouriſh the largeſt of our departments. Any one may eaſily verify this calculation. One would ſuppoſe that hair was a nudity amongſt us, ſince there are men who would ſooner endure hunger than exhibit themſelves in public without powder.

It would have been worth while, whilſt they were proſcribing ſo many uſages, to proſcribe alſo ſo uncouth a cuſtom; the Jacobins had fair ground in repreſenting that the moſt neceſſary ſubſiſtence of men ought not to be ſo profaned; that the beau, or the ariſtocrat, expended as much meal for his hair as for his ſtomach; it was a ridiculous luxury, and it was neceſſary to ſtop this epidemy general in Europe, and which had already croſſed the ocean.

The Jacobins unpowdered themſelves, but they affected alſo ſo exceſſive a dirtineſs, that the ſacrifice became inviſible.

But they had ſo many adverſaries, that people affected to powder themſelves to form a contraſt with them. The chief himſelf, Robeſpierre, was always dreſſed and powdered, and this is the reaſon why there was no crime of high Robeſpierian treaſon in following the old faſhion.

Thoſe who deteſted him, took the opportunity of repudiating powder, and without being Jacobins, adopted the dreſs, to economize time and preſerve health.

There is nothing more wholeſome than waſhing the head every day; ſhort and unpowdered hair, therefore, ought to rule the mode.

It has not been made a ſignal of diſorder and diviſion; every one follows his taſte in this reſpect; you preſent yourſelf powdered and unpowdered; there is full toleration.

A French

A Frenchman, who knows how to obſerve and to deſcribe, after having eſtabliſhed the difference between ancient and modern Europe, has concluded in a very convincing manner, that without a revolution of the globe it would be henceforth impoſſible for the human race to relapſe into barbariſm; it depended only on the Jacobins to guillotine thoſe who wore powder, as they had guillotined the farmers-general for having put water in their ſnuff; but ſince they have not done it, it is a mark which confirms the obſervation which has juſt been made, and that we cannot all be deſtroyed by committees of public ſafety and general ſurety; this is what was to be demonſtrated.

CHAP. CLXXIV.

COPPER COIN.

THE great ſous made of bell metal are ſtored in old ſacks, the depoſitaries of domeſtic economy and foreſight, or load the pockets of milk and butter-women, and retailers of cabbages and carrots. Since the traffic of gros ſous has been eſtabliſhed, happy the cook-maids and ſervant-girls who, living in the vicinity of the Perron of the Palais-Royal, go to the Halle or to the market; they change their crown of ſix livres in their way, and gain perhaps four or five ſous, which however does not hinder them from cribbing as uſual.

The ſkin-flints give nothing but groſs ſous to their ſervant-maids, who are angry at this mark of economy, and complain that their pockets wear out with the weight. Thus the braſs or copper which, when hung in the air, deafened our ears, now weighs down our ſacks, and figures in every payment, making ten times the weight of the ſilver. Look at that man yonder, quite bent to the ground; he is like Corregio, who died from having carried ſacks of copper money which avaricious monks had given him, for pictures became ſo precious that they are not to be purchaſed at preſent even for their weight in gold.

CHAP. CLXXV.

PHYSICAL AND MORAL ESTIMATES.

THE great city may be compared to a great country, and its different ſections to as many provinces, the inhabitants of which have their peculiar phyſiognomy, their particular character, their kinds of beauty or uglineſs, their diſeaſes, their prejudices, their inclinations, their habits, and their cuſtoms.

It is eſpecially under the abſolute empire of the catholic religion, that thoſe ſhades were moſt eaſy to ſeize; for the prieſts, by the aſcendancy of their morality, or the diverſity of their opinions, ſoftened the heads of individuals almoſt as ſoon as they were born, and moulded them like wax.

For inſtance, would you behold petty ſanctified, Janſeniſts, penitent Magdalens, miſers with ſallow faces, uſurers retired from buſineſs, walking with cautious ſteps for fear of wearing out their ſhoes, the church of St. Stephen of the Mount offered a great number of ſuch originals.

If you tranſported yourſelf to the Abbey St. Germain, you would not find there thoſe four faces, who made grimaces at a ribband or a medallion portrait; you were in the abode of the Benedictines, freſh, fat, and not over ſtudious. It was the true court of love, the aſſiduous rendezvous of ſprightly youth; the odours of their noſegays of roſes mingled with that of the incenſe. The organ, by its various and harmonious ſounds, called up the ſmile on every lip: it gave the ſong of the girls a ſort of exultation, which rendered them more beautiful and poignant. In ſhort, it ſeemed as if their eyes reflected the jovial air of the monks with triple chins; and if ſo many pretty Cupid children reſembled each other, by looking at theſe holy fathers you might eaſily gueſs the cauſe *.

What a contraſt in the neighbouring pariſh! The auſtere Sulpitian impreſſed on his proſelytes his own rough and ſavage air. Not a face of young boy or girl whom the fear of the confeſſional did not render ſad, uneaſy, lean, moroſe, and mournful. Not a grown-up perſon, who

* This temple of Venus is now a ſaltpetre warehouſe.

dared

dared remain alone in the dark, who did not tremble at meeting the devil, or ſeeing hell open under his feet. The nobility, who were ſo numerous in this pariſh, ſwelled the amount of falſe devotees, to keep their ſlaves in ſurer ſubjection; it was preciſely around them that ſwarmed hypocrites, cheats, liars, and knaves. The ſycophant curé, who had refuſed to bury Voltaire, wanted to make a traffic of the burial of every writer.

At St. Medard, fanaticiſm, armed with its fiery torches men groſsly ignorant, and ſtill more credulous and ſuperſtitious. It is from this dreadful fauxbourg therefore that thoſe madmen have burſt out, who drank human blood with delight.

Other churches alſo were the climates, as it were, of the luxury of the capital. In that of Quinze-vingts, met the farmers-general, the change brokers, ſecretaries of finance, proud as peacocks, ſhining with gold, rubies, and diamonds, and wanting nothing but diadems. The poor man even, in this place of magnificence, made uſe only of the choiceſt expreſſions in aſking alms.

At preſent even, you may find at St. Gervais ſome traces of the antient ſplendour of the gold-ſmiths and ſheriffs of the Hotel de Ville. It is there that the women come, as the milliners of the Charnier des Innocents heretofore, to ſhew themſelves loaded with ribbands and lace. But the almoſt general eaſy circumſtances of the Pariſians renders their piety tranquil; their ſinging is ſoft and meaſured; and it is there alſo you meet with truly angelic beauties.

We may conclude from thoſe different obſervations, that the education of colleges, convents, catechiſms, and pariſh ſchools, have had a very fatal influence on the character of the Pariſians.

In colleges, youth were taught leſſons of vanity, pride, contempt, and egotiſm; in convents, thoſe of refined debauchery; in catechiſms, thoſe of jeſuitical duplicity, perfidy, knavery, and intolerance; in charity-ſchools, thoſe of ingratitude, of lazineſs, lying, and brutality.

This is the reaſon why nobles, who gave the cowardly example of emigration, were almoſt all denounced by their lackeys or their porters.

Such alſo is the reaſon why, in aſſemblies of the ſections, the moſt extravagant motions, the moſt atrocious projects, the moſt vexatious meaſures, were propoſed and executed with ſo much cruel obſtinacy; the greater part by ſhoemakers, taylors, carpenters, ſmiths, barbers, and even ſurgeons. The inſolence of the noble and the rich, who did not pay them, had raiſed their hatred.

But

But you found no maſſacres nor revolutioniſts among the honeſt coal-porters, the butchers, the market and corn-porters, the ſhoe-cleaners, and chimney-ſweepers, becauſe from being dependent on the inhabitants on account of their domeſtic wants, they did not feel like others the want of money; and that beſides, from their pacific character, they were leſs acceſſible to corruption.

All thoſe ſhades have been effaced by the overthrow of the catholic worſhip; it had left a particular ſtamp on every quarter, ſo that in the city you ſaluted a prieſt becauſe he had a noble air, the air of a canon of Notre Dame, while in other places a prieſt was but a ſervitor.

All thoſe canons, great vicars, curates, fat preſbyters, made children in every quarter; aides de camps and gendarmes have taken their place.

CHAP. CLXXVI.

CARICATURE ENGRAVINGS.

If the perverſities of the human mind continue to go on increaſing, we muſt reckon at leaſt on a thouſand *Calots* to expoſe them to the cenſure of wiſe heads.

Who can doubt but that it is the ingenious graving pen of criticiſm which has engaged the women, even thoſe who were moſt headſtrong in following ſingular faſhions, to renounce the edifice of that head-dreſs, called *monte-au-ciel*, and which, it ſeemed, a hair-dreſſer could not have built up without the aid of a ladder.

The *ſquare coats*, *Engliſh breeches*, *duck-bill brodequins*, *Athenian dreſſes*, *hats à lucarne*, *à cul de panier*, furniſhed Vernet with his idea of the *incroyables* and the *merveilleuſes*. All Paris have welcomed this ingenious production; people of ſenſe have juſtified the ſatire by adopting a contrary mode of dreſs; that is to ſay, ſuch as nature points out, and of which ſhe authorizes the uſe.

Admire the caprices of fortune in that *merveilleuſe*, who gives her arm to her gallant; round as a cucurbite, ſhe has not yet recovered her aſtoniſhment at her own dreſs; the woman who meets her, ſmall and ſtrait as a ſpire of aſpa-

ragus,

ragus, diſcovers an old acquaintance under her new habiliment, and ſeems to ſay, " It is Jenny, who ſold green " peas at our corner."

The ſame Vernet has alſo expoſed the rage for horſe-races, lately revived.

You have ſeen the *Anglomane*, hollow-bellied, hump-backed, ſtrait as a reed, riding with his backſide in the air on a long Engliſh blood horſe; you have ſeen alſo the *modern Amazon*, her thighs girt to her ſaddle, and her velvet jockey carried away by the wind.

At preſent Vernet is exhibiting the preparations for a race, and the jockies mounted; the horſes are capariſoned, the runners, in under-waiſtcoats and turned-up hats, are walking them gently to keep them in breath; you would judge from their ſupple hams and their hollow bellies, that they had been purged and weighed the day before, and that the men had undergone the ſame operation. A fly that perches on them would be too much. Your eyes follow in the diſtance the other racers, who ſweep the plain. The motions of the jockey, the different attitudes of the horſes, their impatient air, the confident looks of their leaders, tranſport you already to the ſcene of action. You wait only for the ſignal of the courſe.

And the *inſide of the revolutionary committees* exhibits an exact deſcription of what was plotted in thoſe dens of Polyphemus, where ſo many innocent people felt beforehand the cold ſweats of death? Who does not tremble with horror at the aſpect of that ruffian preſident? You hear the loud ſnorings of that ſecretary in the red cap, who, with his elbows on the table, is ſleeping away the fumes of the wine he drank in the morning.

The examination of thoſe bottles, the label of which eſtabliſhes with the crime of ſuſpicion that of correſpondence in foreign countries; the terror of the unfortunate priſoner, who is ſaying in a whiſper, *Wine of Hungary*; the impudence of the accuſer; the tables loaded with jewels and other effects belonging to the *ſuſpect*; how many things in ſo narrow a compaſs!

You are now in preſence of the *excluſive*, in the attitude of a gladiator; his eye ſparkles with fury, his frightful mouth foams with rage; on the back of the cocked hat is written *liberty*; with one hand he holds a piſtol on which is inſcribed *death*, with the other he holds a poignard on the blade of which is engraved *fraternity*; a little red cap is hung to his button-hole, and his pockets are full of denunciations; he is almoſt without breeches; his arms, naked up

to

to the ſhoulders, are about to be plunged into the blood of his victims. This is a modern Ariſtides.

The *club of Clichy*, with bells reverſed, is more piquant than the print *of the frogs demanding a king*. The ends of the log exhibit the profiles of Louis the XVIth and Antoinette. At a little diſtance birds of prey with long beaks, by which are meant the Jacobins under the reign of terror, ſnapping up the frogs one after the other, while others are dragging them to the guillotine, or giving the ſignal for a *fuſillade*; but you ſtop with reſpect before that unfortunate, who, plunged in a dungeon and loaded with chains, writes to Robeſpierre, and finiſhes his letter in tracing theſe words, *Vive la liberté!*

Such are the faithful pictures which repreſent a great part of the events which have taken place; the facetious occurrences are not more forgotten than the ſerious.

The *Pas de Jour*, or the *Folly of the Day*, is the pictureſque expreſſion of a kind of dance moſt in vogue at balls. The fiddler who lolls his tongue as a mark of his approbation, the bottles which he has already emptied during his active miniſtration, are truly comic.

In ſhort, you ſee as parallels, the *dance of the hare and dog* dreſſed like Incroyables. Here is the *millionaire hair-dreſſer* taking his chocolate; *the uſurer lending on pawns*; *the note of hand and the mortgage*; *the active croyable filching a handkerchief from the pocket of a citizen*; *the departure of the deputy whoſe time is expired, fat and thick*; *the arrival of his ſucceſſor, thin and meagre*; *the mirror of the paſt, or the inſide of the commune*, where are an hundred headleſs perſons, and the furies of the guillotine in deſolation; *the pope's ſtaff in full rout*; *the kitchen of the monks in the good old time*; *the beef à la mode*; *the rentiers on the road to the Bicetre*; and that other, with a noſe a foot long, at the national treaſury, pointing to it with his finger, and exclaiming, *Why am I not Camus* * ?

* A play on the word: Camus ſignifies ſhort and flat noſed, but is put here for Camus, who made the firſt motion which led to the ruin of the ſtockholders, and who fills the lucrative place of national archiviſt.

CHAP.

CHAP. CLXXVII.

ORANGE-PEEL—OYSTER-SHELLS.

LISBON is ſtill in poſſeſſion of the orange-tree, from whence have ſprung all thoſe which embelliſh and perfume the gardens of Europe, for we owe to the Portugueſe the firſt grains of this tree; indigenous to China, they have made the iſlands of Hyeres a new garden of the Heſperides. I tread under foot the orange-peel and oyſter-ſhell, which reminds me of the immenſity of the ſeas; and I have at the ſame time a double enjoyment on a point where the waves of the ocean do not beat, and diſtant from the rays which ripen this fine yellow fruit.

This is what a populous city can effect, and what ready money can command. Every winter a delicious fruit indemnifies Paris for the abſence of roſes, while on the other hand the ſavoury oyſter cures the ſlight colds ariſing from the fogs.

This fine yellow fruit is arranged in an amphitheatre in the middle of the Pont neuf; the paſſengers ſtop to look at thoſe immenſe pyramids, the delicious odour of which gives every mouth the movement of a ſmile, and the expreſſion of ſenſuality.

In vain does the wind of the north wound with its pointed arrows the roſy fingers of the ſmiling laſs; ſhe peels the orange which ſhe has bought as quick as her eyes devoured it. The hand which would preſerve a part for friendſhip is wetted by the juice, and the preſent is eaten on the ſpot, and does not reach its deſtination. It is the mouth, and not the heart, that is guilty; no reproaches to the liquoriſh beauty; I have ſeen the lover do the ſame.

It is with regret that I tread under my feet the rind of this delectable fruit, whilſt I love to crack the oyſter-ſhell, becauſe its reſiſtance invites me. But why is this odorous bark ſo deſpiſed? it muſt be from its great abundance; formerly this balſamic rind was employed to form the baſis of ſimple bergamots.

But the aſs, laden with oranges, takes his advantage of our diſdain; he does not inſult with contemptuous foot the rind of ſuch as are eaten around him; on the contrary, he often bends his head to inhale the ſavoury odour; ſoothing conſolation

conſolation for his fatigue, and the neglect of his covetous miſtreſs, who, without giving him any thing to eat, keeps him motionleſs under his heavy loading the whole length of a cold and bitter day.

The aſs which carries oranges excites a very different kind of intereſt from the aſs who carries relics. We do not kneel down before the former, but he ſometimes receives a few careſſes from the flattering hand of a young girl, who, while her lover is picking out the fineſt fruit, looks at the poor aſs, and ſays ſomething to him, as much from a ſentiment of pity as to leave the purchaſer time to chuſe the fineſt.

Who would now ſtoop for an orange or lemon peel, from which the phyſician draws ſuch precious aid? Who would ſtoop for an oyſter-ſhell? but if it was *unique*, what would be its price?

Virgil found pearls in the dunghill of Ennius; the poor artiſt does not fear dirtying his fingers in raking the mud of Paris; it is a mine where he finds iron, which he has the ſecret of changing into ſilver. He does not deſpiſe a nail, the invention of which holds the ſavage in ecſtacy; he picks up with reſpect a pin, which requires the labour of twenty arms to go out finiſhed from the manufactory.

The ragman knows how to unearth the hidden bone, with which button-moulds and cane-heads are made. I am ſorry to ſee that we have thrown by the bergamot, and taken up with the eſſence of aſparagus. I own that I prefer the bergamot *aux cœurs enflammés*, to the bonbons, ſo vulgarly *bons, à la Madame Angot.*

CHAP. CLXXVIII.

BONBONS FOR NEW YEAR'S-DAY.

In ſpite of the new calendar, the Pariſians, invariably under the influence of intereſt, ſenſuality, and falſehood, perſiſt in celebrating the day of the year fixed to the firſt of January by the horrible Charles the Ninth.

The confectioners alſo, who ſeem to have made a reflective ſtudy of the heart of this butterfly people, in order to flatter them, regulate the ancient almanack by the ſign of piſtachoes and ice cheſnuts. On that famous day, cryſtal luſtres taken from the lofty ceilings of palaces are pompouſly

pouſly ſuſpended by garlands of flowers to the ceiling of their ſhops, which are light and reſplendent as *catafalques*.

By the radiancy of an hundred wax lights, without reckoning the dazzling reflectors and the coloured lamps, the crowd of buyers circulate the length of the glaſs caſes which incloſe, under the moſt varied and ſingular forms, every new invention of the ſweet meat-diſtiller. There, amidſt a thouſand phials of liqueurs of the iſles fabricated at Paris, you feaſt your eyes as well as your mouth with the eſſences of lemon, of paſtilles, vermeilles de guimave, of priapes à la roſe, of cœurs enflammés á la fleur d'orange. Further on, it is natural hiſtory in bergamot.

You ſee cuckoos in linnets' neſts (an ingenious alluſion to the preſent ſtate of manners) and, heaped one on another crumbled cabbages, turnips, tobacco-roots, potatoes, American ſauſages, Mentz hams, fried whiting, patés, and puff-cakes, all containing juices as delicate as they are ſavoury; and it is a very juſt conſequence that the gift of impoſition ſhould be an impoſture.

Amidſt this kind of carnival, bearded capuchins make their appearance mingled with all ſorts of things of daily and vulgar uſe. There is alſo the counter of infiniteſimals for citizens, wives who are afflicted with vapours, and young ladies *à Roman ſentimental*. There are ſpirituous eſſences contained in imperceptible bottles. The *glorious ſultan*, and the *marriage baſket*, crowned with roſes and other ornaments, do not ſhrink from the ſight; and they do not fail to range near phials of blue water, or the deceiver, which has the wonderful advantage of renewing virginity, as well as thoſe of the water of Venus, which prevents the wrinkles of old age, and whitens yellow teeth.

Thus the confectioner's ſhop is a trap into which individuals of both ſexes enter, and are caught like flies in a honey-pot. Yes, men to entrap each other ſpread ſnares with *bonbons*; and to thoſe who intereſt them moſt, they offer the moſt delicious, imitating in that the fiſhers, who to catch the beſt fiſh bait the hook with the fleſh of which they are the moſt greedy.

Alas! we boaſt of being free, and we look with ſang froid on *ſugar muſhrooms*, *ſugar caſtles*, *pots of ſugar flowers*, *ſugar boudoirs*, and we forget that the ſugar uſed with ſo aſtoniſhing a profuſion has cauſed the invention of the negro trade, and that what we taſte with ſo much pleaſure coſts the negro ſlave many a laſh of the whip, many tears, and much blood.

CHAP.

CHAP. CLXXIX.

GYMNASIUM OF BENEFICENCE.

SINCE the days of Adam there never has been ſeen ſuch a knaviſh quack, or a quackiſh knave, as the director of this eſtabliſhment, who is called Gaſton Roſnay; his impudence was ſuch, that when you think on it you cannot help paſſing from indignation to laughter, and from laughter to indignation. He promiſed you gauze chimney-pieces, paper-ſtoves, ſwimming-houſes, floating fortreſſes, proof againſt tempeſts, ſuperior to the efforts of the winds, to the power of cannon, and that of thunder; he invited to his work-ſhops every perſon from the geometrician down to the puny rhymeſter, to be witneſſes of his miracles; he was to introduce univerſal, founded on private, opulence, and talked of nothing but enriching thoſe who ſhould apply to him.

Who would have thought that ſuch a man could have found ſuch a number of dupes! He told them in other terms, Form yourſelves into a company of ſeven lenders, and on my credit, in continually lending to me, I will pay every day punctually the two firſt.

This groſs knave, to the ſhame of common ſenſe, was liſtened to for ſome months, and emptied pockets, chiefly thoſe of the lower claſſes, of conſiderable ſums. When the title of robber was imprinted on his forehead, writhing under the laſh of infamy, he had ſtill the impudence to tell the Pariſians that they were fools not to bring him their money, for that he ſhould pay the old lenders with the money of the new. The police, though a little late has puniſhed this public ſwindler, ſurpaſſing in impudence the whole of the knaviſh tribe.

Amidſt the crimes of our revolution, the vice of an individual has taken a truly inexplicable character, when we reflect that public advertiſements announced a cavern, where Cartouche would have bluſhed to have played his gibbet tricks. The ſight of a perfect demoralization was neceſſary to embolden this Gaſton Roſnay to plunder indigence under pretences ſo ſtupidly perfidious. I will venture to ſay, that impudence was never puſhed ſo far, and that under a certain point of view it is more diſguſting than even

even vice itſelf. If the tabouret of the Place de Grève does not execute juſtice on this impoſtor, every one will have the right to inflict on him the puniſhment which he has deſerved for ſo many ſcandalous inſtances of theft and robbery.

This gymnaſium of beneficence, in unveiling the ſecret of human weakneſs, and how much it may be ſported with by means of the priſm of hope, has ruined among the indigent claſſes a crowd of men who have confided to me their diſtreſſes, and entruſted me with the care of avenging them.

The correctional police has already begun his puniſhment, which is undoubtedly too light; but it will become more heavy from the cry of public wrong and public indignation.

CHAP. CLXXX.

NOSEGAY WOMEN.

SOME time ſince, under pretence of going to preſent noſegays, ſeveral individuals of both ſexes took the liberty of going into houſes, and took advantage of the fear they occaſioned to ſteal light pieces of furniture, or ſwindle people out of their money. Some of thoſe noſegay traders entered the houſe of an inhabitant of the Faux-bourg St. Antoine. The maſter of the houſe politely invited them to ſtep into his apartment, where, taking up his piſtols, he ſaid to them, "Gentlemen, you preſent "me with your noſegays, give me leave to preſent you in "return with mine; take care, however, that their ſmell, "which is pretty ſtrong, does not mount into your head." The gentlemen quicklytook to their heels. The noſegay women, in the time of *Chaumette*, were his choiceſt ſpies; there are ſome of them ſo frightful, that they give a tint of hideouſneſs to the flowers which they offer you. They beſiege you at the doors of the theatres, climb into carriages, force the doors of perſons who are named to any public place; they enter in ſpite of all oppoſition, and, in order to get rid of their fetid embraces, you muſt pay them.

The police was obliged to interpoſe to put a reſtraint on the aſſaults of thoſe ugly creatures, who had transformed

formed into a tax a practice which had been too lightly tolerated, that of introducing themſelves into houſes under pretence of compliment and felicitation.

I have ſeen theſe impudent beings at the virtuous Roland's, ſpying his table, and counting the gueſts; he knew it, but durſt not turn them out of doors.

There was a noſegay girl of the Palais-Royal, who was notorious for having through jealouſy made an Abelard of her lover. At the time of the maſſacre in the priſons, ſhe did not obtain pardon, and was killed for having committed this crime.

CHAP. CLXXXI.

PAIRS OF SPECTACLES.

OLD toothleſs women, whoſe chins almoſt touched their aquiline noſes, reading with their ſpectacles, word by word, in their Pſalters, the litanies of the Holy Virgin, often excited a wicked laugh. Theſe ſame old women, now that the world is turned upſide down, may laugh in their turn at our beardleſs boys making love in ſpectacles.

Clerks in the public offices, true letter-grinders, have made this faſhion general. Some of their noſes, on which ſpectacles remain in permanence, give them an air of judicial gravity. A head-clerk doubles his eyes to enable him to read his pile of papers, wiſhing, by the aid of this diſtinctive ſign, to appear as indefatigable as the laborious Hercules, while he is little more in general than a ſort of diplomatic parrot.

I do not mean to cenſure the clerks of public offices, but only to point out the origin of a cuſtom, the exaggeration of a faſhion, and the vanity of its followers. Of twenty perſons who paſs along the ſtreets, ten have ſpectacles.

The uſe of ſpectacles leads to chicanery; look at that old payer of annuities, with a contract grown yellow with age in his hand; his ſpectacles magnify the letters almoſt as much as Herſchell's teleſcope magnifies the planets; notwithſtanding which, he pauſes over every word and every phraſe; counts the points and commas; the cleareſt term appears to him obſcure; he handles the paper with a ſort

a ſort of inquietude; he weighs it, if I may uſe the expreſſion, as if he was afraid that he felt the weight of a cypher too much; in a word, he viſits it, touches it, interrogates it with the mental application of a blind man, who feels, ſtudies, and verifies between his fingers a piece of ſmooth money.

How much I ſuſpect the judgment of that profound connoiſſeur, who with his ſpectacles on his noſe examines a picture of Rubens or Vandyke! He ſees every thing quite near, while he ſees nothing; notwithſtanding which he is deciſive. All the illuſion, all the magic of thoſe ſublime paintings, is in the diſtance which the pencil of the artiſt has fixed for the intelligent ſpectator to examine it.

But the wearers of ſpectacles find an ineſtimable advantage in uſing them; acroſs that enchanting priſm they view every pretty woman, more pretty than miniatures! What a delightful illuſion! ſpectacles ſoften features which are too large; they give an air of youth to ſuperannuated coquettes, who grow old in ſpite of their endeavours to prevent it; in a word, they beſtow on the features of youth that ſweetneſs, that virginal grace, which give us the idea of the celeſtial beauty of angels; nevertheleſs, whatever delightful enjoyment theſe bleſſed ſpectacles afford to amateurs, I agree with honeſt La Fontaine, "*that there is* "*nothing ſo good to ſee with as the eye of a lover.*"

CHAP. CLXXXII.

DAY AND NIGHT PAVEMENT.

In general, the pavement of Paris is diſagreeable, but during certain months it is deteſtable. No one is dirty at preſent, though he be up to his knees in mud. Boots and half-boots are in faſhion, and the pavement is trod by night as well as by day.

When the commune of Paris was a popular power, and for that reaſon not to be called in queſtion, nothing was done for the advantage of the people, but every thing for that of pickpockets and thieves, becauſe they were made uſe of as ſubaltern agents. Coffee-houſes, cabarets, and newſpapers, enjoyed full licence.

The

The mud was not taken away, nor the lamps lighted. We had fallen into ſuch a ſtate of immorality, that we were plunged into a ſlavery an hundred times worſe than that from which we had been delivered. It was not without difficulty that the police could reſume its authority, and it was found neceſſary to a rreſt as malefactors two thouſand and forty-ſeven perſons in the ſpace of ſeven months, without compriſing the domiciliary viſits, which furniſhed the priſons with more than eighteen hundred idle and diſorderly perſons. " O too feeble legiſlation!" exclaimed a magiſtrate, " you would have ſoon brought on the ruin " of the beſt of governments! and ye legiſlators, who " have created this new mode, ye thought without doubt " that ye had a nation of angels to govern, and ye have " omitted the ſureſt principle of a good legiſlation: *The* " *law is humane in proportion as it is terrible, becauſe it ſtrikes the* " *mind of the criminal with a ſalutary terror; and inſtead of* " *having to puniſh crime, has the happy art of preventing it,* " *and of ſtifling it in its birth.*

What a den, what a gulph, is that Palais-Royal! There you meet the countenances of aſſaſſins, filthy and brutal figures, ferocious and inſolent looks and demeanours. Sometimes you are ſuddenly alarmed by a claſh of ſabres, and you immediately think that a revolt has begun. You are four ſteps from the place: you aſk the byſtanders, and learn nothing either of the cauſe or the deed; every man tranſlates according to his fancy, and relates what he has ſeen from opinions he had formed the preceding evening. Paris is ſo extenſive, that a battle might take place at one end of it without a word about it tranſpiring at the other. This is what happened on the 14th of July and the 10th of Auguſt. When the alarm bell rings, it does not awake more than a tenth part of the population.

When Drouet and Babœuf wanted to murder the directory, the legiſlative body, and twenty thouſand inhabitants of this city, on the night of the 22d of Floreal, in order to deliver the people from the tyranny of the rich, no one knew it in the city, and the people learnt it only next day by the channel of the newſpapers.

In this great magazine of robbers, beggars, pickpockets, ſwindlers of every kind, and who flock in from every corner of the republic as to a theatre on which they may exerciſe their talents, we cannot diſſemble that the police of Paris is intimately connected with the general police of the country, and that we do wrong to conſider the expences of this police as expences abſolutely local.

We

We muſt come ſooner or later to the re-eſtabliſhment of a horſe and foot patrole for the ſpecial watch of Paris. The gendarmerie compoſes the horſe patrole, but they are not ſufficient.

On a ſtrict calculation, the forty-eight ſections of Paris furniſh one hundred and fifty thouſand men who mount guard, and whoſe turn comes at leaſt twelve times a year. Three quarters and a half find ſubſtitutes, becauſe there is a wide difference between mounting guard and doing the duty of a ſoldier. A man who would go again and take the Baſtille would find it diſagreeable to make one of a patrole. Men are ſo formed, the Pariſians eſpecially, who deteſt this ſervice, and particularly ſince the diſorganization of the national guard; they would fly to take part in an engagement, but refuſe to arreſt a robber. It is wiſely conjectured, that thoſe who wiſhed to exempt themſelves had rather pay than ſerve; that by means of this contribution a number of abuſes would be avoided; and that we might eaſily maintain a watch fitted to ſecure both perſons and property from the incurſions of ruffians of every kind. Money is the ſinew of war, and we are not ignorant that the police is openly at war with knaves, a few excepted. The citizens might then be ſuffered to ſleep peaceably in bed with their wives; there would be fewer colds and more children, and the night police would be better ſerved.

CHAP. CLXXXIII.

THE STOCKHODLER.

THE complaints of the ſtockholder are endleſs. The government, ſays he, is indebted to the ſtockholders an enormous arrear; it is indebted to a numerous claſs of poor individuals an immenſe ſum, forming the eſtimative value of domains, goods, plate, jewels, diamonds, confiſcated or taken revolutionarily. They propoſed taking this ſum in deduction of the loan. This fair propoſition was refuſed. "The government," added he, ſmiling ſardonically, "reſembles the perſonage in the comedy, who ſays,

'I owe you ten thouſand livres; I cannot pay you, but 'lend me five more, and that will make fifteen thou-'ſand."

The meaſure of diſcontent continually increaſes; the government ſays not a word, but gains time from day to day. It is, who ſhall call himſelf *rentier*, to excite ſenſibility; and he who has a bond for an annuity of ten crowns could wiſh you to believe that he poſſeſſed one for three thouſand.

The unfortunate rentier is caricatured in a thouſand forms; he is never proud but when he complains; you would ſuppoſe that he is reciting a tragedy, and he receives comfort when you have mingled your lamentations with his own. The rentiers join in chorus againſt the contractors of the republic; they ſay, that they are the cauſe of all the evil, and that they ſhall be made to regorge at ſome future day. With this idea they conſole themſelves; the next day they ſigh again, but as they have contracted the habitude, grief wears away, and every one takes patience.

CHAP. CLXXXIV.

STEPHANIE BOURBON.

STEPHANIE-LOUISA-DE-BOURBON (Conti), who numbers among her maſters J. J. Rouſſeau, whoſe principles ſhe appears to have followed, informs the public, that until the lot of the Bourbons is fixed, ſhe gives perſons of her own ſex, as a means of exiſtence, elementary leſſons in writing, orthography, grammar, muſic, mathematics, drawing, and moral philoſophy. She gives her pupils alſo a general idea of all the ſciences, ſuch as logic, geography, mythology, &c. &c. There are none of my readers who do not immediately call to mind Dionyſius of Syracuſe, ſchool-maſter at Corinth.

Stephanie-Bourbon is the beſt informed of her whole family; her lot will be always preferable to that of the ex-prince of Condé, who has enliſted himſelf in the ſervice of a Ruſſian deſpot, and who puts four flowers-de-luce at the four corners of his colours, waiting until he ſhall be able to return to France, his country, as he comically expreſſes himſelf. "*Vas t'en voir s'ils viennent, Jean!*"—"*Look if they are coming, John!*"

CHAP.

CHAP. CLXXXV.

NUDITY.

WHAT is then this city, the ſeverity of whoſe police ſubjects every citizen to the inſpection of an office for the regulation of morals, whilſt the public gardens are peopled with immodeſt ſtatues in a ſtate of complete nudity?

Morals and ſtatues are two things incompatible. And can we conſider as men of illuſtrious genius, or rather as lawgivers of modeſty, thoſe artiſts, whoſe indecent chiſel has reproduced beyond their natural dimenſion the ſexual parts of the ſtatues which time had mutilated?

No! it is not a weakneſs to be ſcandalized at ſuch nudities. We have no right to put before the eyes of the mother of a family what we would not dare to ſay in her ears; her young daughter, walking by her ſide, will not raiſe her eyes above the lilies, emblem of her innocence, to contemplate the round and naked rump of a young Bacchus in the ſpring of life, and whoſe amorous look plainly indicates that he feels the germ of pleaſure riſing within him.

When a people, carried away by the torrent of a revolution, ſeem themſelves aſtoniſhed at having ſhaken off the yoke of an auſtere religion, which oppoſed with equal force the conflict of every paſſion; when it remains yet undecided what kind of worſhip is to be ſubſtituted in place of that which is overthrown; when, above all, the prejudice of education leaves ſtill in their mind a living root, it is not without conſiderable danger for the morals of their children, that we expoſe to their eyes ſtatues without covering, as if we wiſhed to teach them in the age of modeſty to calculate, like new Niphuſes*, all the ſecret and inviſible beauties of the human body, and to judge of them by compariſon, as if we were deſirous that our young girls ſhould imitate the Lacedæmonian women, who kept in their chamber the ſtatues of Narciſſus, of Hyacinthus, or of Caſtor and Pollux, in order to have fine children.

* Niphus, ſurnamed the Emperor of the Learned, was phyſician to Jane of Arragon, and gave a ſcrupulouſly exact deſcription of all the united beauties of this princeſs.

Shall the decorators of our gardens be the regulators of public morals? and will they think themſelves juſtified for the ſcandal of indecent images, becauſe it was the cuſtom to paint women naked in the public places of Greece and Rome? But we ought not to allow ourſelves the tranquil prejudice of Greeks or Romans, who, full of reſpect for their immodeſt ſtatues, were deſirous that they ſhould invite alike the regards of youth and advanced age, and who forbad the removal from the temple of Lanuvium, on account of its exquiſite beauty, of the picture of Helen, painted abſolutely naked, and breathing all the fires of ſenſuality.

Admitting that all the nudities of the Greeks and Romans were not libidinous figures, we ſhall not heſitate to affirm on the other hand, that they were the ſeeds of corruption. It is becauſe their eyes were familiarized with the obſcene ſtatues of the minions of Jupiter, and the Phrynes of the fable, that they made no ſcruple of engraving on their feſtival cups the adultery of Mars and Venus.

Were the artiſts at that time right in citing, in order to juſtify theſe infamies, the laſcivious productions of Parrhaſius? No, undoubtedly. In rendering juſtice to the zeal and enlightened taſte of the amateurs of the arts, who place before our eyes in the Tuilleries copies of the maſter-pieces of the moſt celebrated ſtatuaries of antiquity, there will be no inconvenience in obſerving to them, that ſeveral of theſe admirable productions would figure more becomingly in muſeums, which are their proper ſanctuary, where the father may enter without his ſon, and the mother without her daughter.

If this obſervation appear too ſerious, what will they have to object to the tacit reproach of mothers, who turn aſide from the admirable group of Caſtor and Pollux, in order that their view might not awaken the attention of their young daughters. The republic ought not to adopt the morals of Sybaris, and the French women ſhould not be ambitious, like the Spartan women, of the title of naked haunches, or appear in public with open and tranſparent robes, in imitation of the dancers of Herculaneum.

Beſides, every thing becomes the type of a new mode for a nation as frivolous as ours. The robe of the ſtatue of Flora, which is ſo decent, but which leaves ſo many ſecret charms to be divined, ſerves as a model to ſuch of our

our belles of the preſent day as diſplay the *embonpoint* of their forms in too viſible a manner to leave us the pleaſure of gueſſing at them.

Ah! let us never forget that modeſty is the grace of love: it is in its favour that the ſpring decks the trees with verdure; it is under their myſterious ſhade that the birds themſelves dreſs the nuptial bed! Take away the veil which covers Chriſt in Raphael's ſublime picture of the Transfiguration, and you take from him half of his dignity.

Who does not recollect with delight the ingenuous dances which the children of both ſexes heretofore formed, in preſence of their parents, on the great platform of the Luxemburg? It was the re-union of families. Every thing was lively, animated, ſmiling, and chaſte. There was no ſtatue there but nature, whoſe roſes covered the boſom. Innocent as flowers, the young girls contemplated their marriage union without ſuſpecting its tender myſtery. Then the youthful bridegroom ſaw for the firſt time in his young bride the exquiſite Venus, and the bride beheld in her huſband the unrivalled Apollo. How happy were they! no indecent engraving, no uncovered ſtatue, gave them the foretaſte of the ſupreme felicity; every thing was new for them; every thing was enjoyment, and the eyes alſo had their virginity.

CHAP. CLXXXVI.

POPULAR CANTINES.

WHO has not ſeen, a few years back, on the Place de Grève, that famous retailer of tiſane, who for a liard, in the dog days, ſlaked the thirſt of the Limouſin, the coal porter, the day labourer, the mechanic, and young children. His fountain, placed at a fixed poſt, was inexhauſtible. A water-carrier filled it every hour. The majeſtic tiſane merchant attracted every look on account of his brilliant apparel. Large ſtripes of gold lace down every ſeam heightened the ſplendour of his ſcarlet waiſtcoat, and when with nimble fiſt he turned three cocks at the ſame ſtroke, in order to ſerve ſeven or eight drinkers at a time, the jingling of the bells that hung at his ſleeves, and which

which he triumphantly ſhook in wiping his goblets, were heard as far as the Pont-au-Change. In ſhort, young girls, who alſo came to quench their thirſt at his fountain, ſmilingly admired themſelves in the glaſs of his helmet, the diamonds of which multiplied the ſun. Alas! this illuſtrious monarch of the fountain, this mirror of the ſun, has diſappeared! We no longer drink of his limonade-tiſane, his beneficent tiſane, whoſe proud froth we uſed to puff off from the lips of his ſhining goblets.

Cantines have taken his place, ſhops where they do not ſell tiſane at a liard the glaſs, but wine at an enormous price. Theſe taverns, ſet up along the Grève, ſtretch acroſs the wheat port, and end at the port St. Paul. Four upright ſticks form their ſtructure; old pieces of tapeſtry, filled with holes, defend the drinkers but wretchedly againſt the piercing rays of the ſun. In the back ground you ſee the caſks in draught. Theſe ſheds are filled with ſpies, ſharpers, ſwindlers, and ſoldiers. The vulgar indemnify themſelves for the wine which they have not taſted for a year paſt, and drown their reaſon in the mugs.

That port, where formerly the citizen ſaw the gifts of Ceres unloading, and all the commodities neceſſary for the exiſtence of a great people, is now changed into a vaſt cabaret, in which men, whoſe conſtant labour helped to ſupport the burden of life, now conſume their time in drinking, in playing at cards, familiarizing themſelves with leiſure and idleneſs, and, filled with wine, ſtretch themſelves along, and ſleep in the laps of their filthy miſtreſſes. The frantic ſyſtem of the agrarian law ſeems to have taken poſſeſſion of the heads of thoſe credulous mechanics. They imagined that all men ought to be rich and do nothing, and they ſerve the dangerous apprentice-ſhip of idleneſs. To drink, laugh, and ſing among vile proſtitutes, is their ſupreme felicity. They have alſo one virtue leſs, that of ſobriety: every inſtant the paſſenger ſteps aſide in order to avoid being elbowed by a drunken man or woman.

How urgent is it become to revive confidence, to cement the general peace, to bring back with it plenty, labour, good morals, and ſocial virtues!

If theſe vows be not heard, if every day is to be a day of reſt for the unoccupied workman, days of drunkenneſs and debauchery, theſe cabarets will become ſo many haunts of proſtitution, ſo many caverns for robbers, aſylums for ſedition, in which daring leaders, fearleſs of patroles,

troles, will harangue their docile ſatellites, will impel their motions at their pleaſure, by pouring out libations of wine without meaſure, the ſource of civil diſorders and of factions, the forerunners of the deſtruction of empires.

CHAP. CLXXXVII.

IT IS THE DEVIL, &c.

SPECTRES, demons, ghoſts, every thing which belongs to the black art, bloody nuns, ſuch are the amuſements which have taken place of the Orphean flutes of the opera, its enchanting dances, the ſongs of Alceſte and Antigone; this is what has diſſolved its harmonious circle, and palſied the ſport of thoſe decorations which ſometimes diſplayed to us magnificent cities, ſometimes the dark and deep horror of foreſts, and ſometimes the palace of the ſun forcing us to ſhade our eyes.

The temptation of St. Anthony, which in its principle was only an allegory, an Egyptian hieroglyphick, like the paps of Iſis and the labours of Hercules, has become in the hands of legendaries, poets, and painters, the ſource of a multitude of ſtrange fables, which ignorance has converted into true hiſtories, and with which philoſophy has not failed to reproach religion.

This celebrated temptation, engraven by Calot, and ſung by Piron, was acted a pantomime on the theatre of the city. The directors of this ſpectacle neglected nothing to give it all the ſplendour and pomp of which it was ſuſceptible. Devils, hell, illuſions, ſtage effect, dancing, fire, military evolutions, gardens, temples, all was employed with richneſs in the decoration, and profuſion in the detail.

People of taſte were offended, but the people did not liſten to the reaſonings of people of taſte; they go where they can be elevated and ſurpriſed; they go wherever they find any thing that intereſts them.

Theſe ghoſts and ſpectres, which are raiſed on the theatres, and which afford ſo much pleaſure in the beholding, are the reflection of the revolutionary periods: the people are pleaſed at the *phantaſm agony* in ſeeing the ſhade of Robeſpierre; it advances; a cry of horror is heard;

heard; ſuddenly the head is detached from the body, a terrible ſtroke of thunder cruſhes the monſter, and acclamations of joy accompany the thundering fulmination.

People of taſte would wiſh to ſuppreſs the little theatres; they lament the attempts of the ſcenic undertakers, and talk to us of the fine antique; but if they cannot ſtrike us with a grand and intereſting ſpectacle, why are they ſo anxious to amuſe the people, not after their taſte, but after their own, which is often timid, cold, and confined? Let them leave the multitude the choice of their ſeats. The crowd which throng to a theatre never go without reaſon, but it is the philoſopher alone who diſcovers the motive.

This ſpecies of dark and melancholy romance was fabricated at London; our bookſellers have tranſlated them, and they have ſold in great abundance. It was for us to invent and write ſuch novels by the glimmering of the lamps of the dungeons where we were buried alive. We have compoſed nothing of this ſort; but decorators and pantomimes ſeized on thoſe mournful images, and thoſe theatres which had taken leſs money, though they had their ſpectres, their hells, and devils alſo, do not think that fair, and pretend that it does not belong to ſhew-booths to repreſent thoſe infernal ſcenes.

One obſervation ſtrikes the philoſopher on this ſubject, which is, that the people become familiarized with thoſe fantaſtic images, amuſe themſelves more in proportion as they believe leſs, and, in ſhort, laugh at them. What better effect could the wiſeſt books have produced? The moſt elegant women are paſſionately fond of theſe little theatres; they love the walks of the Boulevards, where reigns a greater air of liberty and licence. There is an alley oppoſite to the Ambiju-comique, which becomes the rendezvous of all the little nocturnal ſuppers. You are loſt in the crowd; you eſcape all obſervation; you have the air of being of the people. Images of witchcraft, the libidinous monk carried off by the devil, the dances and figures of demons, every thing renders a woman prettier after this ſpectacle than after the opera. Thoſe who pay for the ſupper are always good and amiable devils; the youngeſt are the imps, and they transform in the beſt manner they can the hell which they have juſt ſeen, into a paradiſe.

CHAP.

CHAP. CLXXXVIII.

REFRACTORY PRIESTS.

THIS epithet has a double ſenſe; it announces a reſiſtance and a revolt; it ſignifies an untractable diſciple and a rebellious citizen; it is borrowed from the arts. We name *refractory* the ſand, or the clay, or the mineral, which not only does not unite itſelf with other materials, but which hinders them from uniting together, and which diſſolves the whole compoſition.

It is pretended that the prieſts called *conſtitutional* have done more harm to the revolution than the *refractory*. "Thoſe," ſays one of our writers, "had only libertine "ideas, but they had at leaſt the boldneſs of crime. They "could not deceive any one, and the impudence of their "pretenſions was ſufficient to cover them with ſhame, and "draw down the hatred of the public on their heads. "When it was obſerved on one ſide, that Abbé Maury "was a *Franc coquin*, it was retorted on the other that at "leaſt *c'etoit un coquin Franc*."

What was called *communicat*, was receiving into your mouth from the hand of a prieſt, juſt iſſuing from a place of ill-fame, and ſtill intoxicated, a little bit of flower paſte, flat, and of the ſize and roundneſs of what we call a little ſous.

"Tremblez, humains, faites des vœux;
"Voilá le maitre du tonnerre!"

This is at leaſt what our prieſts wiſhed us to believe, without believing it themſelves. A Pariſian, who was ſick, was confeſſed by a conſtitutional prieſt, and had received what was then called the *viaticum*. His relations laid hold of his conſcience, and perſuaded him that this *communion* availed nothing. The ſick man receives the ſacrament of a refractory prieſt, and ſays in expiring, "It would be "very unfortunate if neither of theſe communions ſhould "be good!"

After the affair of Pontarſon, a volunteer having been made priſoner by the Chouans, was carried before their general, who, after having ſhaved him himſelf, ſent him to a prieſt, who aſked him which he preferred, the conſti-

tutional

tutional or refractory prieſts? The volunteer anſwered, "*that he made uſe neither of the one nor the other.*" On this anſwer he was condemned to be ſhot, and he was ſhot.

They call *hoſtie* a little leaf of paſte of the form of a ſous, of which a prieſt, were he the moſt conſummate villain, by means of four Latin words, made a god. A ci-devant marchioneſs was on her death bed; a non-juring prieſt having brought her the *viaticum* clandeſtinely in his breeches, ſhe made ſome difficulty to ſwallow it, pretending that *it ſmelt of his pocket.* It is ſince ſaid that the non-juring prieſts make uſe of no *hoſties* but ſuch as are *à la fleur d'orange.*

CHAP. CLXXXIX.

AMELIORATION.

We cannot hear, without the moſt lively emotions of pleaſure, that there are at preſent at the Hotel Dieu two hundred and fifty empty beds, and that each ſick perſon has one to himſelf. The uſual mortality in this hoſpital under the old regime was thirteen perſons a day. It is at preſent only two in ſix days.

The national lottery, which I have re-created, gives milk to foundlings, ſoup to the ſick, and dreſſings to the wounded. The hoſpitals are in general better kept, and charity has no longer that filthy and diſguſting front which diſfigured its divine character.

CHAP. CXC.

PRIVIES AT THE PALAIS-ROYAL.

He was not an injudicious man, who, ſeeing at the Palais-Royal the reſtaurateurs eſtabliſh themſelves in ſo great a profuſion, and as near each other as holes in a waſp's neſt, cauſed privies to be conſtructed for thoſe who dine at 18 livres a head. He imagined that ſo many ſtuffed turkeys, ſo many ſalmon, ſo many Weſtphalia hams,

ſo

ſo many wild boars' heads, ſo many Bologna ſauſages, ſo many patés, ſo many liqueurs, ſherbets, ices, and lemonades, would find there, en dernier analyſe, their common reſervoirs; and that in making it ſpacious enough, and, above all, commodious enough for ſo many people who make a matter of pleaſure of every thing, the *caput mortuum* of the kitchens around would become a mine of ſilver to him.

In reality, what proves the good ſenſe of the ſpeculator is, that his reſervoir brings him an annual revenue of at leaſt eleven to twelve thouſand livres.

This man carried on nearly the ſame trade as the emperor Veſpaſian, who farmed out the privies of Rome; his ſon, under the guiſe of raillery, reproached him for his avarice; the emperor took out a piece of money, and put it under the noſe of his ſon; *There*, ſaid he, *do you think it ſmells amiſs?*

It is at the Palais-Royal, that in every mode the gold which ariſes from what is moſt corrupt and abominable leaves no bad ſmell behind it. O poor mortals! behold then how ye are faſhioned!

CHAP. CXCI.

UNLIMITED LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

I HAVE ſeen a generation of men of letters, the moſt celebrated of this age, and of theſe men there is not one, I affirm, who would not have rejected this unlimited liberty; they have no need of it for the production of thoſe courageous writings, which have thrown ſo much light amongſt us. In their wideſt wanderings they always preſerved a ſort of decency; they never brutalized either their language, their opinions or their perſons; they knew that truth has a progreſſive march; they often repeated this maxim, *Would you put one power more on your ſide, put juſtice.*

You muſt always write in the name of the people, it is ſaid; and there is not an hundredth part of the people who know how to read, and not a thouſandth who can diſtinguiſh truth from falſehood. That portion of the people who

who are ſincere are agreed on this head; and in their ignorance on every queſtion, they conſult rather a man's honeſty than his talents.

For this reaſon, the calumniator endeavours above all to decry the moral character of the republican. The venomous ſerpent leaves always a poiſonous ſlime on the humid trace of his paſſage; ſo the wicked man applauds himſelf internally for the dangerous ſeeds which he has thrown into every mind.

Morande, infamous at London as well as Paris, has had many imitators amongſt us; we have ſeen thoſe men appear in bands, who made unbluſhingly a trade of calumny. We may ſay that its tooth is ſo worn out that its gums have overgrown it; it has dared to ſully me with the name of royaliſt; I who have conſtantly attacked royaliſm concealed under the maſk of Jacobiniſm; I whoſe pen is ſo independent; yes, I have always ſeen an error, a danger, a ſnare, in the aſſociation of theſe words, *Unlimited liberty of the preſs*.

It was at firſt claimed by the ferocious Mountaineers, when they ſought to abuſe it. They afterwards changed their battery, when they ſaw that this ſame liberty unmaſked themſelves; and when it was ſaid of them, that they carried in their hands the *little key*, ſpotted with the blood of *Bluebeard*; the more you wipe and rub it, the redder the ſpot appears.

The deſpotiſm of the mob is the worſt of all deſpotiſms; it was that which invented and propagated the doctrine of the unlimited liberty of the preſs. Babœuf became leader of the mob after Marat; they have had plenty of rivals, and ſucceſſors: it was who ſhould imitate them in mobbiſm.

All the art of theſe vile wretches was to affect mobbiſh forms and expreſſions, which ſeduced and deluded the multitude. Every mob-writer might puſh his lies and impudence as far as he thought proper: he was ſure to meet with encouragement.

It was under the poignards, the clubs, and the ſabres of the murderers, that the famous nomination for Paris was made in 1792; and which ſent to the convention ſo many men of ſanguinary principles. I declared at the time, ſolemnly and publicly, every thing which was to be expected from them.

What was the origin of all the ſucceeding crimes? The unlimited liberty of the preſs; the cruel levity with which we glided over crimes which ought to have roufed every mind

mind with indignation. Theſe horrors were juſtified in pamphlets; the atrocious letters of Albitte, of Fouché, of Laporte, and of Collot d'Herbois, were reprinted with affectation; and while on whatever ſide they turned themſelves, the French found nothing but robbers who plundered, and wolves who devoured them, infamous newswriters, with the ſame ſort of barbariſm, applauded every thing moſt active and moſt horrible, which terror, *ſalutary terror*, to make uſe of their own expreſſion, could inſpire.

I heard a young man called Vincent, about twenty or twenty-two years old, of an atrocious character, and whoſe paſſions were ſet afloat by the revolution, which had made him a real cannibal, ſay, that theſe publications were more republican than all the writings of Mably.

Malliard and Ronſin held the ſame language to me; one was commander of the revolutionary army, the other had been one of the preſidents of the butcheries of September. Couthon ſhrugged up his ſhoulders when we ſpoke of the books of Rouſſeau reſpecting government, and ſaid he underſtood nothing about it.

CHAP. CXCII.

PUNS.

At the time of the inſtallation of the executive directory, the royaliſts, loſing all hope, exerciſed their puny vengeance by ſcribbling inſulting or malignant libels on the watch-boxes even of the centinels, who were not Argusſes. Not far from the directorial palace we read theſe words, which were eagerly caught at by the ignorant multitude; *Manufacture de cires à frotter*. They repeated alſo this phraſe, in alluſion to the penury of our armies at that time: *Nous ne pouvons continuer la guerre avec cinq cartouches*. Another ſaying was, *Les Anglais ne ſe de*-Pitteront, *que quand les Francais ſe feront de*-Barras-*ſés*.

This ſkirmiſh of the angry punſters was as ſhort as it was feeble. The directory took its footing, deſpiſed the epigrammatiſts, and went on with firmneſs. After all the ſhocks, the diſcouragements, the diſcredit, the fears of good citizens, after the daring attempts of the emigrants, the

the avowed enemies of the revolution, and the tricks of non-juring and refractory prieſts, they re-eſtabliſhed order and peace. They were great, firm, and moderate. Every ſenſible man attached himſelf to them, as to a majeſtic regulator. Their eulogium is in the aſtoniſhment and terror of the cabinets of foreign princes.

CHAP. CXCIII.

CONDORCET.

As the death of Condorcet cauſed an univerſal ſenſation, every one is naturally anxious to know the circumſtances which attended it. Here is what has been tranſmitted to me by an eye-witneſs. Arreſted at Clamars, in a cabaret which hunger had preſſed him to enter, he was taken to the committee of the place (for the ſmalleſt villages had their committees of ſans-culottes) interrogated, and ſearched; he declared that his name was *Simon, an old domeſtic*. They found neither paper, certificate, or paſſport on him, but an *Horace*, in the blank pages of which were ſome lines written with a pencil, and in Latin, which made a member of the committee, who interrogated him, very wiſely obſerve, *Thou telleſt us that thou art a ſervant, but I ſhould be much ſooner inclined to believe that thou art one of thoſe ci-devants, who formerly kept ſervants*. The reſult of the examination was the ſending the quidam to the diſtrict of Bourg d'Egalité, to be done with as ſhould be further ordered. Transferred on foot by an armed eſcort, the unhappy man could not go farther than Chatillon, where he dropt down with hunger and fatigue. They were obliged to borrow a horſe of a vine-dreſſer of this laſt commune, and he was led to the diſtrict which ordered him to be impriſoned.

Thrown into a damp dungeon, without bed or food, they forgot him for forty-eight hours. The keeper went to viſit him the third day only after his entrance; he was ſtretched out lifeleſs on the floor. It is unneceſſary after that to waſte one's ſelf in conjectures on the cauſe of his death; the truth is, that he had not time to finiſh his repaſt in the cabaret at Clamars, and that he died of hunger in his dungeon, which he had entered entirely exhauſted:

exhauſted: and this perhaps alſo is the reaſon why this event, which ought naturally to have made ſome noiſe, has remained ſecret to this moment, and ſuggeſted the idea of his having taken poiſon.

In the laſt interview which I had with Condorcet, I gave him an itinerary for Neufchatel, in Switzerland, by means of which he might avoid Beſançon, Pontarlier, and paſs the Doubs.

Condorcet had foreſeen the reign of thoſe men of blood, who have brought the moſt glorious of revolutions into deteſtation, and imprinted it with their characters of folly and ferocity. The ſame men were ſoon to aſſaſſinate twenty-two repreſentatives of the people; to puniſh them for their information, their virtue, their courage, and, above all, for the knowledge which they had of the vile and criminal intrigues which the agents of the foreign powers carried on with ſo much audacity. It is not aſtoniſhing that theſe aſſaſſins calumniated their memory; but every thing which has been ſaid of them and Condorcet will ſoon give way to the overpowering and terrible ſplendor of truth: and we ſhall ſee that there was neither *high treaſon* in the twenty-two, nor *weakneſs* in the philoſopher; we ſhall ſee that the inconceivable oppreſſion which weighed on the people, and on the national convention, its own confeſſion, has given birth to actions which could have belonged only to a Socrates, a Plato, and a Penn; for they themſelves would have been murdered, or would have been condemned to ſilence, amidſt that dreadful tempeſt of thunder, armed for the deſtruction of genius, philoſophy, and even common ſenſe. What then could human reaſon do? Nothing.

We may however reproach Condorcet for having given an opinion in the trial of Lewis the XVIth, ſo indeciſive, ſo tortuous, and ſo embarraſſed, that every one exclaimed at the time, that the philoſopher had ſpoken really like a child.

Condorcet and Lavoiſier were not able to find a hiding-place; the laſt of the Brutus exclaimed, "Virtue, thou art but an empty name!" Theſe two celebrated men might have addreſſed the ſame memorable apoſtrophe to friendſhip.

CHAP.

CHAP. CXCIV.

BLACK COLLARS.

OUR black collars had formed a plan (ſo the report goes) of hiring all the vacant lodgings that ſurround the Luxemburg. It is even ſaid that they want to hire the ſeminary of St. Sulpice, in order to form it into a kind of barrack, which would give them the means of ſeizing the favourable moment to fall, with arms in their hands, on the directory, who ſmiled at the menaces of its feeble enemies.

What is a black collar? I divide them into three claſſes; the emigrants, the cowards who deſerted from the armies, or withdrawn themſelves from the requiſition by means of money or intrigue, and that vile herd of effeminate *petit-maitres*, whoſe exiſtence is ſcarcely perceptible except in theatres and ladies' dreſſing-rooms, and whoſe whole merit conſiſts in ridiculouſly aping the follies of the day, and in their daily change of manners, language, and dreſs. Theſe laſt are only caterpillars, who crawl about and gnaw the bark of the tree of liberty.

I read in the abridged dictionary of natural hiſtory, that there is a kind of caterpillar, ſurnamed *the livery*. After having given a deſcription of this animal, the writer terminates his article by theſe words; "It is neceſſary to de-"ſtroy this ſpecies of caterpillars as ſoon as you perceive "them."

CHAP. CXCV.

TO THE STOCKHOLDERS.

STOCKHOLDERS, unfortunate claſs! and entitled to the ſympathy of every feeling heart, what would become of you if a royaliſt re-action ſhould take place in Paris, and meet with ſucceſs? You have no other titles than ſuch as are new, and which the deſpot would not acknowledge. He would tell you, "The titles which my predeceſſors "gave

" gave you had at their head, *Lewis, by the grace of God, king* " *of France*—What ſignify to me your inſcriptions? I know " nothing about that."

And ye, brave and old warriors, who have ſhed your blood, and ſacrificed a part of yourſelves even in the fields of glory for the defence of your country, you would be ignominiouſly driven from that aſylum, where food and every comfort is ſecure to you until the end of your glorious career. The deſpot would ſay, " Get out, " wretches, who have borne arms for the republic, " inſtead of your defending *your king, his clergy and his* " *nobility*."

CHAP. CXCVI.

CHANGE IN THE NAMES OF STREETS.

I HAVE read a geographical project, of which Paris was the map, and the hackney-coachmen the profeſſors. Certainly I ſhould rather wiſh Paris to be a geographical chart than a volume of the Roman calendar; and the names of ſaints, with which the ſtreets are baptized, cannot be compared, either for uſefulneſs or harmony, with the names of the cities and towns for which it was propoſed to exchange them. On this plan, the Fauxbourg St. Denis would have been called the Fauxbourg of *Valenciennes*; the Fauxbourg of St. Marceau, the Faxbourg of *Marſeilles*; the Place de Grève, the Place de *Tours*, or *Bourgues*, &c.

But ſeriouſly, if the names of the ſtreets were to undergo a change, this is a more reaſonable and better digeſted plan than that ſuggeſted and put into execution under the revolutionary regime of ſuppreſſing the word *ſaint*.

The authors of the laſt change thought they had given a mortal blow to the catholic religion, in robbing it of the ancient honour of conſecrating our narrow and filthy ſtreets; but it was the precaution of a child, who ſhuts his eyes in ſcrambling through thorn buſhes.

Theſe names of *ſaints*, ſo long unknown themſelves, and ſo long applied to the ſtreets of Paris, reminded the inhabitants no more of the apoſtles or martyrs of the

catholic religion, than Pelican-ſtreet reminds thoſe who croſs it of the manners of the heavy fiſhing bird by whoſe name the ſtreet is called.

Who is there amongſt us, who is the devot even, that in paſſing the ſtreets of St. Honoré, or St. Antoine, thinks either of the name or deeds of theſe inhabitants of the ſkies? We walk along theſe ſtreets as the Engliſh walk through St. Paul's at London, the Turks the ſtreet of St. Sophia at Conſtantinople, the Romans the Flaminian ſtreet at Rome, without any of them ever thinking on Flaminius, or St. Sophia, or St. Paul. There was one way indeed to make us think of them as Frenchmen, and that was, to forbid our doing ſo; and this is the wiſe reſolution which our modern iconoclaſtes have adopted! Independent of the barbarous hiatus introduced into the language by the ſuppreſſion of the word *ſaint* in the ſtreets *Honoré*, *Roch*, *Antoine*, &c. they have gone directly contrary to their deſign, by placing us between the eaſe of habit and the fear of paſſing for ariſtocrats, and forcing us from this very circumſtance to be continually recalling both our prejudices and their motives. Thus there is not a reaſonable republican who attaches at preſent the leaſt importance to this ſubject; and if it were neceſſary to make a change in the ſtreets of Paris, there is not a man of common ſenſe who would not prefer that of the geography of which we were ſpeaking, which carries with it at leaſt a means of inſtruction, and a character of originality.

CHAP. CXCVII.

LIBELLERS.

We ſcarcely know which to be moſt aſtoniſhed at, the preſumption of certain news-writers, or the credulity of the public, who blindly refer themſelves to their deciſions, and who ſubſidize them in order to be deceived. What confidence, in fact, can we have in writers ſo raſh as to ſpeak of every thing without examination, of morality without morals, of religion without believing in God, of literature without well knowing how to read, of political economy without elements! What intereſt, even of curioſity, could ſuch declamatory libellers inſpire, who can only

only bark, bite, and calumniate; without views, without means, without ſhame, and without country?

Whatever be the diſpoſition, which we all have, to read every thing with pleaſure which bears the character of miſchievouſneſs, ſtill this miſchievouſneſs muſt be ſeaſoned, and this diſpoſition be kept up by wit, which can alone in the long run pardon the uſe or juſtify the exceſs of it.

To what eſteem can theſe men pretend, who do not bluſh to contradict themſelves openly one day after another reſpecting the ſame perſon, the ſame event, the ſame works? who, on the recommendation of a ſilly fellow or a bookſeller, cry up to the ſkies an obſcure writer whoſe opinions favour their party, or whoſe dinners *priſmatize* their opinions; who, to deck up an old idol, or ſatisfy their perſonal animoſity, let looſe their fury againſt ſuch honeſt writers as do not humble themſelves before their contemptible pride.

The puniſhment of ridicule is, we muſt confeſs, a chaſtiſement too mild for thoſe ſcribblers, writers of yeſterday, and moſt indefatigable calumniators. We cannot conceive how they ſhould pretend to avoid it, or have the impudence to complain.

What is this new mode of reaſoning? There have been great villains in the convention, therefore the convention is compoſed of villains. The republic has been, from its firſt foundation, the theatre of factions and diſorders, therefore no laws or peace can take place in a republic.

The follies of a court begat the deficit, which begat the American war, which begat the hatred of England, which begat the faction of Orleans, which begat the factions of Danton, Marat, and Robeſpierre, which begat the Jacobins, which begat immorality, atheiſm, and ſtockjobbing, which begat the pſeudo-royaliſts, which begat the journaliſts, the libellers, the pamphleteers, of whom we have ſpoken, and who, already forgotten, are covered with the moſt ineffable contempt.

CHAP. CXCVIII.

SHADE OF ROUSSEAU.

I WENT, according to cuſtom, to viſit the pillars of the dome of the Pantheon, and to examine attentively what we had a right to fear or hope with reſpect to the fate of this great edifice, which holds every mind in ſuſpenſe.

Magnificent works, labours of more than half a century, muſt you periſh in a ſingle inſtant! I looked, my head thrown backward, at thoſe majeſtic columns, the delicate and light foliage of the capitals, thoſe lofty and triple vaults, and exclaimed, "Superb pillars! if you muſt give "way, let it not be at leaſt without giving us a laſt and "charitable warning."

O vain efforts of art! O too coſtly monument! O fruitleſs expences! O barren pomp! I made all theſe reflections as I walked along, when ſuddenly I heard a gentle ſigh, which proceeded from a cavern. I ſtopt, I liſtened, and recollected the tender and plaintive voice of J. J. Rouſſeau.

"What am I? What do I do here? I, in a temple! "Why have they placed me here? I repoſed ſo well in "the Iſle of Poplars; it was the laſt habitation which I "had obtained from friendſhip; the birds came to warble "above my cinerary urn; the young girls of the neigh-"bouring hamlet often covered my tomb with marjoram, "ſinging the airs of my *Devin du Village*. Men have torn "me from the Elyſium, where I enjoyed perfect tranquil-"lity, and have plunged me into a cold ſtone quarry. "Inſtead of the ſhade of Fenelon which I ſought, I ſaw "a horrible bloody ſpectre, which took the road of hell: "he only paſſed through, it is true, but he has left in this "atmoſphere a ſmell of crimes which cannot be extin-"guiſhed.

"Ah! whoever you be that hear me, do not reject "my prayer; let me be carried back to my iſland; let "me again breathe the balmy air of the country; let me "feel myſelf warmed again by the rays of that ſun which "led me to the adoration of the author.

"I am ſtifled in this ſepulchre; the earth ſhakes under "my coffin; I hear the falling of the tottering ſtones; "thoſe

" thoſe who enter fly away affrighted. Immortality is not " in ſafety at the Pantheon.—Oh! I ſhall be more tran- " quil under the vault of heaven, under the cupola which " does not fall!"

Struck with theſe complainings, I thought it my duty to tranſmit them to the friends of J. J. Rouſſeau; and I joined my prayers that this man of nature might, agreeably to his ardent ſolicitations, be carried back to Ermenonville.

CHAP. CXCIX.

SECTION LEPELLETIER.

THE exiſtence of the capital is a real miracle; it has eſcaped the coalition of kings, and its own inteſtine diviſions; it has eſcaped famine; and when we reflect what could have ſaved it from this laſt ſcourge, we can attribute it only to the wealth of moſt plentiful autumns. The creation of that multitude of particular diſtricts has wonderfully contributed to favour an equal diſtribution, and has given each quarter a central point, which it would have been very difficult to have eſtabliſhed on a general plan.

How does this city ſubſiſt, betrayed by its magiſtrates, who were to have opened the gates to the conſpirators? When the news of the taking of the Baſtille, at firſt conſidered at Verſailles as an impoſture, ſoon excited at the court the terror with which it had inſpired us, when every countenance grew pale at hearing of our daring and majeſtic poſition, this great danger was not the laſt we had to undergo. A year did not paſs in which our walls were not threatened with fire, and the rage of the factions, which broke looſe in this very great city, ſeemed to have no walls ſtrong enough to reſtrain it.

While mercenary writers, ſalaried by the foreign powers, never ceaſed boaſting, with equal extravagance and perfidy, of the perfect tranquillity of this city, and the majeſty of its primary and permanent aſſemblies, whilſt warned by too fatal an experience, we did not ceaſe ourſelves to inſpire a juſt miſtruſt of that deceitful calm, and call the attention of the patriots of 1789 to the ſeditious

ſions,

invaſions, the multiplied revolts, and the ultimate attempts of thoſe primary aſſemblies, which a band of factious men were plunging into the horrors of civil war, emiſſaries were ſecretly working up the people before whom they were proſtrating themſelves in public. The royaliſts were digging a deep abyſs under our feet, while they were crowning our heads with their intoxicating flowers. Wretches! they were perfuming the altar on which they wiſhed to ſacrifice every Pariſian, as the author or accomplice of the death of the laſt king.

We ſhall here give ſome developements neceſſary to eſtabliſh the facts, ſlight in appearance, but the conſequences of which might have had the moſt murderous influence on the fate of the French republic.

It was on Thurſday evening, the ſecond of Vendemiaire, that they attempted at the Palais Royal the game of the manœuvres concerted in the cabals of the ſection Lepelletier. It was remembered that a dozen coxcombs inſulted in the garden the invalids who had cried out, Vive la republic! Three of theſe inſolent young men were arreſted, and the reſt ran away like a flock of deer at the report of a fowling-piece.

The 3d Vendemiaire, the ſections of the French theatre, of Unity, and Lepelletier, took moſt violent arrêts againſt the convention, made a proclamation of diſobedience to the decrees accepted by the whole of France, and named, according to cuſtom, commiſſaries to publiſh their proclamation and their reſolutions. The evening of the ſame day people, adroitly ſcattered through different parts of the city, exclaimed that all the young men were arreſted and ſent to priſon.

The young men, affrighted, aſſembled in the garden of the Palais Royal; groups were formed, the moſt daring projects were propoſed; and whilſt ſome were employed in ſtirring up their paſſions, others were ſinging the *Reveil du Peuple*. Some one took it into his head to aſk, "What "are theſe cries and movements about?"—"A terroriſt," they called out on the other ſide: "It is a terroriſt," and the pretended terroriſt was knocked down. The women fled, the ſhops were ſhut up, and a torrent of young people ruſhed on ſucceſſively to the theatres of the republic, of the Rue Feydeau, and the Vaudeville, where they forced the doors, interrupted the plays, and made the actors ſing the *Reveil du Peuple*. All theſe preliminaries covered the deſign of increaſing the rioters, of forming themſelves

ſelves into battalions, and of going to attack the convention.

Meanwhile the military force was organized, patroles circulated divided the groups, and broke every hoſtile meaſure, which for want of a common point did not ſtand the ſlighteſt oppoſition.

At half paſt nine the paſſions were raiſed to the higheſt pitch; a patrole of grenadiers paſſing by were fired at, and one of the three ſhots ſtruck a ſoldier in the head. This was the ſignal of war, the critical moment; and if the grenadiers had been as forward to repulſe that outrage as their enemies had been to commit it, there is no doubt but Paris would have become a royal Vendée; that was what was wanted; but unſhaken in their duty, theſe brave ſoldiers, having had no orders to fire, ſtopt motionleſs after preſenting their bayonets. It was on this occaſion that the cowardice of theſe miſcreants manifeſted itſelf; not having ſudceeded in cauſing the maſſacre of the whole of this intrepid patrole, they ran through the city, crying out that the convention had fired on the people, and calling *To arms!* the ſtreets re-echoed nothing but thoſe words, To arms! to arms! Down with the convention! the ſections for ever!

Silly leaguers! you had not counted on ſo much firmneſs on the part of the inhabitants of this city; you had thought, in the towering preſumption of your ambitious projects, that all Paris would be ſhaken by your cries, would march at your orders, and would ſacrifice to your pleaſure, liberty, property, repoſe, hope, every thing, even life. Vain was your outcry that the convention had fired on the people; the people, ſo often deceived by your royal manœuvres, were reſolved to ſee and underſtand before they acted.

This fatal temporiſation ruined you; all this ſcaffolding of crimes and folly was cruſhed under the weight of truth.

At eleven, every thing had diſappeared. The convention, while theſe pigmies were hovering around it, aſſembled at eight, but without debating, and at half after ten the committees of government entered the hall. On this ſitting, one of the moſt memorable of the convention, ſeemed to hang the deſtiny of France: every one viewed with horror this ſcandalous war between the national convention and a puny fraction of the nation, called for vigorous and perſevering meaſures; every heart animated with the ſame ſentiment, that of dying rather than yielding, rallied to the ſame ſtandard, that of the republic.

CHAP.

CHAP. CC.

HIRED BALLAD-SINGERS.

We cannot take four ſteps in the ſtreets of Paris without ſeeing ballad-ſingers mounted on ſtools; who, when they have drawn the multitude around them by the ſound of ſome inſtrument, begin a dialogue of their own compoſition. Theſe means were not neglected during the revolution. All the licentious maxims of demagogy paſſed through the organs of theſe vile vagabonds.

Broken by the tortures of the revolutionary regime, we heard theſe murderous ballad-ſingers in the evenings at the Palais-Royal, howling out, *To the guillotine, Capet, to the guillotine*, attended by furious looking wretches with ſabres in their hands. Theſe ſame ballad-ſingers carried on biers men who were wounded in the affair of the 10th of Auguſt, and paraded through the hall of the convention, calling for vengeance in their brutal ſongs. All the names which entered into the compoſition of the famous inſtrument of puniſhment were worked up into gay couplets for the amuſement of the mob. Droll expreſſions were conſecrated to repreſent the action of the fatal plank, and the fall of the guillotined heads. The death of the condemned was accompanied by taunting irony, and jeſts were annexed to every function and the leaſt movements of the executioner.

Marat, Chabot, Robeſpierre, and d'Orleans, were ſung by theſe proſtituted mouths. On the 10th of Auguſt theſe men had hid themſelves, waiting the event of the combat. The ballad-ſingers metamorphoſed them at once into heroes armed and fighting, for theſe cowards were anxious to be reputed brave.

We have heard their violins ſtrumming out eternal ditties on the murder of Lepelletier St. Fargeau; and when the murderer blew out his brains (as they ſaid, but which I do not believe) on the bed of an inn where people had entered to ſeize his perſon, the ſame ballad-ſingers evoked all the furies of hell to torture him; and a clerk of the criminal tribunal, who was called *Paris*, dared no longer bear that name, but took that of *Fabricius*.

CHAP. CCI.

MAIMED SOLDIERS.

Ah! who is the man, that without being affected, can meet in the ſtreets theſe men covered with honourable wounds, which bring to our recollection thoſe terrible battles in which they have been received? We ſtill find in the countenances of theſe young mutilated heroes the ſtamp of that courage which animated them in combat; and if our eye could penetrate under their garments, how many other glorious ſcars ſhould we yet diſcover!

How many men without legs, without arms, without noſe, chin, or mouth! Every where we diſcover hideous traces of the cruelties of war. O deteſtable kings! ye who are leagued againſt our infant republic, thinking to annihilate it! ye who wiſhed to enſlave us, and who entered on our ſoil with your powerleſs thunders, ye are the authors of thoſe ſad mutilations; humanity bears witneſs againſt you; but what account do you make of humanity, provided inſatiable pride cements the crown on your heads!

Look at theſe ſoldiers, who have eſcaped the chance of war! They have left on the fields of victory the half of themſelves. Let us ſtop from gratitude; let us ſtand up, and let that wooden leg paſs by; let us ſtretch out our hands to the blind man, and pick up the ſnuff-box or handkerchief of him who has loſt his arm.

It was propoſed that every centinel ſhould preſent arms whenever a maimed ſoldier paſſed. I am ſorry that this motion was not carried into full execution. What republican does not feel his patriotiſm receive a new degree of force and courage in ſeeing thoſe deplorable victims of the blind vengeance of the powers coaleſced againſt a generous people. They were willing to deſtroy a ſhameful government which weighed upon them, and cowardly tyrants have dared to call them to account; they have given this account at Turin, at Venice, at Rome, at Berne, at Mentz, at Amſterdam, at the gates of Vienna. Theſe mutilated young men place before my eyes thoſe rapid and immortal conqueſts, and it is in paying my reſpects to their ſtumps that I perceive the arms of their comrades

planting

planting on the foreign ſoils the three-coloured flag. O preſentiments of the moſt juſt and moſt memorable of victories, do not deceive me! I never fail to ſhew a mark of ſenſibility or reſpect whenever I meet theſe mutilated men, thoſe warriors whom my eyes follow in their ſlow and painful motions, till I feel them moiſtened with tears.

A mechanic has made wooden legs of ſo ſimple and happy a conſtruction, that when they are covered with a ſtocking or a ſhoe, the eye cannot diſtinguiſh whether or not it is homogeneous with the body to which it is faſtened.

In general, a certain hilarity reigns in the countenance of theſe mutilated ſoldiers; and from the decency of their appearance, we ſee that the republic is attentive to their food and maintenance.

When we enter the houſe of the invalids, we find the air, which was formerly infected, now pure; the kitchens are clean, and ſince the republican regime, are common. The revolution has operated various happy changes in the interior government of this intereſting depôt. The choice pieces of meat no longer turn on triple rows of ſpits for the officers only, the food is the ſame for all, and this is good and beneficent equality.

Each table is compoſed of twelve ſoldiers, and is furniſhed with ſoup, boiled beef, a plate of vegetables, and half a pint of unadulterated wine to each man.

Men, robuſt as Hercules, bearing with ſteady ſtep and muſcular arm hand-barrows loaded with diſhes, bring to remembrance thoſe who, in the triumphs of Alexander, carry the inſtruments of the ſacrifices.

When we viſit this immenſe houſe, placed with a northern aſpect in the midſt of a plain, and which ſeems, from this happy poſition, to breathe the pure air of the adjacent country, we no longer find the beautiful marble ſtatues of the chapels within; they had been taken down from their baſe, ranged ſymmetrically in the court of the portico, and theſe images of biſhops preſented to the eye of the ſpectator the ſemblance of a council. The external part of this edifice offers at preſent only the ſhadow of its former glory.

The dome ſtill preſerves, in ſpite of the deſtroying hammers of the Vandals of 1793, the noble remains of its elegant and majeſtic attitude.

The

The church is naked and thoroughly ranſacked; the altar, on which were erected ſix gilt columns of dazzling ſplendour, is buried under the duſt of demolitions; caps of liberty have replaced the fleurs de lys, and it coſt immenſe ſums to efface them at the higheſt corners, which operation was called *ſans-culottiſing the royal dome.*

We ſhall never more ſee venerable ſoldiers, whitened under arms, worſhipping God with fervour, and mingling in their pious ſongs the name of the founder of this aſylum.

CHAP. CCII.

PRINTING OFFICES.

THERE were formerly only thirty-ſix printers in Paris, and theſe were privileged. The revolution has overthrown theſe abſurd privileges. A printing-preſs is my writing-deſk, and that of every good or bad author. They have multiplied ſo aſtoniſhingly, that the preſs, after having done ſo much good, threatens a fatal cataſtrophe. It is the rottenneſs of the egg, *corruptio optimi peſſima.*

But how, will it be ſaid, make a repreſſive law? There is ſcarcely an houſe in Paris where there is not a preſs, either in the cellar or the garret, and in the out-houſes two or three newſpaper writers.

You may well imagine that all royaliſts and ariſtocrats encourage theſe writers in undermining a government which is odious to them; and why ſhould not this regiment of ſcribblers fancy themſelves a power, when they ſee themſelves introduced even into the hall of the legiſlative body, and that there is but a bench which ſeparates them from the legiſlators? Is not the power, which they have aſſumed, of ſlandering, criticiſing, and proclaiming their ſatires morning and evening, an authority undiſputed? and how, then, ſuppoſe it lawful? The journaliſt will tell you that it is infallible, and for that reaſon become irreproachable.

It is with this ſort of logic that the journaliſt calls himſelf a legiſlator, legiſlator of the ſtreets, whoſe decrees are publiſhed at every corner, and parade along the kennels. What more authentic! what is the broken voice that ſpeaks at the tribune compared with that of the Stentor

who

who can awaken a whole diſtrict, and which hears the proclamation in all its force and plenitude?

Journaliſts will be the everlaſting deſpair of governments; they have nothing to fear but themſelves, that is to ſay, the contempt into which they are falling by their own extravagancies; they have taken large ſteps towards it.

There are countries where a woman may make a declaration that ſhe wiſhes to be a courtezan or public girl; ſhe receives a certificate, and enjoys the unlimited liberty of proſtituting herſelf. There are two claſſes of journaliſts, the one are in ſearch of truth, and wiſh to ſpeak it, but with reſerve, and with a ſort of reſpect for the public and themſelves. In order that this truth might become univerſal, they give it a decent phyſiognomy, and they know that a certain air of wiſdom will cauſe it to be adopted. The others drive their pen headlong, and bolt out their aſſertions, affect a ſtyle of ſatire, though nature has not endowed them with the talent; mingling cenſure, ſarcaſm, and raillery, and confounding all diſtinctions. Every phraſe is good for them, provided it be cauſtic; truth to them is the groan of the offended. To envenom the actions of a public man is the way to make him walk upright. Every adminiſtration, every authority, is tyrannical, when it is not in perfect obedience to their ideas; every government is corrupted and aſſaſſinable, wherein it thwarts their antiſocial productions.

Theſe writers ſhould therefore claſs themſelves into rational and ſeditious journaliſts; and the public, inſtructed by the ſign, would learn that there is as much diſtance between two men who write periodically, as between a ſurgeon who makes an anatomical operation, and the butcher who cuts up an ox.

The licentiouſneſs of the preſs laſted till the 18th Fructidor; the ſcandal, without having entirely ceaſed, has been diminiſhed ſince that epocha, becauſe the directory has the right of putting the ſeals on the anti-republican preſſes; but the incorrigible journaliſt begins again on the morrow with another writing-deſk. Quick! give theſe ſcribes their certificates of infamy!

CHAP.

CHAP. CCIII.

WAREHOUSEMEN.

He who firſt ſaid that the tradeſmen had formed the project of *degrading the coin*, thought he only ſaid a bon mot, while he aſſerted a truth. It is very true, that whether it be for want of arms, or want of moral reſtraint, commodities have been raiſed to ſuch a height that the moſt able obſervers are ignorant of the cauſe, and unable to explain it.

We can eaſily conceive how colonial produce, ſuch as ſugar, coffee, pepper, indigo, cotton, keep at ſo high a price; there are two cauſes which are evident, the devaſtation of the colonies, and the rate of inſurance.

But indigenous commodities, ſuch as wine, brandy, oil, wool, papers, grain, and every thing the produce of our own ſoil, and which we have ſo abundantly reaped for theſe three years paſt, with which warehouſes and markets are filled, why ſhould theſe augment every day? Why is the price of to-morrow higher than that of the preceding day? Unleſs there was a general hail-ſtorm over the land, or a drought, it required twenty years formerly to change the prices of common commodities; at preſent, it requires only twenty-four hours, and the will of a warehouſeman of the ſtreet St. Denis.

CHAP. CCIV.

I AM A MODERE.

Under covert of night, in ſilence, under ſecreſy, without forms, deſpotiſm and private hatred ſhut up citizens by thouſands. People were arreſted not only at midnight, but were likewiſe treated in the moſt ſavage and humiliating manner. The committee of public ſafety had created an infinite number of ſubordinate dictatorſhips; and the citizens, ſpoiled of their rights, miſerable, trembling, and dumb before their tyrants, appeared before a murderous tribunal,

tribunal, where their ears were ſtruck with only one cry: *Death! Death!*

There is no exaggeration in ſtating that theſe tyrants had the impudence to inſinuate that the two-thirds of France were ſcoundrels, and that it was neceſſary to exterminate ſixteen millions of men to render the reſt free. The revolutionary tribunal was the amphitheatre, which, like that of old, contained wild beaſts commiſſioned to execute the ſentence of death. And I alſo was condemned to the beaſts; for it was being ſo, to fall into the hands of Fouquier Tinville and all his ruffian horde, and be impriſoned till my turn came.

But though the French nation breathes again, though its numerous phalanxes rally round the power which it has freely erected, though every heart dilates with joy, we can ſcarcely venture to pronounce the word *moderation*; it has not yet reſumed the rank ſuitable to its dignity.

The traveller ſteps aſide to make way for the torrent; but when that torrent, which rolled in every crime, has ceaſed to flow, why are we ſtill ſtruck with reſpect for the den of the cannibals? What an oppreſſion muſt every mind have laboured under, when they have ſo much difficulty in reſuming their former attitudes. Rouſe yourſelves with me, brave republicans! let me inſpire you with the courage to ſhew yourſelves worthy of liberty! ye who have made the tyrants of the univerſe tremble, can you remain unworthy of the high deſtiny to which you are called! and can you continue to tremble before thoſe whom you ought to puniſh! But you will tell me, that they will cry out againſt *moderantiſm*. What ſignifies the word, provided you are juſt! I am delighted with that *moderantiſm* which renders me humane, tolerant, reflective; if that is to be a modéré, I am ſo: I have deſerved the hatred of the great patriots of the day, and in that I have ſucceeded to my wiſhes; for if they eſteemed me, I ſhould not eſteem myſelf. What calm! what ſtupor! what lethargy! Silence and annihilation hover over you, republicans! You ſleep, and counter-revolution is on the watch. Of the tyranny of Robeſpierre there is nothing extinguiſhed but the tyrant; his horrible ſyſtem ſurvives him. Theſe words were written to Robert Lindet, to which he has given no anſwer.

"You, covered in part with the blood of France; you, "one of the inventors of the revolutionary tribunal, who, "on the 10th of March, undertook to bring forward a "moſt abominable project; who were deſirous that this "tribunal

" tribunal ſhould condemn without trial and without jury ;
" who, on that day, made even Barrere bluſh, and drew
" from him the reproach that you effaced the moſt fero-
" rocious of deſpots ; you, the companion, the valet, the
" official defender of our executioners ; you, who declar-
" ed that you concurred with them in reſponſibility for
" the death of our moſt enlightened citizens, that of my
" worthieſt friends, that of the unhappy Lavoiſier, whoſe
" genius has illumined, and will for a long time illumine,
" every claſs of ſcience, humanity, and the world ; that
" of the illuſtrious and reſpectable Maleſherbes, whoſe
" head ought to have been guaranteed by national honour,
" whole and entire, if the voice of honour could then
" have been heard ; that of the intrepid Beauharnais, of
" the virtuous Andrew Chenier, of the feeling Rouchar,
" of the amiable and generous Trudaines, &c. &c. ; that
" even of ſo many women, whoſe charms were equal to
" their innocence, and who never could have been ſacri-
" ficed to the fury of our civil diſcords, but by the moſt
" execrable barbarity. How dare you ſpeak, write, print,
" nay, even threaten ? How dare you think, or pretend
" that you can in any mode become uſeful to the ſtate,
" ſhew yourſelf, or mingle in public affairs ? How can
" you look at your hands ? The wandering ghoſts, do
" they not ſhake the curtains of your bed ? Try to
" ſleep !"——

The Modérés have formed a diſtinct ſect in the revolution ; around which the unfortunate, the undecided, and indifferent parties, that is, the greater number, have always arranged themſelves. This ſect ought on this account to have always had the aſcendancy, if the terror which always prevailed in revolutionary moments had not given a ſupernatural ſuperiority to the exertions of the ſmaller number.

The Modérés have been odious to the counter-revolutioniſts, inaſmuch as they were obedient to the majority, and ſeemed thereby to concur with them ; but they have been a thouſand times more odious to the frantic revolutioniſts, becauſe they were an active reproach to the conduct of thoſe enfuriated men ; and particularly becauſe the revolutioniſts foreſaw that the Modérés would be an obſtacle to their excluſive uſurpation of the authority of the republic, which, more than the love of their country, was the object of all their fury.

The exaſperated revolutioniſts carried on therefore a more terrible war againſt the Modérés than againſt the counter-

counter-revolutioniſts; and the moſt deplorable victims of the revolution are in this deſerving eſtimable claſs, who were always ſtrangers to vengeance.

The Modérés followed the revolution, but did not make it: they followed it, becauſe they ſaw that the incurable corruption of our old regime had rendered it infallible, and that it was in the decrees of fate: they did not make the revolution, becauſe contributing to a revolution, which muſt neceſſarily render an infinite number unhappy, is a miſſion to which no honeſt man will think himſelf called.

But now that the revolution is made, now that all theſe energetic and cruel men who have ſerved the revolution, or rather of whom the revolution has made uſe in order to unfold itſelf, now that all theſe ferocious men have been worn out by the revolution, and that none remain except the ſavage ſubalterns, who are continually wearing away by their powerleſs efforts, it is for the Modérés to conſolidate a work which ought no longer to be expoſed to revolutionary agitations, and which ought in ſhort to be brought back to the pure motives which cauſed it to be undertaken.

We owe it to the Modérès, that the revolution has not been carried to that pitch of cruelty, to which all France has but too well learnt that they wanted to puſh it; for it is well known that nothing leſs was meditated, than burying under the ruins of their inheritances a third of the inhabitants of thoſe fine countries. The conſtant oppoſition of the Modérés retarded and repreſſed thoſe maſſacres, which were ſo atrociouſly combined; and when the anger of the people began to be appeaſed, when they were themſelves overwhelmed with conſternation at the horrors to which they had been excited in the delirium of their frenzy, the Modérés ſeized the moment when new exceſſes were about to cover us with ſtill greater diſhonour, and rouſed the whole republic. The whole of the people ſeconded them, wearied and aſhamed of ſo many atrocities, and the 9th Thermidor took place.

The 9th Thermidor and the 14th July are the two days of the revolution, in which the French have been perfectly unanimous; on thoſe days they appeared in maſs, and their ſovereignty was ſtriking and deciſive. It is from theſe two days that we ought to draw all the reſults of the revolution.

On the 14th July, the people ſaid, *We will be free!* the 9th Thermidor, they ſaid, *We will be juſt!* and it is liberty

and

and juſtice which ought to conduct the revolution to its happy termination.

Thus, if the Modérés have prevented the maſſacre of ſo many French, who were at leaſt imprudent; if they have had the happineſs to ſave ſo great a number on the 9th of Thermidor, their part is not finiſhed; they ought, in the name of the ſervices which they have rendered, in the name of humanity continually violated, to ſave from the fury of the re-actors all ſuch men as have been led away by extravagant opinions, and whoſe audacious chiefs are no more.

The deliverers of the 9th Thermidor will never ſuffer an inverted conſpiracy to conſume another quarter of France in maſſacres not leſs execrable; they will not ſuffer a new ſect of aſſaſſins to drive madmen to revolt through deſpair, in order to have a pretext for murdering them.

It is undoubtedly time that the reign of the law alone ſhould take place. The people have need of repoſe. Doubt not, agitators of both parties, but that the people wiſh for repoſe, and that they will force you to ſilence. If you entertain hatred, lay it down at the feet of your country. Your relatives, you ſay, are dead: ah! how many generous citizens are dead in defending their country! Did they put an ineſtimable price on their blood? and is it the blood only of domeſtic victims which ſhall be the object of every thought and every remembrance? The battle is gained, the victory belongs to the maſs; this is all that ought to remain of our violences; every thing elſe is partial, and ought to be forgotten. We ought no longer to be exclaiming, "Woe to ſuch a claſs of men! woe to "ſuch another!" but all feelings ought to be confounded; all paſſions ought to be abſorbed in the only and univerſal cry of *Vive la Republique!*

You who at preſent diſturbe the peace of the republic by your cries of vengeance, remember with what ſincerity you preferred that ſalutary cry, when the dungeons were opened to you on the 9th Thermidor. You were then all republicans; and we thought that on that day we had truly founded the republic, by recalling you into its boſom with ſo deep a ſentiment of the return of its beneficence. Was it you who made this 9th Thermidor? Was it not we who felt the need of forgiveneſs and love, and who ſo ardently ſeized the moment of a return to clemency. Do not diſappoint hopes founded on a pact ſo ſacred; we aſk it in the name of the 9th Thermidor? The appeal to that happy day ought to be the taliſmanic word, which

ſhould diſſolve all hatred; and let it never be pronounced between men divided by factions without reſtoring them to juſtice and to peace. This is what the Modérés have a right to demand from their fellow citizens, whom they have ſerved in their reſpective turns; and this is what they will infallibly obtain from every Frenchman, whom they have, by ſo juſt a title, the right of calling their brothers and their friends.

And let it be obſerved, that the people take part in this reconciliation; that they aſk, invite, and will it. They know well that they have ſhared the general madneſs; they are like that enfuriated miſtreſs, who, after having ordered the death of a faithleſs lover, cries out to the executioner, that he ſhould have diſobeyed her commands. They are like Alexander, who, after having killed his friend, whoſe arrogance had offended him, returns to his native generoſity and virtue, by manifeſting every ſign of repentance and deſpair. We ought to pay attention to their regrets, and not puſh our reſentment to a point which is unjuſtifiable. Liſten then, movers of both parties, to the voice of the *Modérés*, and be perſuaded that every mind is fatigued with your return to hatred and cruelty: that it is time to forget, if poſſible, your madneſs and your fury: and that the day which ought to put an end to all theſe exceſſes, which it is time to finiſh, is arrived.

CHAP. CCV.

THE RUSSIAN AT PARIS.

He walks, runs, and glides every where; he is courteous and polite; he has no accent by which he can be diſtinguiſhed; he writes every evening what he has heard. I met him, and diſconcerted him with a ſingle word. He ought to be well paid, for he believes in his emperor as a devout muſſulman believes in Mahomet.

Of all the cabinets of Europe, the cabinet of Ruſſia is, without contradiction, that which, amidſt this general tempeſt, has ſhewn moſt addreſs, and gained moſt influence. The empreſs has manifeſted the greateſt hatred againſt the French revolution, and has furniſhed the leaſt contingent in the war provoked by this hatred.

For

For ſix years paſt numerous fleets are ſometimes to ſet ſail from Archangel; at other times powerful armies are to march from the banks of the Dwina; but nothing of all that takes place; and whilſt the effects of theſe menaces are waiting for, the very princeſs is rounding herſelf in Poland, and continues in tranquillity her preparations againſt Turkey.

But if ſhe puts a word of economy in the effectual ſuccours, which ſhe never ceaſes promiſing to her allies, ſhe puts none into the declarations, manifeſtoes, and diſpatches, which, from the interior of her chancellery, iſſue forth to feed the flame of war to the ſouthern extremities of Europe.

She has juſt given a new proof of this double policy, in the proclamation of ſixty thouſand men ready to march, and who immediately receive a counter-order.

The three quarters and a half of Paris, who know nothing more of Ruſſia than they do of China, are alarmed at this news; but as every thing is tranſient in this great city, they fell into another extreme, and conſidered Ruſſia as not making the ſlighteſt weight in the political balance. If the Ruſſian troops were at the gates of Paris, the people would not believe it.

The French emigrants were lately adviſed to go and conquer Canada; but they were not told where they ſhould find money and a fleet to make this conqueſt. We, who know that you can never make an adventurer or a buccaneer of an emigrant, we will give them counſel more ſuitable to their cowardice, their want of courage. The emigrants would find neither a king nor a court in Canada; let us rather direct their march towards that monarch of the north, who has the bowels of a father for thoſe great *exterminators*, who will communicate to him, in exchange for his good and loyal ſervices, the ſecret of pouncing like an eagle on France, and of ſwallowing twenty-five millions of *republicans* as glibly as a rentier ſwallows his ſoup. This *Benedict*, emperor of Ruſſia, how he careſſes theſe gentlemen emigrants! how anxious he is to place them at the head of his armies, and aſſign them the moſt eminent places!

Philoſophic republicans, you think that the time of miracles is paſt. Aſk Condé what has juſt happened to him at the court of his friend * * *. Emigrants of all deſcriptions, if there are any of you who have eſcaped the vigilance of *Sottin*, and the reſearches of *Tiſſot*, prick up your

ears and liſten. * * *, emperor by trade, had given a magnificent dinner to the ſeigneurs of his court, among whom were emigrants of high rank, and among thoſe monſeigneur the prince of Condé. The dinner was extremely gay; it was agreed to baniſh politics from the converſation, and amuſe themſelves only with the pleaſures of the old court of France. At the deſert, Condé ſuffered a long ſigh to eſcape him, which, by the effect of magnetiſm, vibrated on the ſentimental fibres of the emperor. "Monſeigneur," ſays * * *, "you are regretting the fleſh-pots of "Egypt; is it not true? The park, the gardens, the "avenues, the drawing-rooms, the furniture of Chantilly, "are galloping through your head." Condé anſwers by a ſecond ſigh, which carries *compunction* into every heart. "Well," ſays * * *, "I will lead you to Chantilly." Theſe laſt words electrified every emigrant preſent at the feaſt, and who with one accord clap their hands on the hilts of their ſwords, crying out—"Vivat, vivat-allons! "—let us receive the ſignal of departure, and in the "twinkling of an eye we will pounce on Paris, and there "we will make quick work with the two councils; we "will exterminate the directory—we——we"—"Mode-"rate a little this chevalareſque ardour; I have not pro-"miſed to lead *Monſeigneur* to Paris," adds * * *; "I do "not mean to go as far" (we give him credit for that,) "but "to Chantilly. Take your coffee and liqueur, and we will "go to the chateau."

Impatient courſers tranſported in gilt cars the monarch and his court to the middle of a vaſt park. A magnificent chateau was ſeen at a diſtance through the avenues. A cry of admiration was heard: "It is Chantilly, it is Chan-"tilly!" Condé was beſide himſelf; he ſees again his old chateau, his Engliſh gardens, his bowers, his boudoirs, his furniture, his tapeſtry, his pictures. * * * had procured at a vaſt expence drawings of all thoſe objects, and had waſted millions for the execution of this fairy work of a new kind.

This fable ſerved to amuſe Paris for three days, and puzzled ſome old perſonages who formerly wore the livery; I mean that which was then worn without diſgrace, the ſupper-men at the prince's, of which we have a remnant left. It was difficult to undeceive them. Ought not the emperor of Ruſſia, for the noble reception at Chantilly of the count and counteſs of the North, to treat as a comrade

Condé

Condé *lack-land*, and assign him something resembling a crown? O profound diplomacy of the old valets of courts!

CHAP. CCVI.

THIRD PARTY.

It appears at present, that between the royalists and the terrorists there is a third party, who are no more for one than the other, and who would oppose both with equal intrepidity. What is certain also is, that it signifies little to the royalists under what form they appear on the scene, provided they stifle the republic in its cradle; from whence we may conclude, that there is not so great a difference between them and the terrorists but that we may confound them together, and believe them united by a secret covenant.

Those who look only at the outside may believe in the return of terror, but its talisman is broken; the only terror we have to fear at present is the cruel, the inevitable vengeance of the royalists, if ever they return conquerors. In what oceans of blood would they wash away their injuries! with what perfidious address would they sweep away from the whole of France what they call the republican filth! The satellites of Robespierre were great villains; they have done us infinite mischief! The horror with which they have inspired us is deeply rooted; but the royalists would be an hundred times worse; they would be more cruel, because they would shed blood which they despise, whilst the others trembled in shedding blood which they feared; they would be more cruel, because, in addition to the common motives of party, they would be spurred on by the irritation of implacable pride; they would be more cruel, in short, because they would make use of more legal forms, more appearance of justice; they would remember at the end of thirty years, that such a one was a republican; they would dress their dogs to hunt him out, and seize him in the depths of caverns, or on the summit of the Pyrenees.

What at present deceives the good women and the burghers of Paris with respect to their situation is, that they imagine that the old regime will return at once with all its

its ſweets; ſuperfine bread at two ſous, a diſh of milk-coffee ſix ſous, meat at eight ſous, &c. &c. Silly folks! that good time will never return for you, though you ſhould even have a king; you muſt count on nothing elſe than that tranquillity and plenty which will be brought about by republican laws. A king would henceforth never appear amongſt you, but eſcorted by all the formidable apparatus of war; his guard would be compoſed of ſtrangers prejudiced againſt you; his palace will be defended by towers and cannons; your ſweat, your labours, your treaſures, and your children, will belong to him. Every day you will be reminded of your crimes and your ſlavery by new puniſhments. Paris, this guilty city, will never ſee either brilliant lords or ſovereign courts, or an opulent clergy. Its trade of articles of conſumption will follow the court of the prince. Its hotels and monuments will fall into ruins. Its richeſt inhabitants will fly an accurſed land which will produce nothing but thorns and briars.

This is the fate which attends you, wretches, who are calling for a king; and ye, anarchiſts, who are anxious to root up the baſes of civil ſociety and public repoſe, only to commit with impunity the crimes which ye hold ſo dear! Fly, hold your peace; we are acquainted with your logic and your *bicetrical* inclinations. Here is the ſketch of the picture which was drawn of your municipal commune of Paris, and you have not changed, any more than that municipality, your phyſiognomy or character.

In that place were gathered together the moſt incoherent ideas that ever diſhonoured the human brain, and which paſſed for a ſyſtem of democracy worthy of the French people. There abject manners corrupted language, brutal appetites iſſuing from the moſt impure, the moſt bicetrical peſt-houſes, were conſidered as ſigns of ardent patriotiſm."

CHAP. CCVII.

SAINT FIRMIN,

A MONASTERY where almoſt all the prieſts who were confined were inhumanly maſſacred. Henriot, who had made his firſt campaign in the maſſacres of September, did not

not leave the houſe until there were no more murders to be committed. When he went out of the gate he was half naked, covered with blood, and his ſabre in his hand. I knew one of thoſe unfortunate prieſts, who, being in the privy, kept himſelf concealed, and when called to come down, owed his life to theſe words: "I am going down "to you, citizens; I am making haſte." The ſimplicity of this reſignation cauſed him to be forgotten.

In this dumb city there was more than one focus of human butchery. Every ſenſe ſhrinks with horror. Nevertheleſs this plan of barbarity, this project of murder in the priſons had been long preconcerted; the yellers of liberty have brought forward again the ſame plans; they never bely themſelves.

Ah! if Charlotte Corday had known how to have drawn her dagger in the midſt of the convention, and not at the houſe of Marat, poſterity would decree a ſtill more glorious and flouriſhing palm. When this extraordinary woman was led to puniſhment, her paſſage was a triumph. Every ſenſible or feeling man pictured to himſelf on one ſide that energumene whoſe voice reſembled nothing but that of a wild beaſt ſacrificed for his crimes, and on the other that victorious heroine, tranquil without affectation, and giving away her life with joy; ſatisfied with the great example, ſhe ſeemed to have a preſentiment of the hiſtoric muſe.

The buſt of the monſter diſplayed, placed, paraded every where, was ſoon to fall; that of Charlotte Corday, erected already in every republican heart, placed above the table where I am now writing, will be ſurrounded with everlaſting rays of glory. Thoſe men who embalmed the heart of Marat, who depoſited it in a ſepulchral urn, who expoſed it to the veneration of his faithful followers, who compared him to a god, rejoiced internally at his death; they rejoiced at it, becauſe it furniſhed them with a pretence to blacken more the true friends of liberty, and maſſacre them with more facility. The apotheoſis of Marat! Is that credible? eſpecially after the 9th Thermidor! This was a very ſtriking proof that the ſanguinocrates had their ſucceſſors, and that after killing each other they ſtill thriſted for blood.

CHAP.

CHAP. CCVIII.

FETE OF 10 THERMIDOR, FOURTH YEAR.

If the number and ſplendor of the carriages, if an aſſemblage of moſt elegant women, of moſt muſcadin young men and moſt prancing horſes, if a crowd of ſpectators, forming a long proceſſion from Paris to the Champ de Mars, and filling the whole extent of the ſlopes around the field; if all that can give the idea of a fête, though without *feſtin*, the director of that of the 10th Thermidor may flatter himſelf in having ſucceeded.

Who could have thought, in ſeeing ſo many riches laviſhed on carriages and women, and ſo much gaiety ſpread over every countenance, that we were yet at war with a third of Europe, that blood was flowing on the frontiers, and that the national treaſury was exhauſted?

Who would have ſaid, in beholding that immenſe aſſemblage of ſoldiers, horſes, cabriolets, women, jacobins, royaliſts, and republicans, all touching each other without elbowing, or elbowing without puſhing each other down, or puſhing each other down without killing one another, that it was that ſame people, drunk with blood and carnage, who were murdering each other two years ſince, and who are perhaps cutting each other's throats at Marſeilles this very moment? Light, frivolous, inconſiſtent people, but not wicked, even good, when left to themſelves, when they are not inſtruments of vengeance in the hands of factious men, or the object of horrible ſpeculations! I ſaw them yeſterday in their uſual habitudes, in their true element. Peace, bread, and amuſement; this is all they aſk, and this is what diſconcerts all the Numas of the antichamber, who are anxious at all events to make them a warlike, jealous, turbulent people, a nation of Spartans, for ever in war with the world, and contenting themſelves at home with rubbing their bodies with oil, and eating black broth.

I obtained permiſſion to go into the middle of the Champ de Mars, which was reſerved for the elect alone, who had or had not cards of entrance, but always eſcorted by one or two generals, of whom there was plenty, and to whom the people on foot would have wiſhed for a little more addreſs in guiding their horſes, and leſs ardour, not

to

to to uſe a ſtronger expreſſion, in puſhing back ſuch as had not the honour of belonging to them in a greater or leſs degree.

In general, order was badly kept, either from the fault of their chiefs, or the inſolence of their agents. The people, enraged at being always driven back, and at being never invited to fêtes, except to ſee them at a diſtance, forced the guard, and made two or three irruptions to enter into the circle. The races, however, were not worth all this brilliant preparation, being as ſhabby as our inexperience in this kind of amuſement might eaſily lead us to ſuppoſe they would be. It was the ſon of a jockey who gained the prize of the horſe-race. From the Champ de Mars I went to the Champs Elyſees. Here was another ſight, and one might almoſt add, another people, if the dance, the ſports, and the ſongs, had not equally reminded us of their carleeſs levity, and the amiable frivolouſneſs of their character. But here were none of thoſe women ſhining in ſplendid dreſſes, nor Engliſh horſes, nor muſcadins with money at command; the crowd was made up of ſimple citizens, the working claſſes, the rentier tribe, in ſhort, the real people, ſitting on the graſs, eating cherries and cakes, or gaily parading around the beautiful circle of garlands, lamps, and fireworks, which Ruggieri had juſt finiſhed decorating.

The illumination was not completed till very late; it was ſlow in taking place, but the ſpectators, buſy with their amuſements, ſeemed neither weary nor impatient.

The darkneſs of the night, the mildneſs of the air, the mixture of the groupes, the diſpoſition of the mind, the ſound of the dance, the magic appearance of the trees, all concurred in favouring tender converſation, and excited to mirth and gaiety.

It was near eleven when the fire-works were let off. Ruggieri's talents for this kind of pyric ſpectacle, of which the Pariſians in particular are ſo fond, are well-known; the only reproach to make him was, that they were too ſhort, and perhaps alſo that the focus was not ſufficiently elevated.

The picture of the whole circle on fire, by the burning of the props and garlands which compoſed it, was extremely brilliant, but had, like all other brilliant things in general, too ſhort an exiſtence. This was a pity, for in obſerving the looks of the people, which were fixed on this

object

object a long time after it diſappeared, one might eaſily gueſs at the regrets it left behind.

When every one was well aſſured that there was nothing more to ſee, they thought of going home; but a very pleaſant circumſtance took place, which can be explained only by the brightneſs of the fire with which every eye had been dazzled. Some went to the Bois de Boulogne, in order to get into Paris; others walked down the ſide of the river, thinking they had taken the road towards the ſquare of the Revolution; every one was wandering about, aſking each other the road; every one was in a wrong direction. After rubbing their eyes, they began to recollect themſelves, and no other inconvenience happened.

We ſhall not cloſe this article without citing, among many other proofs which we witneſſed of the harmony and friendſhip which reigned throughout in this nocturnal fête, and which ſeemed to have melted Paris into one ſingle family, the following trait, which will not be diſplaced in the journal of morals.

Three or four ſparks, ſome of thoſe whom we had ſeen capering at the Champ de Mars, and who knew how to manage a horſe pretty nearly as much as they knew how to reſpect a woman, were croſſing a border of turf ſtrewed with young girls by the ſide of their mothers and little brothers, and a few ſoldiers who were not on duty: the young men were croſſing it, lolling on each other's arms, and ſinging indecent ſongs. A ſoldier ſtept up to them, and in a calm and reſpectful tone ſaid to them, "Citizens, it is not amongſt modeſt women and in family meetings, but at bagnios, that men ſing ſuch ſongs." The young men took the hint, and made off as faſt as they could.

CHAP. CCIX.

THE STICK WITH TWO ENDS.

THIN royaliſts manage this ſtick with great dexterity; one end is terminated by a Vendean poignard, and the other by a ſhoemaker's cutting-knife, ſharpened by *Babœuf* or *Antonelle*. Theſe ſticks were diſtributed at the time of the primary

primary aſſemblies, and it would be very imprudent to ſhew nothing but contempt at the manœuvres of certain double-faced people, who careſs with one hand and aſſaſſinate with the other; who, in every criſis have a back-door at which to ſlip out, and who ſometimes flatter and ſometimes defame the prevailing party.

When you are at war with knaves, tyrants, and fools, it is difficult to paſs near them without a rub; hence thoſe different portraits of the ſame man, according to the drawing-rooms where they are ſpoken of. The patrons of political diſſolution knew that in default of the arms of reaſon, falſehood and deceit have more than once deluded the Paris cockneys; they knew alſo, that by a conſtant and indefatigable impudence in repeating their calumnies, they ſucceeded on the one hand in inſinuating them, on the other in forcing juſtifications as tireſome to the public as to him who is the object of them.

The eve of the 13th Vendemiaire, independently of my addreſſes, I did every thing to diſſuade the Pariſians from marching againſt the convention. I ſaid to them, "Have "you a government ready formed, and which is the maſ"ter-wheel of the political machine.? You will have no "flour the day after your fine expedition. Do you wiſh to "eat the plaſter of your walls?"

It was ſaid in all the ſections of Paris, that Mercier, repreſentative of the people, had publicly declared that the convention would make the Pariſians eat plaſter. My head was proſcribed, the porter of my houſe was gained over, and they only waited for a ſignal to make me and my neighbours the firſt victims of the fury of the mob: I had combated deſpotiſm in the days of its triumph, and I braved death when I ſaid to the ſections, that they would be in rebellion if they moved a ſtep.

CHAP. CCX.

PARCHMENT-MONEY.

THE dogma of national ſovereignty was confirmed in a manner comic enough, for there was a time when every one thought he had a right to coin money. The diſappearance of the caſh had given currency to a crowd of ſmall notes

notes iſſued by obſcure houſes of commerce. Grocers, coffee-houſe keepers, wrote their names on little bits of parchment, and this was money! This madneſs was puſhed to the laſt kind of extravagance. Every man coined his own crown.

A houſe, called the houſe of *aid*, cruſhed thoſe whom it aided by a conſiderable bankruptcy. It was amidſt the penury of the public treaſury, and ſcarcity of objects of the greateſt neceſſity, that the queſtion reſpecting the departmental guard was agitated. Never was ſuch a thing ſeen in the political world; a national convention aſſembled at a moſt alarming criſis, and called to ward off a total diſſolution, had no phyſical force whatever, and was expoſed to the inſults of the ſections and the poignards of aſſaſſins. A municipality held all the power, and took great care not to reſtrain the abettors of murder; it wearied out, threatened, nay, even attacked all the deputies of the departments with inſolence and ſucceſs. The party of Orleans, uncertain ſtill at that epocha, ranged themſelves on the ſide of guilt and impudence, and ſeparating themſelves entirely from the Gironde, made way for the reign of Robeſpierre. Louvet, who had this laſt conſtantly in his eye, framed an act of accuſation againſt him, which was unhappily rejected. The miniſter Roland was in decided oppoſition to all thoſe cruel anarchiſts. Pache, the moſt knaviſh of mankind, entered into every dark conſpiracy, and joined Marat and the Duke of Orleans. The demand which the former made the latter of fifteen thouſand livres after the maſſacres of September, ſays enough. Ah! if the expulſion of Philip d'Orleans and his ſon had taken place, as wiſdom, eloquence, and virtue had wiſhed, how many crimes and misfortunes would have been ſpared France. The ſtrength of the Orleans party was in this parchment money, which was diſtributed on all ſides; and though it was of ſhort duration, it became a ferment of popular agitation, which afterwards took a more dreadful character.

CHAP.

CHAP. CCXI.

HENRIOT.

THE Jacobin party had made a good choice of a chief in the perſon of Henriot, who was an impudent ruffian, aſſociated in all the manœuvres of the ruffian deputies. The hiſtory of our diſaſters preſents the phyſiognomy of this commander-general, named by the revolutionary council of the commune, in a point of view as new as it is horrible. Servant to an attorney, clerk at the barriers, chief of the military force, we ſaw him on the 2d of June give orders for firing the alarm-guns, ſurround the whole of the convention, and very nearly played the cannon on it. It is certain that the orders were given: I was preſent, and ſaw every hoſtile diſpoſition.

The inhabitants of Paris may be juſtified on that day; they marched without knowing where they were going, and they were not deſirous of cruſhing the *coté droit*. The commune had taken all the authority into their own hands; it was they who made the law, and put it in execution. Called to arms at the beat of the drum, the noiſe of the tocſin, and the alarm-guns, the Pariſians, worthy as yet of liberty, did not yield to the ferocious inſinuations of the demagogues. During the whole day the convention was ſurrounded with thirty thouſand men, ignorant for the moſt part why they were aſſembled. The convention, that formidable power which had committed the inconceivable fault of giving the military force to its enemy, was no longer any thing but a ſlender body, with no means of reſiſtance left. There is no doubt but if the real citizens of Paris, who were then under arms, had been informed of all theſe machiavelian ſtratagems, this day would have terminated in a very different manner. I repeat it, Paris was not guilty on that day; it had no thirſt for blood. The inhabitants of this great city were ſtupified the next day, and could not comprehend how they had been made uſe of for the deſtruction of the only authority which they had to protect them. The mountaineer party turned this great movement to their own advantage, and with ſo much addreſs, that I, who knew them, cannot attribute it to any thing but chance. I ſaw them tremble, ſhudder, look on themſelves

themſelves as loſt; but the next day, interpreting the blind inſurrection of the people in their favour, they marched over our heads.

What an incomprehenſible day! the ſcale might have deſcended on the right ſide; and what a number of atrocities might it not have prevented! what diſgrace might it not have ſpared the French name, mankind itſelf!

Alas! it was ſaid that our courage and intrepidity were overcome on that day, but we did not yield without fighting; and it was only the hope of ſaving afterwards our twenty-two unfortunate colleagues, which fettered our arms and our tongue. I atteſt it as a witneſs: we were deceived, amuſed, and betrayed; we had no belief in that exceſs of audacity; we imagined they would open their eyes for their own intereſt. The madneſs and ferocity of the commune completed the ruin of every thing. When Chaumette denounced a great act of federaliſm which had taken place in a few ſections, which federaliſm was nothing but proceſſions; when we heard the ſame Chaumette ſay, "We alſo "will have civic feſtivals; we will celebrate the 31ſt of "May; the people ſhall be our God; there ought to be "no other;" we never imagined that the convention would be lulled by ſuch extravagancies, but that it would rouſe itſelf to cruſh ſuch crime and folly. On the contrary, Henriot became popular, and was choſen to protect the conſtitution of Herault de Sechelles, that of 1793, that code ſo ridiculous, ſo anarchical, that it is evident that the authors of it only wiſhed to hold it out as a lure to appeaſe France, which was riſing againſt them and againſt their horrible conduct.

It was after having made uſe of this impious ſtratagem, that the executioners of the nation, who had lulled it as well as ourſelves, unchained every thing which was moſt vile and atrocious againſt us, againſt every one who had any ideas of juſtice or liberty.

Love for our country led us not to ſend into the departments our proteſt, which I joined to the juſtificatory memorial which the mountaineer party could not efface with either dungeons or blood.

CHAP.

CHAP. CCXII.

CONTRACT-JOBBERS.

If the moſt diſintereſted man cannot ſometimes help throwing a longing look on the deſpicable riches of the contract-jobber, let him recollect that theſe vile egotiſts, theſe criminal defaulters, are haſtening towards their days of infamy and puniſhment; that their names will be known and given up to univerſal contempt. How deteſtable are theſe conſpirators in foreign pay, who are plunging us into ignominy, and ſucking out our blood; their plans of murder and devaſtation are leſs abominable than the ſchemes of rapine and plunder of theſe vile agents, inaſmuch as the former wore a character of cowardice and meanneſs connected with infamy. The great aſſaſſins will be execrated leſs than theſe robbers, the offspring of debauchery, who with hypocritical fronts have melted away with the fortune of the public that of every private individual. Pillage has ſomething in it more diſgraceful than violence. The fatal cart is ready, the cords to tie my hands behind my back are prepared, the axe is already ſuſpended, and is held only by a little ſpring. Death is the operation but of an inſtant! but to periſh by the cold and barbarous calculation of a calm ſpeculator, to ſee him ordering my death and that of my fellow-citizens, to ſee him eating the entrails of the republic! No; this vile and inſolent man, this ſhameleſs contract-jobber, will become the horror and ſhame of the moſt diſtant poſterity, and juſtice, which ſooner or later unſheathes its ſword, will not ſuffer ſuch a criminal to eſcape, but will ſeize him amidſt his execrable ſpoils; he has conſpired againſt the whole; let him regorge, and let him be thus puniſhed, for that mode of death by which the true republicans have periſhed is too glorious to weigh upon his head.

I have ſubſtituted the word contract-jobber to that of contractor, in order to point out thoſe contractors who are ſwindlers, thieves, and ſubjects liable to puniſhment.

CHAP. CCXIII.

TOASTS.

For ſome time paſt the newſ-papers and dining-rooms re-echo with toaſts. No *re-union* (this word in the new vocabulary means a great dinner) now takes place, without drinking toaſts to juſtice, humanity, to every republic, to the fair ſex of both hemiſpheres. Is not this gallantry?

Toaſts are drunk to the conſtitution of 1795, to the 9th of Thermidor, and the 14th of July; to the armies of Italy, to thoſe of Germany, and to their commanders. Toaſts are drunk alſo to a general peace. This cuſtom, ſervilely copied from the Engliſh, is adopted alike by the Jacobins and royaliſts; but as toaſts multiply, another ſort of intoxication takes place beſides that of patriotiſm. I am ſorry that we are the apes of England in this buſineſs. I have ſeen toaſts drunk before the images of the twenty-two aſſaſſinated deputies. Were toaſts then neceſſary to excite at that moment the ſenſibility of the gueſts?

The royaliſts in theſe feſtivals are always more ſober than the Jacobins. You may diſcover theſe by a certain phlegm, by a concentration which no old mountaineer poſſeſſes. We muſt own this latter is as undiſguiſed in his vices as he was in his crimes.

We may eaſily conceive how, under the reign of Philip Auguſtus, a knight might drink and intoxicate himſelf with love for victory and for his miſtreſs; but at a time, and eſpecially in a country, when we had left thoſe libations to free maſons, I have beheld with ſome pain that cuſtom adopted of putting the glaſſes in a row, and raiſing them up at the word of command, and loading your ſtomach ceremoniouſly in honour of perſons and of things which are far from us, and for whom we can feel no ſincere affection.

Have we not ſwerved from our character in following this Britiſh cuſtom? I could have wiſhed that we had found ſomething new, and which was more particularly appropriate to the genius of the French. Our anceſtors pledged, which was well enough when looks and hearts were in union; but to drink to metaphyſical beings!

The

The compoſition of all theſe toaſts is at preſent a ſtudy. The edition is reviewed and corrected; the words and ſyllables are weighed, and become a matter of ſerious importance, ſcarcely accordant with the gaiety of the table; but the French will ever do little things ſeriouſly, and will be light and trifling in great things.

The inventor of a toaſt gets himſelf celebrated the next day in every newſpaper, and the moſt unpardonable plagiariſm would be the attempting to tear from another this wreath of glory. The guilty plagiary could not be ſufficiently condemned.

CHAP. CCXIV.

QUILL-DRIVERS.

THERE is no perſon who has not had to complain either of the inſolence, or ignorance, or of the multitude of clerks employed in public offices to cut up pens, and obſtruct the progreſs of buſineſs.

Never was the ſway of office carried to a more exaggerated, more expenſive, and more tireſome point. Never were affairs ſo backward, as ſince the creation of that army of clerks, who are with reſpect to work what valets are with reſpect to ſervice. Watch-words, regulations, enregiſterings, formalities of every kind, have been multiplied with ſo much profuſion and ſo little diſcernment, that a great many people, diſguſted with waiting for their penſions, and ſoliciting their affairs, have taken the reſolution of giving them up.

This mode of adminiſtering by agencies, commiſſions, offices, and clerks, has not only diſturbed public order, but demoralized adminiſtration, by overcharging it with a crowd of fools, of ignorant men, of traitors and royaliſts, who have taken their hunger for zeal, and their zeal for talent; by giving ſcandalous and frequent examples of rapid and monſtrous fortunes falling into the hands of the moſt vile, the moſt ſilly, or moſt perfidious; by multiplying in the agents of government the means of corruption, and the objects of cupidity; by opening new iſſues to intrigue, to cabal, to cunning, to immorality, and to the infamous ſpeculations of ſtockjobbing and royaliſm; by ſtrewing with

new obſtacles the avenues of juſtice, and the ſo much deſirable return of the laws; by ſtifling the voice of liberty and the claims of the unfortunate, by introducing into ſociety a ſyſtem of eſpionnage and denunciation, which has ſpread diſtruſt, ſervility, and hypocriſy; by delivering up, in ſhort, our finances to a canker an hundred times more gnawing, more devouring, than that which precipitated us into the revolution.

This quill-mania, which dates from M. Colbert, has riſen within three years to this height. Clerks, papers, and details, have abſorbed every thing. The clerk, ſecretary, or writer to the moſt obſcure reference, named committee, is ſurrounded with more piles of papers, is more occupied, and more important than formerly the miniſter of war. The whole is governed by the pen, and without appeal; military, ſubſiſtence, police, interior, diplomacy, commerce, and politics. When the firſt ſtep is taken in affairs of this kind, abuſes go on multiplying, and details never finiſh. Each of theſe details requires the attention of one man, becauſe every man requires a place. The multiplication of papers and offices is endleſs. Referees muſt have their clerks, the clerks muſt have their copiers, the copiers their underlings, and that goes on ſtill ſubdividing. Five enlightened and laborious men would have done all the buſineſs of the committee of legiſlation, which one hundred and ſeventeen clerks do badly. The Marquis de Louvois had two firſt clerks: we have ſeen ſeventy-two chiefs in the different war-offices, each of which has under his orders twenty-five clerks and four copiers. But at leaſt theſe clerks were acquainted with their trade?—they were not acquainted with the firſt elements of it: the greater part do not know how to read. You think we exaggerate, but it is literally true: faults in orthography, faults in French, faults in the ſenſe, are the leaſt vices in thoſe young muſcadins lately ſo diſguſting. In general, their writing is fine, and one might ſuppoſe that is the only eſſay that has been exacted from them, as tallneſs was formerly the only merit that M. de Poyanne looked for in the men of his regiment; but writing does not furniſh more inſtruction than courage and tallneſs. The carabiniers were ruined when men were taken by the fathom; the offices will be ever ineffectual, while in order to get an entrance it is ſufficient to be able to write a fair hand.

Such are the abuſes which the government propoſes to reform. If it has not ſooner done it, it is becauſe, amidſt the wrecks of every kind, which the ſucceſſive fall of the Jacobins

Jacobins and the royaliſts have left ſtrewed around, its firſt care was to ſecure its own footing, the ſecond will be conſecrated to ſweeping away from the adminiſtrations, the agencies, the commiſſions, the committees, and all their impurities; and this is not the affair of a day, when you have not at your orders the waters of the river Alpheus.

CHAP. CCXV.

ALL PARTIES UNMASKED.

SUCH is the title of a pamphlet of thirty-two pages, in which the author, whoſe opinions I by no means partake, has ſeized happily enough certain ſhades of the revolution. Here is the manner in which he paints the principal factions who have acted a part in this great drama.

The *Jacobins*. This party, ultimately hewing and hewed, is very conſiderable; it has two very ſtrong ties, folly, and preſumption. Perſecution has formed it into a corps, and they look on themſelves as oppreſſed. They are all accuſed of being criminals, and this is what perpetuates them.

The *Feuillants*. An hermaphrodite ſect, yielding by turns to force, fear, and vanity: perfidious ſervants, powerleſs friends, dangerous enemies.

Popular Societies. Compoſed of leaders, and the led, who thought themſelves the ſovereign, when they had the key of every priſon, and had obtained impunity for every crime.

Royaliſts. They only bear the name, and endeavour to get themſelves paid for it.

The *Jeunes Gens* have alſo formed a party. The pleaſures of theſe young men form a ſort of comic amuſement totally devoid of taſte as well as morality.

When a revolution does not throw out virtues, it is vice that ſhoots its buds; and this is the caſe with our youth. In cities it has only changed the mode of ſlavery, and has been degraded by the madneſs of the play known by the name of jobbing.

The *Mountaineers*. There were three claſſes of them, the dexterous, the ſtrong, and the ſilly. The dexterous were

baniſhed, the ſtrong condemned to the ſcaffold, the fooliſh ſaved themſelves in ſwimming with the ſtream.

The *Dantoniſts* were the opponents of the dexterous, and are not yet deſtroyed.

The *Seventy-three*; remainder of more than an hundred individuals torn from the ſenate in the diſaſtrous days of the 31ſt of May and 1ſt of June. They have regained the victory.

The *Marſh*. Middling kind of people, who hated the mountaineers from their averſion for crime, rather than taſte for virtue. They ſpoke of principles without knowing what they meant; they would have become Dantoniſts to have overturned Robeſpierre.

CHAP. CCXVI.

HEBERTISTS.

THE name of conſpirators againſt liberty, of which Hebert, ſo notorious under the borrowed name of *Pere Ducheſne*, was the chief, and whoſe conſpiracy made ſhipwreck againſt the guillotine, with which he threatened the beſt citizens. The name of this wretch will be remembered on account of his deteſtable journal, entitled the *Pere Ducheſne*, which abounded in the loweſt and moſt vulgar obſcenity, and which was publicly and conſtantly approved by the Mountain.

He was the foſter-brother of Chaumette, who was a monk, a cabin-boy, a naturaliſt, and procureur of the commune. It was he who inſpired Danton with the idea of propoſing the law for the releaſe of all priſoners for debt, and the abolition of arreſts, which till then had been the practice; this has always been a precaution with makers of revolutions.

This ſubaltern monſter poſſeſſed no other courage than that of aſſaſſinating at eaſe, in his hideous journal; of cutting off defenceleſs heads, and never expoſing his own.

When the ſections of Paris came frankly to aſk the convention what means it had of ſaving France, Hebert compiled the addreſs; Barrere's anſwer betrayed the terror of thoſe who wanted to terrify all Europe.

As

As he went to puniſhment, he was covered with the hiſſes and inſults of the people, who ſaluted him with—"Where are thy furnaces now?" alluding to the vignette of his abominable journal, in which he called for the deſtruction of thouſands of heads, which at that time was being a republican.

This old adventurer, receiver of the checks at a theatre, gave occaſion, when he was arreſted, and the popular ſocieties moved in his favour, for that celebrated anſwer of Iſnard, in which he told the banditti, "If it ever happens "that any attempt be made on the national repreſenta- "tion, I declare to you that the whole of France will "take exemplary vengeance for ſuch a crime, and the "traveller will wander on the banks of the Seine, enquir- "ing where Paris once ſtood." It is impoſſible to deſcribe the rage with which theſe words inſpired the Jacobins and the mother ſociety. One would have thought that their hall had been burnt; they roared at it every day, or rather their conſciences, affrighted at this terrible prediction, ſaw national juſtice already ſeizing them under the popular maſk, and delivering them over to the vengeance of the law.

The anarchiſts are overwhelmed with grief, when we remind them of theſe thundering words. After having made a god of Marat, they wanted to deify Hebert and Chaumette, that monkiſh hog, whoſe trade was blood. It was at Paris that all theſe perſonages ſwarmed, allured by the windfalls of a revolution.

The project of the chiefs of the commune was to diſcloſe, to annihilate the convention, in order to uſurp the whole of its power. Robeſpierre and Marat fell on the ſame day.

I had this confeſſion from the Spaniard Guſman. We called him Tocſinos, in alluſion to the tocſin of the 31ſt of May, which he had cauſed to be rung. He often told me, in the interchange of confidence, that the inſurrection, of which he was one of the promoters, was directed againſt the whole of the national repreſentation, of which project I gave immediate information to my colleagues, who were priſoners with me. It was clear to us that the mountaineers, not leſs blind than ferocious, had never known the imminent danger which they had themſelves incurred on thoſe terrible days; they had thirſted for the blood of the ſeventy-three, while it was we who by our generous and firm proteſt had given the firſt ſtroke to the Swiſs Pache, the Auſtrian Proby, and the Brabanters Pereira and Dubuiſſon,

iſſon, Marat the Neufchatelois, and the ex-capuchin Chabot, all foreigners.

The moſt monſtrous part of this machination was, that this traitorous municipality, in diſſolving and ſtriking at the faithful repreſentatives of the people, wanted this diſſolution to be made by the convention itſelf.

The ſame men who guarded all the avenues leading to the place of our ſittings, who inſulted us, who laid their hands on our perſons, ſo that many thought that their coats had been torn, who pointed their muſquets at us when ſome of us went to the windows to examine what was paſſing, were the ſame who came and inſulted us in our dungeons, ſpoke to us with inſolence, refuſed us the moſt common neceſſaries of life, and mingled the moſt taunting irony with their crimes. And when I recollect the acclamation of the tribunes; Henriot, with his hat on his head and inſolence on his brow, crying out that the *ſovereign people* were arouſed, and that he was come to dictate their laws; and that Hebert, his ſecond and imitator, obtained in the end the ſame and as great a number of ſatellites; oh, if I had had the misfortune to have entertained any demagogical ideas, I ſhould have diſmiſſed them at this hideous repreſentation, for I have retained for a long time in my memory the phyſiognomies of all theſe wretches, which correſponded ſo exactly with thoſe of Couthon and Robeſpierre.

Hebert imagined that he inherited the ſecret of ranging a whole convention under the yoke of a few oppreſſors, of lifting the decemviral axe on his own account, and of puniſhing a geſture, a ſigh, a word, with death. He had created alſo his magical expreſſions, and had his ſtreet-porters, his revolutionary females, his harpies, and his petitioners, in the tribunes. In ſhort, he was about to give a finiſhed picture of the moſt perfect anarchy, if other demagogues had not beheld in him a rival whom it was neceſſary to get rid of, by ſending him to puniſhment.

The coloſſal power of the commune did not, however, continue to increaſe leſs progreſſively till the day of the 9th of Thermidor.

Marat, from the immenſe popularity which his ſanguinary journal had acquired him, was the father of all the horrors which followed his horrible reign. O government! be ſtrong in order to be juſt, becauſe in being juſt thou art ſure of being ſtrong!

CHAP.

CHAP. CCXVII.

DANGEROUS CABRIOLETS.

SINCE the people are ſovereign, and call themſelves ſo, it is very inconceivable that they ſuffer themſelves to be cruſhed as under the old regime. The people do not complain too much of the rapidity of carriages, of their danger, and the frequency of accidents. When any one is wounded, they pick him up, and place him in the common hand-barrows of the ſection; and what has juſtly aſtoniſhed me is, that I have never heard either imprecations or maledictions againſt the imprudent or brutal driver.

The bureau-central has publiſhed regulations ſanctioned by the central adminiſtration, which forbid the drivers of horſes and coaches to go faſter than a ſhort trot in the ſtreets of Paris.

This prudent order is ſo far from being put into execution, that it is entirely unknown, and of courſe does not hinder numerous accidents from taking place, occaſioned by the rapid courſe of certain equipages, which ſeem really to make a jeſt of the lives and members of the unfortunate foot-paſſengers, ſtill more than in paſt times.

The day even of the fête of the ſovereignty of the people, a citizen periſhed under the wheels of the cabriolet of a ſtock-jobber, who was going to different exchange-brokers to ranſack the poor rentiers, thoſe even who made him the depoſitary of their bons of two-thirds and three-fourths. They melt away like butter in a ſtove, while the ſtock-jobber eats their *omelettes aux fines herbes*.

After having torn up the pavement for five or ſix hours, they go and get themſelves indigeſtions. When the famine, organized by Robert Lindet, and perfected by Boiſſy d'Anglas, paraded its ghaſtly form in Paris, they only fared more ſumptuouſly. The ancients had their *vomitorium*, our rich moderns make uſe of it as they did, and the apothecaries begin again their functions, no longer for canons dying with hunger, but for the ſtock-jobbers, heirs of their unconquerable appetite.

The involuntary reſpect, therefore, which the people in general have for riches, in ſpite of all the epithets laviſhed on ariſtocracy, leads them to look with anger on the rapid

circu-

circulation of the carriages, of which they are ſo often the victims; but the idea that the return of opulence will revive what the Pariſian calls commerce, and which is gain only for himſelf, renders him, and will always render him, indifferent to misfortunes, loſt in the crowd and torrent of the population. The magiſtrates even would be more ſevere againſt infractions of the laws of caprice, of minute regulations, than againſt the homicide mounted in a ſeat, holding the whip in his hand, driving fiery courſers harneſſed to the car of a proſtitute. Opulence! opulence! drive thy horſes at thy pleaſure, run thy wheels, and ſhow thy indifference for broken arms and legs! Thou reigneſt without a rival, and without decay, and without interval, over the ſovereign people.

Of all the obſervations which I have made, this is perhaps one of the moſt important; it is at leaſt that which makes me reflect moſt on the inexplicability of the Pariſian people.

CHAP. CCXVIII.

PLAIN OF SABLONS.

HERETOFORE the two laſt kings of France reviewed every year in this plain, burnt up with the rays of the ſun, the regiments of the French and Swiſs guards, and this was the extent of their warlike exploits. Theſe kings of France, in their quality of colonel, did not deign to draw their ſword; they waved their handkerchief, and all the puppets moved at that ſignal of the Sardanapalus.

At preſent, a fairy has touched with her wand that barren plain; the palace of Armida is raiſed on the ſpot, while the buildings have the air of enchantment. The taſte for amuſement is ſo prevalent, that it has rendered every mind inventive, and it is on this almoſt univerſal taſte that a crowd of people ſpeculate. Every day is a day of fête, and every advertiſement is ſo attractive, that the ſick make exertions to leave home and run to the ball.

On that ſpot are planted groves, where lately there was nothing but ſand, and not the ſemblance of a ſhrub; a pavilion, which you would imagine raiſed by a magical power, which ſparkles with the fineſt illuminations, ſtill empty,

empty, but not leſs illuminated, and waiting the amateurs of the dance, or thoſe who wiſh for a nearer view of the graces of thoſe beauties of which they had only a tranſient glance.

Brilliant equipages flow in from all quarters, for they are as plenty now as under the old regime, and all filled with pretty women, ſome of whom are remarkable for the elegance of their dreſs, and others for their little reſpect for decency. Some nymphs, diſmounting from their whiſkies, are careful to diſplay the fine forms of their boſoms, while old dowagers, who are no longer in poſſeſſion of this kind of beauty, cry out ſhame, and their juniors of fifty join chorus. But theſe tranſient rumours, continually ſtifled by the acclamations of the multitude, make no impreſſion on thoſe who are the objects; indifferent as ſtatues, ſurrounded by admirers, they ſeem to hear nothing that paſſes around them. What a ſingular book might be made on the faſhions! and why do our charming French women, who have ſo much taſte, bend ſometimes ſubmiſſive under ſingularities which aſſimilate them to ſavages; thoſe deviations are, however, of ſhort duration; the graceful and decent taſte is reſuming its inevitable empire.

As ſoon as day falls, fires lighted at certain diſtances preſent a moſt brilliant coup d'œil. Every grove becomes reſplendent, day-light returns more ſoft and chaſtened, different coloured glaſſes wear the ſemblances of topazes, emeralds, and ſapphires of prodigious ſize, and look in perſpective like the throne of the Grand Mogul in all its radiant magnificence. Large mirrors reflect this enchanting ſcene.

All at once the ſaltpetre thunders, and excites a lively commotion through the whole aſſembly; you lift your eyes and behold rockets, fiery ſheafs, bombs ſplitting into millions of ſtars, aeroſtats mounting with goddeſſes of the mythology, floating majeſtically in the air, and then ſwiftly deſcending on the graſs, where the laugh of the ſpectators takes place of the admiration which they felt for them while ſoaring.

Inſtruments of muſic, ſometimes diſcordant enough, mingle with theſe agreeable detonations, for women are pleaſed with the ſmell of powder; it gives them a diſtant idea of war, and in a calm place, where they receive no other wounds than thoſe of the arrows of love, ſometimes jealous, ſometimes traitorous, and ſometimes deſperate; pains of the heart a thouſand times preferable for them to languor and liſtleſſneſs.

What

What a city is Paris, and what a diverſity of enjoyments it offers! Twenty theatres, concerts, balls, women of every complexion, Vaudevilles full of wit, romances tranſlated from the Engliſh, the phantaſmagony, the poetry of the hotel Teluſſon, Lyceums without number, and a national inſtitute.

The hotels of princes, of great ſeigneurs, and of men the moſt opulent, are open to you with all their luxury, their furniture, their glaſſes, their Engliſh gardens; and there you find muſic, dances, illuminations, fire-works, plentiful tables, and ice-fruits; you throw yourſelf ſoftly down on the rich ſopha of an emigrant; you admire yourſelf in the large pier-glaſſes of the Dutcheſs of Bourbon; and all theſe enjoyments coſt you half a crown.

Oh! you who live at four or five hundred leagues diſtance will come and viſit this great city; you will come from the four corners of the world; your deſpots will be unable to reſtrain you; you will make your eſcape; you will come amongſt us, and we will teach you to laugh a little at all theſe crowned heads, *en attendant* that you learn *to treat them as they deſerve*, and you ſhall be made acquainted with the full extent of this new and pleaſant ſignification, a good equivoque, which we uſe in our common converſation, a neat two-edged ſword, which figures in the mouths of our public Senators, and which has ſometimes been of wonderful ſervice to us.

CHAP. CCXIX.

INDECENT SPECTACLE.

THE garden of the Tuilleries has given a juſt celebrity to the name of Lenotre; its majeſtic appearance, beautiful diſtribution, its alleys, terraces, its various points of view, have rendered it a magnificent place, and every day adds to its embelliſhments and decorations. There is nothing left to deſire with reſpect to ſuperb vaſes, and fine copies of the maſter-pieces of antiquity, which at preſent ornament this wonderful garden; but why cannot the eye fix itſelf alike on all theſe works of art?

There is a ſex whoſe modeſty we ought to reſpect, if we are deſirous of finding them worthy of our eſteem, and are jealous

jealous of our own happineſs; there is an eye to which we cannot expoſe without danger all the ſecret and viſible beauties of the human body; and what good does it do to excite immature paſſions?

Is our republic that of Sybaris? and why are all theſe gods of the mythology there naked, and in the bloom of life, inſtead of Cato, Socrates, Cicero, or the ſtatues of Archimedes and Hippocrates?

There is not a day paſſes that we do not repeat, "That "is immoral;" and if there be a ſtatue with forms more pronounced, muſcles more ſwelling, that ſtatue is erected in the place of the moſt public reſort. Is it not a complete contradiction to ſee on the one ſide *the office for public morality*, and on the other that inclination of the artiſts, ſeeming to invite our women, rivals of Grecian beauty, to venture ſoon to expoſe themſelves like the ſtatues, and the men as Hercules and Apollo.

Where then is that gravity of manners, that decency, that promiſe of regeneration, that republican dignity? If libertiniſm exiſt, why furniſh it with ſo good an excuſe? Minerva by the ſide of Silence in a grove, would ſay more than the group of *Caſtor and Pollux*; but a *Meleager* without a covering has expelled the author of Emilius. Flora, whoſe robe ſo decent veils her chaſte attractions, the Faun who plays on the flute, and whoſe ſounds we think we hear; ſuch are the ſtatues on which the eye can repoſe in the moſt inviting garden of Paris, but others ſeem in a conſpiracy againſt good morals.

It is the clothing of Chriſt *in the Transfiguration of Raphael*, which forms the dignity of this ſublime picture; take it off, and the picture becomes profane.

It is not the work of republican genius which has ſtrewed the ſoil of this magnificent garden with the ſeeds of corruption; it was becauſe the eyes of the Romans were familiarized with obſcene ſtatues, with the Ganymede of Jupiter, the Swan of Leda; they did not ſcruple to chiſel the adultery of Mars and Venus on their feſtival cups.

I recollect with pleaſure what was called the round of the Luxemburg; the innocent dances made up of children of both ſexes, under the eyes of their parents, looked like a family meeting; there every thing was lively, animated, ſmiling, and chaſte; there were no other ſtatues than thoſe of nature, whoſe roſes covered the boſom. Pure as the flowers which married themſelves under their eyes, the young girls did not ſuſpect that one day they would have their hymen as well as the flowers.

But

But the *arts*, the *fine arts*, I hear every one exclaiming around me. Modeſty, however, turns away, or caſts down its eyes, and finds theſe fine *arts* ugly in ſeveral of thoſe immoral maſter-pieces.

Why ſhould not a very lively ſentiment be alſo a profound reaſoning? and what anſwer ſhall we return to the powerful though tacit reproach of that mother who forbids herſelf the walk, and even paſſage, through the garden? Have we no longer any modeſt women?

I will not ſay with Dupaty, morals and ſtatues are two things incompatible; but I will ſay, Let us not forget that every people has its modeſty, and that modeſty, beſides being the ſafe-guard of certain principles, is moreover the grace of love.

Is it not in favour of modeſty that night draws her curtain, that the ſpring dreſſes the trees and ſhrubs with foliage? and is it not under their myſterious ſhade that the birds themſelves dreſs the nuptial bed?

CHAP. CCXX.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE 21ST OF JANUARY.

THIS anniverſary is founded on a law highly politic, and is become a republican and immortal feſtival.

Mieux vaut goujat debout, qu' empereur enterré.

This line contains a great deal of good ſenſe. Fontenelle ſaid, "I am the friend of printed books, but I make "war on manuſcripts." Thus when the work is done, when the ſtatue is melted, when the axe is fallen, it is no longer what is done that we ought to cenſure; the paſt is no longer in our power; we have to look only at the preſent and the future.

In politics eſpecially yeſterday is a corpſe. From this anniverſary it reſults, that it is not a man, but a government, which we have deſtroyed; if we had not killed it, it would have killed us.

Every public functionary takes an oath on that day of hatred to royalty. I have taken it, and if it were not in my heart it would not have paſſed my lips.

On

On the 21ſt of January, 1796, fourth year of the republic, the fête which was to be celebrated in the commemoration of the juſt puniſhment of the tyrant, began by diſcharges of artillery, and at eight in the morning drums and trumpets informed the moſt indolent that the fête and their duty called them to the Champ de Mars.

At noon all the conſtituted authorities of Paris were aſſembled around a great ſtatue ſeated like that of liberty, but which, from its forms and its attributes, ſeemed rather to repreſent Hercules, or ſtrength.

The Directory preſided in full dreſs, and the patriotic airs of the *Marſeillois*, *Ca ira*, of *Veillons au ſalut de l'empire*, *le Chant du depart*, &c. were ſung. At two the oath was taken at the ſound of a numerous diſcharge of artillery, and repeated by a crowd of republicans full of enthuſiaſm, and ready to ſhed their blood in defence of their works.

It was a long time ſince we had had a republican fête: this was celebrated with pomp, welcomed with tranſport, and terminated without any accident, in ſpite of the ſad preſentiments of ſome, and the peremptory prophecies of others.

What are we to think of this fête? that it is in the political order of things we ſhould avoid the example of the Engliſh.

We may be reconciled with people, but it is not when we have cut off their heads.

Every deſpot on the earth felt on the nape of his neck the ſtroke of the guillotine, which ſeparated the head of Louis the XVIth from his body; they will therefore be the eternal enemies of the French republic; they will diſſemble for a long time; they will make treaties, but they will not the leſs endeavour to avenge their cauſe in that of the decapitated king. It is becauſe time cannot efface this terrible example, that they will ſtrive to deſtroy the nation which has dared to give it to the univerſe. This nation ought then to brave all deſpots together, when they ſhall have the inſolence to aſk us an account of the blood of a perſon perjured; it ought to celebrate the anniverſary of the 21ſt of January, and threaten to reduce to powder the neighbouring thrones, ſooner than give the ſlighteſt hint of fear or repentance.

I did all I could to ſave the laſt king from the puniſhment of death; he is no more; his aſhes are inſenſible; and if it was neceſſary, I would dance *politically* over his grave.

If

If a good deal of courage was neceſſary in certain deputies not to vote his death, much more was neceſſary to vote for his reſpite, and this is what I did alſo. I remember that our vote was received with menaces and hiſſings. Yes, it is impoſſible to deſcribe the agitation, even to madneſs, of this long and convulſive ſitting. The members who ventured to manifeſt their deſire of delaying the death of the king were overwhelmed with invectives. The deputies of the Gironde employed the greateſt firmneſs in this painful ſtruggle. Thuriot and Barrere ſpoke as if they trembled that Louis ſhould eſcape his executioners.

In this manner a throne of eight hundred years was overturned, and dyed in blood, and yet its duration is certainly the thing the moſt aſtoniſhing.

It is for hiſtory to ſay why the greater part of the crowned heads, at the time of the king's trial, did not throw ſome obſtacle in the way of his death, and to obſerve moreover, how preſumptuous it is that one among them might have participated in it by indirect means; and theſe hypocritical courts affect to throw the moſt odious colours over a fête, which the ſafety and dignity of a great nation imperiouſly command.

CHAP. CCXXI.

BILLS STUCK ON THE WALLS.

THAT uninterrupted ſeries of white, red, roſe-colour, yellow, green, blue, and grey placards, all newly ſtruck with the ſtamp, is an indication at firſt of the power of the law. I behold them afterwards as load-ſtones attracting the paſſengers, fixing them before the walls, ſo as to make them forget the rolling of the carriages; and they faſten their eyes on them, as much to regulate their ideas as to quicken their memory, and learn wiſdom and experience from the various documents laid before them.

If you look for the vehicle of public inſtruction, you will find it in thoſe bills; the great point would be to write them well, that is, to make them the vehicle of what is good.

In revolutionary tempeſts theſe bills ſupply the place of the alarm-bell, aſſemble the factions tumultuouſly together,

ther, make the governors tremble behind their ſatellites, inflame paſſions, and put a hot iron in the hand of every bill-writer.

Bills formerly gave no other information to the public than that of the ſale of houſes, with their appendages and appurtenances; or the deceaſe of ſome fat cardinal, with the number of bottles of old wine in his cellars, that of his rings, and other apoſtolical jewels; or the ſailing of ſome ſhips for the Eaſt Indies. At preſent theſe bills form a courſe of moral philoſophy, of politics, and literature; precepts on the art of governing men are found by the ſide of the golden promiſes of the caſhiers of tontines, and the rules of legiſlation are ſtudied between the advertiſement of wonderful tricks of ſlight of hand and the ſpecifics of the mountebank.

This is an inſtructive, permanent and continually renewed library, which wants no clerks either to hold the book on the deſk or turn over the leaf. It is an oſtenſible collection of all acts, projects, and fugitive or ſingular conceptions of men. It is a mute, but eloquent advertiſement at the end of every ſtreet, which ſpeaks to you of your health, of your fortune, of your pleaſures, of your approaching journies; and which daily entertains you with objects of natural hiſtory, diplomacy, finance, and the kitchen. In the twinkling of an eye you become the tenant of the ſtudies and labours of every artiſt, mechanic, or paſtry cook. A ſimple and ſhort analyſis puts you in the way of judging from the ſample of the maſters of every ſcience.

Dainty feeders, joyous fellows, with rubicund noſes, paſs all theſe ſcientific advertiſements, but they well know where they can drink their fill of Bourdeaux, Champagne, and the rare liqueur of the iſlands. Thirty-two bills of theatres always near each other, and always in rivalry, tell us that the people themſelves form a new kind of clergy, which aſſiduouſly ſerve the numerous temples of Pariſian idleneſs, and prove that our play-houſes make up for the ſpacious circus of the Romans; for we love cakes and amuſements quite as much as thoſe ancient maſters of the world. At Rome, however, the blind played neither tragedy nor comedy; they did not print handbills. At Rome, thoſe who were born deaf and dumb did not ſpeak with their fingers. At Rome, Cæſar dictated to four at a time; a mere trifle: at Paris an *improviſateur* advertiſes, that he dictates ten letters at a time to ten different perſons,

ſons, on as many ſubjects as ſhall be propoſed to him, in five different languages, French, Latin, Engliſh, Spaniſh, and Italian; and that all ſhall be finiſhed at the ſame time.

The reſtaurateurs and traiteurs, lately keepers of cooks'-ſhops, and all models of ſcientific knowledge, outbid each other in promiſes and ſenſual experiments: in every quarter they offer you their table and their talents; the glutton compares and meditates. The young glutton of another kind, unable to reſiſt the firſt rebellion of the paſſions, and who has been ſtung by the perfidious ſerpent of pleaſure under the bed of roſes, is warned not to give himſelf up to deſpair: he may chuſe his Eſculapius, be reſtored again to life, become more wiſe, and turn away his eyes another time from the brilliant tinder of a bourgeois ball.

You may even be informed, and you may read it without ſpectacles, that this devouring cancer is yielding to the efforts of art; and that this rapacious vulture, which preys indiſtinctly on wives and virgins, may, without the knife, be attacked and extirpated in its birth. As for ruptures, the elaſtic bandages weary your eyes.

Who is that bill-ſticker, mounted on a ſhort ladder? What is there to come from beneath the paſte of his thick bruſh, with which he is ſcummering ſo rapidly the ſuffering wall? *Proſpectus of journals!* The titles are all droll and ſingular; all are anxious to reform our political ideas, to teach us the true ſtate of things, as well as the method to cure the evils of empires.

"Plus on en tue, et plus il s'en preſente." VOLTAIRE.

Oh! what a privilege it is to be enabled every day to judge of men, empires, and events; to diſtribute praiſe or blame to generals, writers, and legiſlators! How proud we are to warn poſterity of what it ought to think, for fear it ſhould be deceived! How glorious is it to erect our ſpeaking tribunes two feet above a bourn! Antiquity never knew any thing about hand-bills! Poor antiquity! our deſcendants will be ſtill much better taught.

The placard covers, colours, and clothes Paris at this moment, and we may call it Paris *advertiſer*, to diſtinguiſh it, by its moſt apparent dreſs, from the other cities of the world.

Theſe numberleſs papers, of every form and colour, teach foreigners that there is no town where there are ſo many people who read, ſo many people who write, ſo many people who print, ſo many people who invent, ſo many

many people who ſpeculate, ſo many people who trade, ſo many people who project, and ſo many who never execute.

The ſtamp-tax, which reaches the ſtrayed pug or the roving canary bird, as well as the modeſt advertiſement of the teacher of Latin, and that of more ſerious concern, the pawnbrokers, does not hinder a pillar, a corner of a door, not the leaſt ſurface, from being covered with a great or little placard, broad or narrow; and this ingenious tax, which ought to have taken place much ſooner, promiſes to become productive. Indirect taxes, ſo often rejected by the economiſts, are the wiſeſt means of reviving our republic.

CHAP. CCXXII.

GUYOT'S DICTIONARY.

THE ſtudy of our numberleſs laws, is a ſtudy truly afflicting; we feel ourſelves loſing the reſpect we ought to feel for the word *law*, when we add the word *laws*; we have then the idea only of an immenſe ocean, in which the mind, attention, and memory make ſhipwreck.

In our regeneration it was neceſſary to be quick in building; when large holes are made, the void becomes very perceptible, and neceſſity compelled us to fill it up in a precipitate manner. The political body is a perfect reſemblance of a ſick body overwhelmed with remedies. To thoſe laws, created in times of ignorance, often without any connection or harmony, ſometimes inefficacious, often ill executed, are joined ours, imperfect in their compilation, ſtill uncertain; in ſhort, too new to agree with our former notions.

If we have broken the yoke of *routines* and *entraves*, we have not heſitated in giving ourſelves new ones.

Nothing is more formidable than this ſuperfetation of the laws; and nothing perhaps is a greater proof of the legiſlative mania, of the haughty confidence of theory, than this code, which is become thicker in a few years than all the other codes in the world.

Who does not ſtart back with diſmay on ſeeing this voluminous maſs? However great the neceſſity, the moſt

intrepid citizen cannot help loſing courage, when he wants to conſult on the one hand every thing which he has to know for the regulation of his civil conduct, and, on the other, inveſtigate the formidable difficulties which ſurround him on every ſide, if he be willing to conciliate doctrines ſo diverging.

There are no queſtions which do not offer particular embarraſſments, reſulting from that chaos of ancient laws which have not been abrogated; and of more than twenty-five thouſand new ones. What an inextricable labyrinth! who will give us the clue fit to guide us through this immenſe Dædalus?

An ancient judge of the tribunal of reviſion, the C. Guyot, has undertaken this taſk. He has juſt analyſed not only the laws, but the ſenſe of the laws; he has reduced to palpable forms thoſe laws ſtuck round with contradictions, and has cleared them away; his ſtyle is conciſe; he has introduced us, in ſhort, into a regular edifice, and we ſhall walk no longer in darkneſs.

All the deciſions, which can excite our intereſt or our curioſity, are claſſed after the alphabetical mode, the mode which anſwers beſt to our daily wants, as well as our natural impatience.

There is no part either of civil or criminal juriſprudence which has not been handled; and the cuſtoms and uſages have been more examined during five years, than during the ſpace of twenty ages.

If the philoſopher ſighs over the thouſand perplexing formula with which we have hampered ourſelves, the author of this *Dictionnaire raiſonné des Lois* clears away the rubbiſh; with a ſtrong mind, tinctured with the principles of liberty, and at the ſame time conciſe and regular, he points out errors and amendments on every ſide, which will not fail to deſtroy that pedantry of regulations, which has ſo much obſcured the valuable works of the revolution. His reſpectful complaints will teach wiſdom to new legiſlators; they will ſecond their courage, mature at leaſt the end of a revolution, which was undertaken only to give to human dignity the greateſt latitude of liberty.

You will find in Guyot's dictionary, a meditation of the whole ſyſtem of juriſprudence; a plan in which he introduces all the ideas of our legiſlative aſſemblies; oft-times ſound reaſoning, ſometimes the energy of a firm and daring mind; views of reform; and thoſe precious qualities are not diſfigured by the dry pedantry of erudition, by a continual abuſe of citations, by a weariſome

and

and wandering prolixity, by the diſguſting ſtyle of the profeſſion.

More than one reader, who begins to feel diſguſt at the ſtudy of our juriſprudence, who trembles at the details, will take up the work of which I am ſpeaking; he will meet in it inſtruction without dryneſs; he will not find it tedious; he will give himſelf up to a ſcience made to intereſt him; he will be fond, in ſhort, of this good book, which is more than elementary, and which beſides is not voluminous. Thoſe who are inveſted with any portion of public authority ought to conſult it in preference; but other citizens may alſo read this dictionary, and they will eſteem the author for it. What more glorious recompence can crown ſo uſeful a work!

CHAP. CCXXIII.

GOWNS, ATTIRE.

THE pretty women and the goddeſſes of the day continue to ſweep the muddy ſtreets of the capital with their flowing and tranſparent robes.

The ſerene ſky of Greece, the mild and equal temperature of its climate, the cleanneſs of the ſtreets of its opulent cities, juſtified the form and the wearing of Athenian gowns; but in Paris, a city of mud and ſmoke, in the winter eſpecially, ſuch gowns muſt appear ridiculous to people of ſenſe.

The faſhionable ladies begin to diſdain the ſhawl, with which, in their turn, our plebeian ſtrollers decorate themſelves. It is laid aſide for a doll's boddice, narrow and pinched, and ſhows a ſhape lately inviſible.

Not a petite maitreſſe, not a griſette, who does not decorate herſelf on a Sunday with an Athenian muſlin gown, and who does not draw up the pendant folds on the right arm, in order to drop into the form of ſome antique, or at leaſt equal *Venus aux belles feſſes*.

The men wear a ſquare coat of an immeaſurable length, folded over the knees; the breeches over the calves of the legs; the ſhoes are ſtuck on to the point of the foot, and are thin as paſteboard; the head repoſes on a cravat as on a

cuſhion, in form of a waſh-hand baſon; with others it ſerves as a grave for their chins.

The hair is either ſtivering, or divided on the forehead, the hanging ſides float behind the ears. No longer ruffles and chitterlings; the rage for linen fine as cambric is univerſal. A golden pin, in form of a ſtar or a butterfly, diſplays the fineneſs and whiteneſs of the ſhirt.

Equipped in this ſort, the beau ſtruts like a Hercules; a knotted ſtick in his hand, and ſpectacles on his noſe.

We have loſt all right of laughing at our grandfathers' long-ſkirted coats, with long facings: the great ſacks of our great-grandmothers have, with great reaſon, the merit of antiquity above thoſe of their great-grand-daughters, pinched up like puppets of the natural ſize of the polichinelloes in the ſhops.

You find them ſtill, in all their freſhneſs, in the old-clothes ſhops at the Halle; precious depoſits, which offer to the thinking man, and to wiſe children, true models of ſimplicity, wiſdom, and domeſtic economy.

Ah! what feeling man can behold them without breathing a ſigh, without thinking on the hunger which expoſes them to ſale, when they ought to have been the reward or portion of a good and well-educated daughter!

We admire at the Bois de Bologne the haughty and majeſtic beauty of our modern Calypſoes and Euchariſes; we are in extaſies at the ſight of their zones, their wigs, their open robes, which diſcover a leg of exquiſite grace; we juſtify the luxury, or rather the diſſipation of their dreſs. But is there one of theſe reſplendent beauties who has founded a bed in an hoſpital for the ſick and indigent man?

They are occupied by more important projects; their boudoir is in want of a marble Cupid!

In the morning they ſtudy the Journal des Dames, and the ſketches of the faſhions; diſcuſs with their hair-dreſſer on the efficacy of the water of pleaſure, the proſpectus of which, diſtributed at the Palais Egalité, informs the readers, that it has the property of hindering huſbands from becoming faithleſs to their wives while they are lying-in.

To ſee thoſe *incroyables* and *merveilleuſes* in their droll accoutrements, any one would aſk if the toilette of an Adonis is longer than that of a nymph: the loſs of time one would ſuppoſe was the ſame on both ſides. The *incroyables* perfume themſelves like the women, and, like them, they have as many roſes to tie, and as many knots to make.

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The toilette of their courſers is ſtill longer than their own. How often does the horſe of that Amazon ſtrike his foot on the ground with impatience under the ſciſſars of the groom!

After theſe ſingularities, there are others which are not leſs piquant; I mean the ſtreet-ſingers. Theſe choriſters have attained a certain degree of perfection: they frequent the Faydeau concert, and form themſelves after the beſt models. That man in particular, at the wheat-quay, the Orpheus of the Limouſins, after ſun-ſet, carols already in the ſtyle of Garat, and his enchanted auditors repeat his delicious warblings in piano.

The porters of the Halle are not quite ſo delicate; it is true that their ſongs are in the down-right ſtyle of republican liberty; they expreſs alike the word and the thing, to the great ſatisfaction of the boys and girls who liſten to them. The auditory of that region have ears like their windpipe.

While the fiddler ſets the teeth on edge with a violin with three ſtrings, his female plays on another. The blind men of the Quinze-vingts have no longer the privilege of thrumming the fiddle, and ſhaking our brains with the military drum; their gains are ſhared by other blind labourers. Thoſe famous fiddlers, whoſe walking orcheſtra followed the car of Reaſon in the glorious days of Robeſpierre, act tragedies and comedies at preſent. This difficult operation is as eaſy of belief as the motion of a blind man, who pretended at the tribune of the Jacobins, that he ſaw clearer into finance than the whole of the legiſlative body.

CHAP. CCXXIV.

DEMOLITION OF CHURCHES.

THE churches are tumbling down on all ſides; in a few years we ſhall no longer know where the churches of the Cordeliers, of the Jacobins, of the Auguſtins, of the Carmelites, of the Bernardines, of St. Opportune, of St. Jean-en-Grève, and of St. Germain-le-vieux, once ſtood.

St. Jacques la Boucherie, whoſe origin is loſt in the night of time, and whoſe tower riſing to the clouds has conſtantly defied the thunderbolt, and has been ſpared,

is

is falling at this moment under the ſtroke of the pickaxe. This church will coſt much more to demoliſh, than it coſt to build.

On an epitaph faſtened to one of its pillars we read, that a workman gained nineteen ſous nine deniers for nine days' labour. The plaſter coſt a ſous the ſack, and the mark of ſilver was then only ſeven or eight livres. In turning over the leaves of the pariſh regiſter, we find the names of very extraordinary pariſhioners; ſuch as Guillaume-hauſſe-cull, Perette Gaudete. Two chanters were named, one, Jean Carmen, the other, Jean Flageolet.

Thoſe Gothic temples, under the vaults of which the ſpiders peaceably wove their hereditary webs, will no longer reſound with the timid hymn of the infant choriſters, nor the meaſured ſong of the cloiſtered females. We ſhall no longer hear the pſalmody, in the ſong of ſongs, with a gentle and delicate voice, the tender verſe, Veni, mea columba; columba mea, veni.

And that ſolitary bell, whoſe prolonged ſound was diſtinguiſhed through the whole of Paris, during the ſilence of the night, will no longer call to matins thoſe celebrated monks, who, from a ſpirit of penitence, made the ſeas tributary to their tables, converſed only with their bottles, cut toothpicks, ſerenaded their birds, framed virgins in wax, and died at the age of eighty, their cells full of ratafia and confectionary.

The women's monaſteries, the ſeraglios of the grand viſitors, are changed into grocery warehouſes and rural balls; the triumphant loves hover over the ruins of thoſe dormitories, where ſo many tears of love have been uſeleſsly ſhed, and where youth, ſecluded by ſuperſtition, withered away like the roſe thrown on the cold and marſhy ground.

CHAP. CCXXV.

ARREST OF BABOEUF AND DROUET.

HERE we are, once more eſcaped from a new conſpiracy, which would have ſecured the triumph of the moſt hideous ſyſtem of plunder, and which, in a few hours, in a day at moſt, would have exemplified all the horrors, all the crimes of the revolutionary regime.

But

But muſt we be for ever ſubjected to theſe revolutionary tempeſts, and is our political exiſtence to be as inſecure as the phyſical ſituation of the inhabitants of the torrid zone, where a few calm days are ſucceeded by the thickeſt darkneſs, broken only by the lightning's dreadful flaſh?

The factions, which raged during the long ſeſſions of the national convention, ſeemed to have found a term in the birth of our new government. It was imagined that a conſtant calm was at length about to ſucceed ſuch a ſeries of convulſions, and that none in future would dare to attempt the deſtruction of the people, in the people's name: they had been ſo often deceived by their falſe and faithleſs friends, that it ſeemed they were no longer to be the dupes of the ſame lies, or the ſame impudence.

We heretofore thought that great talents were neceſſary to diſturb ſtates; and that great villains were even endowed with a ſort of ſuperior mind: our revolution has proved to us, that this opinion was not always true. We have ſeen men who were abſolutely nothing, and whoſe exiſtence we were ignorant of the day preceding, appear in the ſcene; men, the very outcaſt of ſociety, but whoſe ephemeral exiſtence has cauſed more diſaſters than the long career of Cæſar and Cromwell ever occaſioned to their reſpective countries.

But is it to the habit of political convulſions, or to a melancholy apathy, that we ought to attribute the little ſenſation which thoſe latter plots of the violent and crafty enemies of the republic have excited; or ſhall we impute it to that frivoloufneſs, to that levity, which has made us glide over every event, which dried up the next day the tears of the paſt evening, and which permitted us lately to ſing on the banks of a wide river of blood, and dance by the glare of funeral torches?

Thoſe ferocious men, adepts in revolutionary crimes, counted a good deal on this indifference, on this forgetfulneſs of the paſt, on that fatal indulgence which ſcreened ſo many criminals. It was the hope of impunity which emboldened ſo many men, who miſtook impudence for greatneſs; they made a parade of a ſort of political depravity, and of that daily aſſaſſination of laws and civil order, which is the moſt dreadful of all ſcourges both for nations as well as individuals.

The clear perception of the paſt is the conception of the future; there are no more limits for him who has overleaped every limit; the proſtitute never bluſhes but once; the drinker of blood ſhudders only at the firſt crime; the conſpirators,

conſpirators, ſince the 10th of March, are, and always will be, the ſame. September, in ſhort, has given birth to all the crimes which have followed the dreadful ſilence of the laws.

Figure to yourſelf a traveller ingulphed in a ravine of the Appennines, and who finds himſelf compelled to meet the attack of a ferocious animal, a wild bear; he cannot combat, conquer, and kill him, without aſſuming ſomething of his ferocity.

It is for hiſtory to ſay why Babœuf was puniſhed, and the gates of the priſon opened to Drouet.

CHAP. CCXXVI.

SHOPS, SMALL SHOPS, STALLS.

WHAT is moſt in evidence in the city is to ſee the quays, the bridges, the croſs-ways, the public places, the corners of the ſtreets, and ſtreets the whole of their length, obſtructed by moveable ſtalls; barracks, even warehouſes of grocery and cutlery, ſtretching out to the middle of the pavement. The parapets of the quays are covered with books; there are more bookſellers than cakeſellers; there muſt be a prodigious number of readers, for you ſee ſtalls of books every where; there are bookſellers' ſhops in hand-barrows, who make off when it rains, and return in fine weather. They have diſcovered the ſecret of putting the greateſt number of ſhops in the ſmalleſt place poſſible. They have dug under the walls, and ſome ſtreets of Paris are like a bee-hive, in which that problem of geometry is reſolved by a mercantile mechaniſm.

On whatever ſide you turn your ſteps you ſee the permanent fair of France, where traders are niched in the ſmalleſt hole poſſible. You ſee luſty carpenters, who with brawny arms are buſy in mounting ſcaffolding, placing props, and ſuſpending whole houſes on croſs beams.

Here you find workmen, who, climbing up on ſhort ladders, demoliſh, cut, pierce through ſtone work of four feet thickneſs, to change ſtables into counting-houſes. The maſulipatan, the madras, the ſhawl, diſplay their glowing colours at the place where the prancing nag champed his hay from beneath the rack-ſtaves; and the ſhed of the groom

groom is become the milliner's boudoir; the ſmell of the dung yet remains.

I have taken a ſhop, and begun trade, is what all theſe ſellers of every thing and doers of nothing tell you; this, however, finds work for the ſmith, who is every day inventing ſure locks; the joiner, who makes window-frames in the modern gothic, in order to throw the light more delicately on the ſtuffs; the painter, in ſhort, who varies his arabeſque according to the caprice of his employers. The ſhops are reſplendent with light, and the ſmalleſt have their ſuns and their argands.

The orthography of the modern ſigns no longer fear the cenſure of the puriſt, while the letters of the names preſent ſtrokes, the elegance and boldneſs of which deſerve the attention of ſworn writers: this is a viſible amelioration.

But a great number of theſe ſhops, ſo brilliant on the outſide, have nothing but factitious riches within. Thoſe boxes, ranged with ſo much ſhow in their caſes, contain nothing pretty generally but hay; nevertheleſs, every one wiſhes to appear a conſiderable dealer, and the ſucceſs of the ſale depends more or leſs on the dexterity of the ſhopman who is the decorator. This is the mode. A handkerchief ſkilfully diſplayed makes a dozen in the glaſſes oppoſite; and, thanks to their magic, more than one ſhopkeeper poſſeſſes a double warehouſe. Beſides, it is a truth too well known, that of thirty ſhops of freſh date there are ſcarcely ten which ſupport themſelves with any diſtinction.

Failures follow quickly, and before the ſhop-tax is paid the ſhop is let to another tradeſman, who boaſts already of this title, which he will not keep for a long time. Blunders, inconſtancy, and falſe calculation, are the characteriſtics of a multitude of heads which are to be met with only at Paris.

Yeſterday four argand lamps, illuminated with all their ſplendour the fineſt ſhop in the quarter; to-day a ſingle candle with its timid light betrays the ruin of the maſter. Ah! if it were known by how many ſacrifices ſuch a woman purchaſes the glory of exhibiting herſelf in a wig behind the counter, above which her name ſhines in letters of gold, how many people would be cured of the fatal itch of making themſelves tradeſmen! for how many individuals imagine they can, without ſtriking a ſtroke, tranſact the commerce of both the Indies, becauſe they have ſeen the brilliant warehouſes of the Palais Royal? Imitation exerciſes,

exerciſes an incredible empire over a multitude of weak minds.

What particularly ſtrikes the ſight are the goldſmiths, who, acroſs their ſquares, diſplay riches in which taſte predominates over value. This frail rampart is conſtantly reſpected by the pickpocket and the thief; it has ſcarcely ever been known that a ſquare has been broken.

Such is the cupidity of the tradeſman, that he ſees nothing in Paris but his ſhop and his getting forward; it is the centre of commerce: he makes a ridiculous abuſe of this word, which he has never comprehended.

Bankruptcies muſt neceſſarily be very frequent in a city where the number of traders ſurpaſſes, if we may uſe the expreſſion, the number of buyers, whom the extreme ſcarcity of money, and the taxes incurred by the enormous expences of the war, forbid not only all ſuperfluous expences, but even thoſe of the ſtricteſt neceſſity.

Beſides, the too great concurrence between the great and little tradeſmen tends only to drive away induſtry, which cannot be a long time ſuſpended without being loſt and annihilated. The deſtruction of companies has engendered this numerous race of little tradeſmen, who have neither probity, honour, nor conſcience, and who, having paid the patent, imagine they have acquired a right to ſwindle. Sooner or later this legion of miſerable retailers will repent of having renounced their former calling; for it is in the order of things that a barber ſhould become a wine-merchant, a coachman a coffeehouſe-keeper, a lackey a goldſmith, a clerk a grocer, a kettle-mender a bookſeller, and a porter an upholſterer.

CHAP. CCXXVII.

PATRIOTIC FOURTH.

A KIND of contribution, to which the national aſſembly *invited* every citizen, in order to ſuccour the wants of the ſtate, ruined by the depredations of the court.

An old warrior, who had received no reward from the Prince for whom he had ſhed his blood, poor but proud, lived retired in the country without regretting the leg he had

had loſt; when they came to aſk him, in virtue of the decree, the new *quarter* voted, "It is in vain to aſk me," ſays he, "for my quarter, a cannon-ball took it from me "at Kloſtercam."

CHAP. CCXXVIII.

NEW CARRIAGES.

THESE have not, under the republican regime, the heavy air of the carriages of the firſt preſident of the parliament, the melancholy rumbling of that of the keeper of the ſeals, the amplitude of thoſe of old dowagers of the blood royal; theſe diminutives of the coaches in the time of Henry the Fourth have given place to the lighter berlin, the ſuperb deſobligeant, to the motionleſs dormeuſe, to the rapid phaeton, the eaſy whiſky, and the cabriolet ſolo with its jingling bells.

The carriages are cut ſquare, and mounted high; their rolling is eaſy; the ſeat of the coachman is a large and long canopy with rich fringe; he is perched ſo high, that you might call him a telegraph; the pannels of the carriages are ornamented with ſlips and knobs of metal; there are neither arms nor cyphers; a ſmooth varniſh gives them all an air of reſemblance. The coachman, from his height, is more maſter of his horſes, but if it was not his duty to be conſtantly attentive, he might obſerve every thing that paſſes in the entreſols. The chariots of the happy of the day are ſimple, elegant, without gilding, light as the clouds borne away by the wind, made to follow the flight of the ſwallow, or carry off the prize in the Olympic games; they fly like lightning, and this is the reaſon why the foot-paſſengers appear to the eyes of the drivers nothing but ſtraws or ſtones.

This extreme quickneſs leaves no interval between the exchange and the money-jobber's hotel. It is in ſuch carriages, alas! too ſpeedy, in which thoſe terrible proconſuls, who left after them in every department the ſmell of human blood, which they ſhed in torrents, traverſed France in every direction, and at the ſame time not a ſingle avenging hand was to be found in any great, or in any croſs road.

If,

If, at leaſt, theſe carriages had had the heavineſs of that of Louis the XVIth, when through the perfidious counſels of his neareſt relations, and of the traitor Bouillé, he fled from Paris on the night of the 21ſt of June, 1791, to go to Montmedi, a ſtrong place, where he was to head the nobility, and make himſelf chief of a party againſt his people, the evil would not have operated with ſo much ſucceſs, and above all with ſo much celerity.

Louis the XVIth wiſhed to travel faſt, but with as little inconvenience as if in his elbow-chair at home; his carriage, of quite a new conſtruction, was almoſt the chateau of the Tuilleries in miniature; there was drawing-room, ſleeping-room, wardrobe, dining-room, kitchen; nothing was wanting but the chapel, and the orcheſtra of muſicians.

It is ſaid that the whole family ſhook their heads with laughter, when they ſaw themſelves in the open country, at the idea how the Pariſians would be thunderſtruck. They did not foreſee that this heavy trundle was about to be cruſhed under its own weight; that the time which would be loſt in repairing it would put them again into the hands of the crafty La Fayette, who led them back ignominiouſly to Paris along an hedge of ſix hundred thouſand men under arms.

CHAP. CCXXIX.

PHILANCLOCHES.

Droll name given to all thoſe little devotees, who were for ever exclaiming at the tribune that we ought to give back the bells to all the ſayers of maſs, in order to revive proceſſions, pilgrimages, fraternities, the penitents of every colour, and all the phalanxes of ſuperſtition.

Papiſm is like a ſugar-mill, if it ſeizes the tip of your finger your whole body muſt paſs.

Who does not now perceive, that in the deſtruction of ſo many ſhameful prejudices, and in the reform of ſo much abſurd belief, if you grant a ſingle point to the enemy of the human underſtanding, of the dignity of man, the ſound of the bells would introduce the auto-da-fe?

CHAP.

CHAP. CCXXX.

THE MARRIAGE-ADVERTISER.

It is the name of an office, and the title of a journal, the frontiſpiece of which offers us an half agreeable image, and which promiſes a little more than the *Liar*, the *Bat*, or the *Penny-poſt*. This is the newſpaper of an able and diſcreet negotiator, who without ſhame, and with the approbation of the laws, tranſacts affairs of the heart.

With his aſſiſtance, the man dumb from timidity, or who, after having conſulted his looking-glaſs, finds himſelf no longer either young or handſome, ſpeaks, courts without being ſeen, and does not ſhew himſelf, except by reverberation, till the denouement. This office has at its orders even a poet, who makes madrigals and acroſtics at a fixed price; and it is ſcarcely to be imagined how that ſometimes eaſes the purchaſes.

The man or woman who propoſes does not fail to put the fair ſide foremoſt, that is to ſay, their fortune, their clear revenue in lands and houſes, the produce of their actual ſituation, and, above all, their future expectations.

In order to attract general attention to the advertiſement, they glide in a few very ſoft words, certain phraſes ready prepared, ſweet, honeyiſh, which do the office of a pocket looking-glaſs, and which help to divine the figure, the ſhape, the proportion of the body, the complexion, the conſtitution, all in a favourable point of view.

To theſe firſt hints of invitation is joined a little note of agreeable accompliſhments, ſuch as ſinging, the forte piano, the clarinet, the harp; but with reſpect to economy, modeſty in dreſs, or the taſte for domeſtic duties, not a word is ſaid; apparently that is underſtood. The go-betweens are a very polite kind of people; you enter their offices as you would thoſe of a notary; the rent-roll is verified in a twinkling; ſometimes even the parties have not ſeen each other when the preliminaries of the contract are formed; for it is to be remarked, that the demands of each on their ſide ſtipulate the reciprocal equality of fortunes as an eſſential clauſe of the contract; they count alſo for a good deal the hope of inheritance, but ready money is the preponderating reaſon for the concluſion.

The

The demands of widows of twenty-five years old, without children, who wiſh to join in ſecond nuptials with widowers of thirty-ſix and forty, likewiſe without children, are very numerous. All our writers of little comedies, which, as is known, never terminate but in a marriage, are invited to repair to this office, where they will find denouemens ready made, and as precipitate alſo as thoſe which they invent. In theſe ſorts of negotiations it is not love, it is the ſtrong box, which becomes the third party; and the ſtrong box oft-times arranges things much better than love.

This, then, is a ſubſcription quite open for marriage, which is no longer a ſacrament, but a knot almoſt as eaſy to break as to form, and in which many people engage under the faith of a proſpectus. It is not ſaid that there are more complaints at this mode of contract than for that which admits of trials, flames, and ſighs. The parties accuſtom themſelves to believe what has been ſo long ſaid, that *marriage is a lottery.* The ancient Amazons of Thermodon burnt their breaſt, in order to draw their bow with more facility. As for the Pariſian women, they deſtroy the inſide of their boſoms by drinking too intemperately of wine, even brandy and ſtrong liquors, ſo that almoſt all ſpeedily make away with themſelves. An uncivil candidate having made a more particular enquiry on this ſubject than the ſpace would permit, the clerks would not enregiſter this unſeemly note. The deſire or wiſh is often maſked in ſpeaking of *embonpoint.*

Every one may well ſuppoſe that in all theſe demands mind enters for nothing. Who is the fool that would have a wife who was a great wit? Who is the woman who aſks for any other mental qualification in her huſband, than that of amuſing her? What has the conjugal bed to do with genius? The people who have too much underſtanding are nice and difficult; as they ſee better than others the defects of every thing, they are but ſeldom ſatisfied, and the ſpirit that animates them makes them expreſs their ſentiments in a quick and ſometimes ironical manner, at which the pride of others is diſagreeably humbled. On the other ſide, thoſe of limited underſtandings, but who are blind enough to think themſelves ſuperior geniuſes, are ſtill more inſupportable; they imagine that they can repair their inſufficiency by a cauſtic and imperious air, which puts every one out of patience, becauſe it is accompanied with no kind of judgment. What is then

to

to be done? Go to the marriage advertiſing-office, and draw at the lottery.

The pendant to this office ſhould be that where a woman might learn to regain the heart of her huſband; but as this office would be a deſart, it is not worth while to write the frontiſpiece.

CHAP. CCXXXI.

FEU-DE-FILE—FILE-FIRING.

WHEN it happened that it was Robeſpierre's will that none of the priſoners who were to appear at the bar of the revolutionary tribunal ſhould eſcape death, Fouquier-Tinville made the jury underſtand that ſuch were the orders of Robeſpierre, by crying out to them, as they turned to deliberate on their verdict, *Feu-de-file*, and the jury underſtood very well the meaning of that word.

CHAP. CCXXXII.

BIZARRERIE.

ALTHOUGH royalty has its agents, its emiſſaries, its blind or fanatical partizans in every quarter, there are many ſingular events and unmeaning ſayings, which we muſt place to the account of contradiction or *bizarrerie*. In 1783, whenever the Engliſh were mentioned in company, theſe two ironical verſes were cited:

Oh! barbares Anglois, dont les cruels couteaux
Coupent la tête aux rois, et la queue aux chevaux.

Theſe verſes were found very witty, and every body laughed. About that time a bad tragedy of Laharpe's was acted, entitled Jeanne de Naples, in which were theſe two verſes:

Quand

Quand un maitre aux ſujets preſcrit des attentats,
On preſente la tête, et l'on n' obeit pas.

"How Larive murdered theſe fine verſes," exclaimed a marquis, turning on his heel in a gilt drawing-room, "he ought to have ſaid;

Quand un roi des ſujets preſcrit les attentats,
On lui coupe la tête, et l'on n'en parle pas."

I have twenty times heard theſe verſes cited with a ſort of reflective gaiety, and it is now in theſe very drawing-rooms that they are eternally lamenting, from *ton*, a cataſtrophe brought about by all the winds which have blown from the four corners of Europe. Every alluſion againſt royal power was ſeized with eagerneſs at the theatres, and thoſe very comedians, who now act the royaliſt, endeavoured to excite and give birth to thoſe applauſes.

No force was uſed to drag the Pariſians to their ſections of Marat, and the bonnet-rouge, in the midſt of the Brutuſes and the Caſſiuſes of thoſe times, who performed at their eaſe the parts of the Demoſthenes and the Cicero's; at half paſt ſix double ropes would not have held the Pariſians in their ſhops, while now we are forced to make laws which ſend them, and almoſt to compel theſe idle and indifferent citizens to go and vote in their primary aſſemblies. They ſay they are afraid of a chair being thrown at them, and declare that they are too genteel to meddle in the election of the magiſtrates of the people. Yet this is not merely the right, but the duty of every citizen; and this duty is ſo little felt at the time I write, that it is almoſt turned into ridicule. Such is the *bizarrerie* of the human mind, or rather that ſpirit of contradiction which oppoſes every thing either from hebetude or the wiſh of appearing to obey only its own caprice. It would be difficult enough to explain what excites and what ſuddenly cools the zeal of the people. At one epocha it riſes againſt kings, at another it regrets them; it is now proud of exerting its rights of ſovereignty, and now the firſt to turn them into ridicule. All theſe rapid and contradictory ſhades of character will render the pen of the hiſtorian undecided. There are without doubt determining cauſes, but effects ſo oppoſite are difficult to explain. Formerly at Athens the gates of the city were ſhut, and the only ſtreets left free were thoſe which led to the primary aſſemblies.—— This was well done: the Athenians did not conſider this law as derogatory to their liberty. It was to them no reſtraint,

reſtraint, but a ſlight impulſion, which determined their will without thwarting it. They laughed at their own indolence, and while they laughed executed the law.

Amongſt thoſe who have the right of voting, there are ſcarcely a tenth who condeſcend to give themſelves the trouble. How can we explain this indifference in perſons, who from morning till night talk of nothing but public affairs?

CHAP. CCXXXIII.

DRAWINGS OF LE BRUN.

WHAT moſt attracts the crowd in the magnificent gallery of the Louvre, what moſt fixes the eye and the attention of every beholder, are the ſingular ſketches of Le Brun, who has the phyſiognomy of certain men and animals. It leads the mind to reflection, to compare the principal features of the phyſiognomy of men, whom we have ſeen or known, where we find a ſlighter or more ſtriking reſemblance to thoſe of animals. However diſtant this reſemblance, it is often ſufficient to recall the ideas of cunning and ſtupidity, of mildneſs or ferocity, excited by certain countenances.

Some, after this examination, glide ſlily towards the great mirrors at the bottom of the gallery, to verify their faces in the glaſs, and obſerve whether they are moſt like the Indian cock or the eagle, the dromedary or the lion, the monkey or the hog; but the ſcience of phyſiognomy can never be learnt by compariſons or rules; we muſt lay aſide in ſome ſort the viſible traces. The ſtudy of phyſiognomy is not a ſcience, but an inſtinct; we muſt feel, not gueſs, and be born phyſiognomiſts. You will not arrive at the knowledge of the character of man by the ſcience of aſtronomy or oſteology; your eye muſt pierce into the mind; folly and cruelty ſometimes aſſume an open countenance, while wit and goodneſs are oft-times found in a Socratic head.

Never ſtudy portraits, particularly of great perſonages; they are always falſe or fictitious; they diſplay only one view of the countenance, and even that is changed. An infinite number of portraits have been taken of Voltaire;

all are alike, and yet there is not one in my opinion which reſembles him. He belonged a good deal to the family of the great monkey; but he had a ſparkling eye, which diminiſhed his general caſt of uglineſs.

What we call figure, face, features, change, but phyſiognomy is indelible: this we can trace beneath the wrinkles of age, as beneath the bloom of youth; this not only eſcapes the chiſel and the pencil, but even ſpeech fails to define it. Let us not be ſurpriſed, that breath divine which is hidden within us, can only be ſeized by the mind, by the pureſt act of our intelligence, by that connection which eſtabliſhes itſelf between too ſouls who ſeek each other, and who, as it were, converſe, to know each other perfectly.

Quackery has ſeized upon the ſcience of phyſiognomy, becauſe it is a ſort of moral dictature, which often diſturbs our ſelf-love or our diſſimulation; but in my opinion neither the anatomy, nor the obſervation of the animal part of the individual, nor the connection between the faces of animals and the countenance of man, forms the true phyſiognomiſt. The exceptions are ſo much more numerous than the rules, that thoſe drawings which alarm or terrify us are merely the reveries of painters.

Robeſpierre, it is true, reſembled a wild cat, Marat a bird of night, and Collot d'Herbois had, in his hard and narrow forehead, ſomething of the tiger. Some mouths are viſibly cruel; and how apparent this was in Billaud de Varennes! with thoſe ſavage eyes, with that cold and liſtleſs attitude, he would have attended the funeral of the world *; and that Danton, whom pleaſure itſelf did not render human, which is the true mark of a ferocious character, and a ſeal of reprobation in his hideous flat countenance! and the eternal paleneſs of C . . . . ! Notwithſtanding all this, our phyſical frame is ſo deceitful, that it is impoſſible to diſcern the mind by the ſpring of our machine; we muſt go beyond matter to ſeize upon the mind of man.

The ſtill portrait is much more difficult to trace, than when we animate it with paſſion: the paſſions are never equivocal. Sheep are all alike, and women reſemble each other much more than men. I believe that all books and reaſonings on phyſiognomy lead aſtray; anatomical en-

* I characteriſe the firſt Mirabeau, by ſaying that he reſembled a lion who had had the ſmall-pox; but it would be abſurd to pretend that this reſemblance had any influence on his character.

gravings

gravings are, of all things, the moſt deluſive. A log of wood is not a tree.

Man is not entirely in the face, in the head, or even in the buſt; he is diſcovered in his gait, in his accent, in his demeanour, in his attitude, in his repoſe, in his ſleep .... Heavens! I have told the half of my ſecret, in his ſleep! ... The man who ſleeps diſcovers more to the phyſiognomiſt by inſtinct, than ..... fearful ſleep of the wicked .... I would have all public men obliged to ſleep in public.

Let us throw aſide portraits, drawings, profiles, bones of the head, the length of the jaws, the diſtance of the eyes, the ſize of the noſe, chin more or leſs pointed, ſtrait or tranſverſal lines, and let the eye of him, who is endued with that precious inſtinct which we hold from nature, and which we cannot learn from books, meet the eye of the man whom he would judge: we can only appreciate what lives, and every portrait is dead.

A curious perſon had read one evening, in one of thoſe books which amuſe and deceive, that thoſe who had great beards were uſually giddy: he choſe to look at his own in the glaſs with a candle, and going too near, burnt the half of it, and immediately wrote on the margin of the book, *As for that rule, it is certain.*

Man reſembles only man; he is one ſimple point in the creation, and the form of each of his members was the reſult of a ſublime thought: he is placed upright on the earth; his foot touches it only by one point, as if to warn him that he ought not there to fix his affections, and that his eternal country is above. In the organization of his admirable frame there are hidden beauties more admirable ſtill. The hand of God has ſolemnly traced a line of demarcation between man and the brute; and I turn away my looks from that impious pencil, which, by the aid of a few lineaments, dares aſſimilate the countenance of man to the muzzle of the ſtupid ox; or from the obſtinate head of the long-necked camel, frame men-horſes, men-lions, men-magpies, men-monkeys, &c.

If we take the head of a monkey, and compare it to that of a man, we ſhall never find in the narrow caſe which incloſes the brain of that miſchievous being, the ſeat of that brain which invented the watch; nor can I believe that an aquiline noſe is a ſign of wickedneſs, becauſe it recalls the formidable beak of the eagle devouring his prey.

The painter who firſt repreſented Adam and Eve in their terreſtrial paradiſe, ſurrounded by all the animals, peaceful and ſubmiſſive, formed a magnificent and incomparable picture. There every animal has his primitive phyſiognomy, from the terrible lion to the innocent ſheep; but the fineſt form is that of man; and when I ſee his head proudly riſe above the reſt, I exclaim, this is the firſt living being in nature, the reſt are formed to creep at his feet. I do not aſſert that we muſt not conſult the eyes, the forehead, the mouth; yet the mouth compoſes itſelf, the eye is hypocritical, the forehead is diſſimulating; the hand has an unalterable character, and the tread of the foot cannot be counterfeited. I have ſaid, that the laſt and true ſtamp of the character of man is on the hand and the foot *. The animal has the head and the brain, he has neither the hand nor the foot.

Our forefathers aſſerted that the devil had a cloven foot †: the wiſe man treats theſe old opinions with the ſame reſpect as he does old proverbs: but every thing is extraordinary to habitual folly and liſtleſſneſs, as every thing is paradoxical to idleneſs and inattention.

The hand, when open, forms a half circle; it has the power of ſtopping, by means of culture, the petrification of the globe; and of ameliorating, for the benefit of future generations, that great nurſe of the human race. The hand forms the hymn of adoration on the organ, for the tongue ſeems powerleſs for this religious homage. He who would give you a perfidious kiſs does not extend his hand to you; the moſt eunuch is a frozen hand. If you could ſee the hand of Brinvilliers, which mixed poiſon ſeven times in the food of her father, you would know it again, for you would ſecretly ſhudder at the ſight.

When Veſtris ſprings, falls, bounds again, regains his feet, detaches himſelf from the ground at his will, ſkims along like a bird, flies with rapid grace, and always in perfect equipoiſe, it is on the point of his foot that he acts the arch-angel. The admiring ſpectators conſider him as a great dancer: I diſcern in him quite another image. I ſee him looſen himſelf from the earth, break the laws of

* I have not ſaid the feet, which would not have expreſſed my idea; ſtill leſs would I ſpeak of the marks of the hand. I deſpiſe chiromancy. The hand ſpeaks to thoſe who know how to examine it, ſhut or open; this is all I meant to ſay.

† This devil, or devils, were fauns, ſatyrs, or griffins; and thus, in the moſt horrible degradation of the human ſpecies, nature reproduces the head, and not the foot.

gravita-

gravitation, become an inhabitant of air, for ſome minutes aſſimilate himſelf to his future deſtiny, and form the prelude to thoſe days of happineſs and glory when thought and motion ſhall be the ſame. After admiring Veſtris, mark the ignoble jump of the monkey, or the dance of the bear.

Examine the naked foot, examine next how man places his foot, and forms, in a more or leſs exact manner, the fine perpendicular line! An antique ſtatue is ſometimes the finer from being mutilated: a ſlight feature diſcovers the chiſel of *Praxiteles*.

It was an ancient cuſtom to kiſs, in a reſpectful manner, the foot of the dead; and even to judge, by the repoſe of the foot, of their ſtate of bleſſedneſs. The child with its foot diſengages itſelf from its maternal priſon; the foot, in ſhort, is the baſis of this wonderful edifice; and this foot, divinely faſhioned, belongs only to a mortal being. Painters and ſculptors affirm, that the expreſſion of the foot is the laſt effort of their art: that of Milo of Crotona cries, and I have no need of ſeeing the ſuffering head.

The day after the maſſacres of September, I walked with ſlow ſtep down the Rue St. Jacques, petrified with aſtoniſhment and horror, and ſurpriſed to ſee the ſky, the elements, the city, and its inhabitants, all equally dumb. Two carts full of dead bodies had already paſſed me; a carter quietly drove them at mid-day, half buried under their black and bloody garments, to the deepeſt pits of the plain Mont Rouge, where I then lived. A third cart came up——a foot ſtuck out from amidſt the heaps of corpſes; at this ſight I was ſtruck with awe: that foot beamed with immortality! He to whom it had belonged was already an inhabitant of heaven! and thoſe remains wore an air of majeſty which the eye of the murderer could not perceive. I ſaw that foot; and I ſhall know it again at the laſt great day of judgment, when the Eternal, ſeated upon thunder, ſhall judge kings and ſeptembriſers.

A world without God, ſays the atheiſt! But Lavater, the reader, and myſelf, who ſee rather a God than a world, while every thing in the univerſe and in man is full of the divinity, let us ſeek, examine, and diſcover, where is the particular ſeal which he has impreſſed below on his favourite creatures.

CHAP. CCXXXIV.

REMEMBRANCES OF BABYLON.

WHILE Paris offers to the admiration of all the people in the univerſe the immenſe palace of the Tuilleries, and its magnificent garden, the colonnade, the Garde Meuble, the mint, the portico of Servandini, that of the Pantheon, the Palais Royal, and ſo many other ſumptuous edifices, it will lead them always to wiſh for larger and ſtraiter ſtreets, houſes with ſmall ſpaces between each other, ſquares more vaſt and airy, aqueducts more numerous to waſh them, and preſerve their ſalubrity.

The pictures, the ſtatues, and the medals of Italy will add nothing to its beauty, to its external convenience. Will this mythological world, pent up in its cloſe muſeums, ſpeak to the eyes of the philoſophic traveller as eloquently as the place where Babylon, that proud city, was ſituated, which occupied, on the eaſtern ſhore of the Euphrates, a ſpace of ſix leagues in length, and which was near Palmyra, and the country of pearls and of gold?

No, Paris will never leave in hiſtory traces of grandeur and magnificence comparable to that of Babylon, whoſe walls ſurpaſſed in height the towers of Notre Dame, which are 204 feet. The breadth of thoſe walls was 64 feet, and three cars might paſs a-breaſt. Theſe walls were flanked with 250 towers. The hanging gardens had nearly a ſuperficies of two acres; and let no one imagine that the center of the city was ſo overloaded with houſes as Paris. According to the teſtimony of Quintus Curtius, there were no edifices but in the ſpace of 90 ſtadia. The buildings were inſulated, in order to prevent the ravages of fire.

The inhabitants ploughed and ſowed all the reſt, and could, in caſe of ſiege, ſupport themſelves with the grain which they gathered from the ſoil. The arable land contained within the walls of Babylon was divided into 73,602 acres; and all the ſuperficies of the ground amounted to 78,509 acres. An acre of ground furniſhed enough for the ſubſiſtence of ſixty perſons; and the taxes of government amounted yearly to about thirty millions of our money.

Dewceilly.

Dewceilly, an architect, exhibited many years ſince, in the ſaloon of the Louvre, a project of the gradual reconſtruction of the ſtreets, of the edifices and ſquares of Paris, with embelliſhments.

This new plan would have given Paris the deſired regularity, but left the houſes contiguous to each other, made the lovers of the fine arts and of antiquity regret the intelligence of the plan of Babylon. The modern architect had foreſeen neither the events of a ſiege, nor the accidents of fire, againſt which all poſſible aſſurance-companies would be totally inſufficient.

CHAP. CCXXXV.

CANT PHRASES.

ONE of the moſt common reproaches of the Pariſian gentry, which we hear moſt frequently repeated, and which circulates continually among the thick-headed bourgeoiſie, is this; Why did the majority of the Convention ſuffer themſelves to be beaten by the minority; and why, with pure intentions, did they not contrive to keep the uppermoſt? We reply, that the minority of the convention was ſupported by the Jacobins, by the commune of Paris, which had the military force in its hands, by the royaliſt ſections, and by a crowd of foreigners, who perverted the opinion of the public; we alſo reply, that the people of Paris would never make any diſtinction between the republicans and the anarchiſts; that they diſſembled to themſelves the tendency which they always had towards royaliſm, with the confuſed hope that a monarch would bring them great riches. We may alſo add, that though the national repreſentation was the cauſe of their ſecurity and opulence, they have never had a proper ſentiment of its value; that, continually excited by falſe ideas, as the acts of government were only theatrical ſcenes in their eyes more or leſs curious, more or leſs amuſing, they opened their ears like idle ſpectators, rather to the clamours of impudence than the voice of wiſdom, preferring always the tricks of intrigue, and even acts of violence. The danger of

of the republic was a thing that did not intereſt them; as they were in the centre of the motion; they thought themſelves out of the whirl; and if there be a government, it is conſtituted, in their opinion, only to guard them in preference, and protect their ſhops.

Such are Pariſian ideas; and they are analogous to thoſe which they have formed of their ſuperiority over the other departments; and Paris can never renounce the idea, that gold, ſilver, warehouſes, and riches of every kind, the depôts of the arts and ſciences, belong only to the capital.

Between the royaliſt and the anarchiſt factions, the Pariſian has preſerved no medium, but has careſſed both in their turn; he has never ſeemed alarmed in days of inſurrection: to pleaſe him there muſt be ſomething more or leſs factious in the phyſiognomy; the wiſe, the prudent, the impartial, the philoſophic, are not men for him.

His public ſpirit is in general a mixture of both factions; and, to ſay all in one word, if he durſt be open and decided, it would be for the royaliſt with the red cap. He might have deteſted the tyranny of Robeſpierre and Marat, but he was delighted in his heart at the war which they made againſt the rich, who were, nevertheleſs, the perſons he holds in the higheſt veneration. We may venture to ſay, that their favourite, the man who in contrary circumſtances would have been truly their idol, he, in ſhort, whom they would raiſe to the pinnacle, was Babœuf.

Babœuf and his gang would have been ſupported by that brutal and numerous crowd, which peopled the revolutionary committees, and who remember having lain in our beds, and drunk the wine of our cellars; and who, calling all thoſe ariſtocrats and ſuſpected perſons who had a library or a pendulum, placed under the ſeals all our patrimonial furniture, as property which ought to be legally divided.

CHAP. CCXXXVI.

PROFESSORSHIPS.

PROFESSORSHIPS, if we are not on our guard, will take the place of the prieſthood, and create again a crowd of men, wordy, preſumptuous, and chicaning, largely paid, and perfectly uſeleſs.

There is enough to ſwell the ſpleen of twenty Democritus's, and furniſh pictures to ten Molieres, in ſeeing this regiment of profeſſors of the *human underſtanding*, of *legiſlation*, of *hiſtory*, of *morality*, of *political economy*: profeſſors, and no diſciples! The pupils might in this way call themſelves profeſſors, as much as the profeſſors themſelves.

Profeſſors of hiſtory! ah, my poor pupil, take a book and read. Will thy profeſſor invent hiſtory? Are our libraries then reduced to aſhes?

Political economy, legiſlation, human underſtanding! ſtill profeſſors! O my dear Rabelais!

Thoſe matters, which are ſo nearly allied to the deep obſcure, are not taught; man is born for theſe kinds of knowledge, he ruſhes into them of himſelf, and to direct on this point baſtardizes the mind more than it elevates.

Now, after ſo many profeſſors, there muſt be alſo profeſſors of foreign languagues! Foreign languages! I thought that there had been only one language in Europe, that of French republicans.

Even before the revolution, our language was that of Europe; all our books were tranſlated; we were ſtrangers no where; we were anſwered in French from the mouth of the Tagus to that of the Newa. France preluded its high deſtiny by its patriotic writers; our tongue will never degenerate in the hands of a free people.

Not only is the French language the richeſt in words of taſte and genius, but it is alſo the moſt amiable. When you underſtand proſe, you comprehend verſe. There is ſcarcely any difference between the proſe of Telemachus and the odes of Rouſſeau; it conſtrains every writer to follow the eſtabliſhed rules. The moſt illuſtrious writer cannot be audacious, nor can the ſcribbler give a twiſt to his ſtyle. It is this regularity which forces every author, notwithſtanding

withſtanding the purity of his genius, to have a certain ſort of common ſenſe, a clearneſs, an order in his ideas, which is not met with among our neighbours, where the capricious inverſion and diſorder of periods favour every headſtrong imagination.

Is it not to be feared, that too ſtrict an acquaintance with foreign tongues may change among us that clear and luminous ſtyle, that national ſtyle, the admiration of Europe; and that we may precipitate ourſelves into the bombaſt, or into the ſwollen phraſeology of the Eaſt?

Agreeably to the wiſh which has been ſo long univerſal, that there ſhould be but one language in Europe; cannot we add, without pride, that ours will obtain this honour?

A dead language is fixed, a living tongue is not ſo. How gueſs at all thoſe ſhades, ſo variable and changing? Among all the people of Europe there is a lettered and a popular language. We may know the one and be ignorant of the other; to teach them both is a thing impoſſible.

The language of *Dante* is a different language from that of *Metaſtaſio*; the language of *Klopſtock* is not that of *Geſner*; and as among us, *Montaigne*, *Marot*, and *Rabelais*, have quite a different ſtyle from that of *Chaulieu*, *Dorat*, and *Parny*, ſo among our neighbours this difference of language exiſts between one province and another, one town and another. Who will aſſure me, that the profeſſor will not teach a particular jargon inſtead of a determined language? and if, through taſte or error, he ſhould diſtribute among his pupils a ſuperannuated language, what would it benefit the ſtudent to underſtand Chaucer, and not know how to aſk his way in Engliſh?

I ſhould have been guilty of a great abſurdity if I had condemned the ſtudy of the living languages. Let me be underſtood: I condemn only the *profeſſorſhips*, becauſe I am convinced by my own experience, that a language is learnt only by the eyes.

I have been a profeſſor, and I maintain that it is as impoſſible to learn a language from the mouth of a public profeſſor, ſpeaking to twenty or thirty ſcholars, as it is to learn the art of making fireworks by ſeeing them let off.

The teaching of a language cannot be compared with a phyſical or chymical experiment. The pupil muſt exerciſe himſelf in the perpetual handling of the dictionary; muſt

muſt find his own words, muſt examine the compounds, and return again upon it; he will then have no need of a profeſſor, but of a pedagogue, a private maſter entirely to himſelf, patient, zealous, attentive, who will lead him ſtep by ſtep, and who will not ſuffer him to make a ſingle one without grounding himſelf. It is only in this manner that the firſt difficulties of a language are conquered; and without the conſtant practice of ſteps no one will ever aſcend.

If you wiſh that France ſhould poſſeſs a literature truly great, new, and original, leave her, Legiſlature, to herſelf. The greateſt error in government is the deſire of governing every thing. If you wiſh public inſtruction to make great progreſs, protect it, but do not pay it; favour preceptors of every kind, but do not let the republic pay them ſalaries; recompenſe labour, but do not give places; for places are run after, and lazy and chattering profeſſors are idle men, who never riſe above mediocrity.

Thoſe arts of refinement, thoſe brilliant and taſteful arts, will thenceforth be cultivated only by thoſe who are urged on by irreſiſtible genius, the warrant of true ſucceſs. Literature is a cup ſufficiently intoxicating to invite thoſe who are not born to touch it with their lips. Taſte for literature has made a crowd of beings wretched. We ſhould thin the flock of the lettered tribe inſtead of extending it, and, I avow it openly, for the intereſt of the republic.

Superficial ſtudies of a few poets and ſome orators have engendered that horde of newſpaper libellers, who, like the locuſts of Egypt, have putrified the whole harveſt. The only puniſhment to inflict on them is to embolden them to write, always to write.

CHAP. CCXXXVII.

BURIALS.

THE ſcandal of the mode of interment laſted for ſome time; it was a conſequence of the ideas and requiſitories of Chaumette. He had informed the people that there was nothing after death; and when I was a priſoner, my errand-

rand-boy, about fourteen years old, ſaid to me, " There " is no longer any God; there is no other than Robeſ- " pierre's ſupreme being." Atheiſm had begun its ravages.

But are laws then neceſſary to tell the ſon not to abandon the corpſe of his father; to oblige the friend to follow the coffin of his friend; not to let it be borne ſolitary away on mercenary ſhoulders, without attendance, without mourning, to a pit, where it is thrown in like the vileſt of animals? One would ſuppoſe that friendſhip, love, and nature no longer exiſted. No more tears, no more attendance; the corpſe remained unfollowed; and when it croſſed the ſtreets, no one knew if it had left behind a ſingle being who had taken an intereſt in it.

This dereliction, this ſolitude, this cold indifference for a relative, a mother, or a friend, had ſomething too revolting not to lead us to regret the duties of every poliſhed, and even of every ſavage nation. It was impoſſible for the dignity of man to remain a longer time under ſuch aggravated inſult: when the ſcaffolding of materialiſm was broken down with the ſcaffolds, a project of the law was preſented at the tribune, which appeared to me in general ſo incomplete, ſo inſufficient, ſo dangerouſly innovating, that I roſe, and ſpoke in the following manner:*

" I feel myſelf irreſiſtibly led to this tribune to oppoſe the project of a reſolution, which has juſt been preſented to you by Daubermeſnil, in the name of a ſpecial commiſſion, in the ſitting of the 21ſt Brumaire. Theſe private interments, the object of a very ſpurious ſenſibility, theſe infectious piles, theſe cadaverous flames, this ſubtraction of the dead from the earth, our common mother; all theſe innovations on long-eſtabliſhed cuſtoms revolt my mind, my reaſon, and my feelings. What is the purport of the preſent motion? To give us back the lares, the domeſtic altars, the cinerary urns, the phials, the lacrymatories of

* This diſcourſe will give an idea of the diſpoſition of every mind at that time, and of the ſtrange maxims which the total forgetfulneſs of religious principles had ſpread among this deluded and unhappy people. Oh, I will repeat without ceaſing, that Voltaire, by his licentious writings, has been, without knowing or foreſeeing it, the *forerunner of Chaumette*. The journaliſts, in giving an account of my ſpeech, ſaid that my voice was weak, and that they had not been able to hear me. They heard me but too well! but many love to turn a deaf ear when we combat the ſyſtem of materialiſts.

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the ancients; or is it to make us Egyptian mummies, to wrap us up in bondages, and throw us back into the errors and extravagancies of paganiſm?

" This is the ſecond reading of that ſtrange report which has been made to you. How can we have glided over it ſo lightly? The only perſons who ever burnt among us, were poiſonous and ſodomites.

" The groſs plagiaries of ancient cuſtoms will ſoon introduce the ridiculous uſages of all the nations of the earth, which can be found in dictionaries; and our fanciful minds are quick in ſprouting! It is who ſhall ranſack his brain to copy pictures more or leſs extravagant.

" The funereal ceremonies of the moſt ſuperſtitious nations are going to give each other the meeting in France, and naturalize themſelves agreeably to the whims of all preſent and future maniacs.

" Inhumations and burials are connected at the ſame time with civil, religions, and political relations; and theſe relations are ſo delicate, that we muſt make uſe of the greateſt wiſdom in reconciling them. Let us take care that the dead do not trouble the repoſe of the living; this has been ſeen in many countries; and this project has a tendency to renew it; for private interments, which is the object of the propoſition, I fear, with ſome reaſon, may lead us to troubles as unforeſeen as there have been. Let the image of death loſe nothing of its character, to modify it to the fancy of men is degrading it: let this religious character be always uniform.

" You already perceive, legiſlators, the extreme difficulty of a law on theſe ſerious objects, and particularly in the preſent circumſtances; let us do nothing precipitately; let us rather be wiſe and circumſpect, for we have a diſpoſition ſtill to abuſe this word liberty, this abſtract term, by ſaying that the corpſes of our neighbours, of our wives, of our friends, belong to us. No! no! they belong indiſtinctly to the earth, which has lent them its elements; they belong to the earth alone.

" Every innovation in this kind might beget proud rivalries, inſolent diſtinctions, and ſcandalous diſcuſſions, which would be holding out perpetual food to ſuſceptible and ſuperſtitious imaginations; and what more fitted to nouriſh ſuperſtition than theſe mournful ceremonies, which each might modify according to his fancy?

" If decency has been wounded in our days, when a general overthrow of ideas has taken place, ſimple laws of police may, and ſtill can, repair ſuch abuſes; but I can

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aſſure you, that they do not exiſt at the moment I am ſpeaking.

" Happy changes are taking place every day without tumult, without exertion, and without noiſe; and it is thus, if I am not deceived, that we ſhould act in theſe difficult circumſtances.

" Where a nation has had the misfortune of not being able to caſt in a ſingle mould its religious, political, and civil inſtitutions; or that, in a ſtill more difficult dilemma, it finds itſelf in extraordinary circumſtances, which hinder ſuch a union from taking place, it muſt wait the events of time for ſuch obſtructions to diſappear.

" It is around the tomb that human imagination creates and heaps up phantoms; and it would be difficult at that moment to impoſe any reſtraint, however little indulgence may have been ſhown to its firſt deviations. The imagination at ſuch a time becomes as formidable as the profound myſtery which it is buſy in contemplating.

" When the ſoul, the emanation of the divinity, has abandoned the body of the man, this body is no longer him, but his cloak; we ſhould reſpect theſe remains, but not idolize them, and take care even to put every thing out of the way which might reſemble him. Pride has built mauſoleums, and is always tending to rebuild them. What is required by the body deprived of the divine breath which animated it? To be reſtored to the earth, becauſe it is made to decompoſe itſelf ſlowly and ſucceſſively there by phyſical and known laws. It is there that it pays the debt which it contracted when it was born, and it is honourable and uſeful only there.

" To burn bodies, as demanded by the reporter, is a groſs error, if it be not alſo a phyſical crime, a ſacrilege towards nature; for it is hindering the return of the component parts, which form the riches, the nouriſhment, and the ornament of the globe. Fire is a deſtructive engine, which changes the nature of every thing which it diſſolves; it would take, therefore, from the earth what it has a right to expect for the re-production of vegetables, and the formation of calcareous earths. Fire would give every thing to the air, which would be a pure waſte; the pile, beſides, would require combuſtibles, and our foreſts would evaporate in vain ſmoak, inſtead of feeding our hearths and our forges.

" The ancients, ſo ignorant in phyſics, have reaſoned ill on the burning of bodies; it ſpreads beſides an infecti-

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on, which is however the leaſt inconvenience of this inconſiderate uſage. No; it ought not to be permitted for every individual to take poſſeſſion of the corpſe of his father, of his ſon, of his wife, his miſtreſs, and his friend. Our houſes would ſoon be transformed into cemeteries, and pride would be led to imagine obſequies, which would be attended at leaſt with dangerous ſingularities. We ſhould again have bones concealed in ſhrines of gold and ſilver; epitaphs and hired mourners would again make their appearance; and that ſyſtem of lying would again be in vogue, which, under the name of funeral orations, flowed emphatically from the mouths of panegyriſts.

" The law which ſhould leave corpſes at the diſpoſal of the fancies of individuals, would condemn thoſe corpſes to profanation, even by conjugal, or filial tenderneſs. Singularity and falſe ſenſibility would lead us back to coſtly embalmings, and even to mummies, which we ſhould exhibit with oſtentation; wild extravagance, in ſhort, would ſignalize its empire on a ſubject which incites the imagination to the moſt dangerous deviations. Such a one will carry off that muſcle which we name the heart, and will not imagine that he is in poſſeſſion of nothing more than a mere viſcera. A ſtupid admirer would ſteal the brain of ſome ſcientific man, and ſuppoſe that he is maſter of what was his underſtanding.

" True ſenſibility, ſo diſtinct from *ſenſibiliſm*, attaches itſelf not to material and hideous objects, but to a letter, a remembrance, an epocha, and above all, to a moral act. Would you re-eſtabliſh the altars of idolatry? Let us ſeparate, let us diſtinguiſh, let us preſerve, let us decorate corpſes; to-morrow we ſhall addreſs them; to-morrow we ſhall confound matter and intelligence.

" The triumph of hypocriſy is in the rear of interments, in the building of mauſoleums, and the gilding of ſarcophagus. True grief is dumb; mourning dreſſes is not mourning. Oh! who can look at the portrait of a dead friend. The extravagance of mankind has its full play over the tombs of the dead. The end of human hopes and of life has been the ſignal amongſt almoſt all people of moſt uncouth and ſingular ceremonies. The ſigns of affliction and the garments of mourning have even become objects of pride and oſtentation.

" Death

" Death is not deſtruction; let us be careful leſt vain ceremonies plunge us into poetical chimeras, or into ideas ſtill more degrading and ſuperſtitious*.

" There is no bizarrerie which the deſire of idolizing the dead, and of exhibiting them with pomp, would not ſuggeſt to proud, melancholy, or fantaſtic minds, if the law which conſigns the dead to their laſt dwelling did not belong excluſively to ſociety; and if reaſon as well as policy did not imperiouſly command it. I know no law more diſaſtrous for religion and morality than that which ſhould abandon corpſes to the changeable caprices of the interrers, or the frenzy of blind tenderneſs. Human aſhes, from the ſuperabundance of homage and ceremony which would be no longer paid them, would be no longer ſacred; at leaſt pride would give a frequent wound to *equality*, and at a moment in which we ſhould have all become in reality equal.

" It is charity which preſcribes the firſt mode of burial; it would be vanity, arrogance, the *comediſm* of ſentiment, which ſhould ordain the latter.

" When man re-deſcends into himſelf, he finds a world more aſtoniſhing ſtill than that which ſurrounds him. What is our body?

" It is matter only transfigured, which circulates on the ſcene, and its individual varieties are continually turning

* I was never more impreſſed with the power of ſolitude for the adoption of religious ideas than at the *Great Chartreuſe of Grenoble*. You are there, indeed, ſtill in the world, but only to recognize its nothingneſs To hear nothing but the ſound of the bell (this ſound ſeems to call our ſouls, and introduce them into eternity), to ſee only men dumb and pale with penitence, fixed continually in prayer, we tremble even at our own innocence, in being unable to place one's foot, except on the border of a precipice or a tomb; we feel the rottenneſs of the baſes of fortune, of pleaſures, and of what we call happineſs. Thoſe white ſhades walking round that melancholy cemetery, develope that ſublime thought of Young's—*Man dives into the tomb to riſe immortal.* It is there he muſt terminate the day which will have no morrow. Every thing on that ſpot abandons man to himſelf, and free from illuſions, he becomes better acquainted with truth. I regret that there are no longer any of thoſe manſions exiſting, in which man, haraſſed and burnt up by worldly paſſions, might go to cool and regenerate himſelf, by taſting that repoſe, or rather that intimate joy, which we feel under the empire of religion, when we are ſincerely in ſubjection to it; I mean that religion which, far from every kind of idolatry, conſiſts in finding God in ourſelves, in confiding in him, in adoring and loving him, and in the lively hope of an happineſs which he alone can beſtow. It is thus only that undeluded men can fly from the world, and innocence ſhelter itſelf from the wicked.

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around the eternal type; but the action of producing and vivifying is of an order too elevated for us to be inſtructed in it by divine power. The principle which ſerves to balance life and death will be never laid open to man as long as he ſhall be an occaſional agent, who receives life without feeling it, and who gives it without conceiving it; but this ignorance! it is death which will deliver us from it, by leading us back to the ſource of ideas.

"God is the immediate author of our ſenſations, and our bodies exiſt only in idea. Every ſenſation paſſing in the ſoul, and having God only for its author, is the only thing exiſting in regard to matter.

"The ſpirituality of the ſoul is not only a truth, but alſo an inherent and univerſal ſentiment; ſince the aliment of the ſoul, and we conſole ourſelves for the ſtroke of death; the preſent life is but a prelude of a better.

"There is an immutable relation between the hope of another life and virtue; and if this hope often produces morality, it happens ſtill oftener that it is the moral goodneſs of the man which produces hope.

"We have a diſtinct knowledge of ſomething which is not material; and when we deſcend into ourſelves, we are conſtrained to avow that if there exiſt any fixed permanent truth, it is that of the immortality of the ſoul. We ſhall always be forced to acknowledge that the mind and body are really diſtinct, and that we cannot confound them without overthrowing the moſt common and moſt reaſonable opinions.

"I cannot conceive man without thought. What is exiſtence but the conſciouſneſs of ſelf? Thought is but the developement of a thing unique, indiviſible, indeſtructible; matter can have no knowledge or perception; it does not exiſt.

"Ah, why ſhould not a lively ſentiment be a profound reaſoning? What is it in us which perceives beauty, harmony? We ſhall find that it is ſomething immaterial. I cannot conceive a man without thought, inſtinct, and reaſon, the ſign of both natures, ſays Paſcal.

"The univerſe contains me, and ſwallows me up at a point, and I by thought ſwallow up the univerſe. Although this paſſage of the ſame author offers abuſes of terms, it nevertheleſs gives a great idea of men. Plato has ſaid, we have an intimate ſenſe which perceives the future.

"Behold death clanking the keys of the tomb! What a misfortune to believe nothing beyond it!

" Who is he that feels with tranſport the mild harmony of nature? He who believes in another life. But it is the corruption of great ſocieties which depraves our mind; a ſecret ſentiment calls us back to our celeſtial origin. The ſtars are divine cyphers traced in the heavens to make us read above our heads the book in which the Eternal has written his name.

" Our paſſions tyrannize us, and we ſhut our ear to the celeſtial voice which ſpeaks to us and conſoles us.

" To feel ourſelves united to a creating being! what is there then ſo melancholy in this relation?

" The diſorder and calamities of the moral world; what a picture without the immortality of the ſoul!

" It was neceſſary that the divine breath ſhould animate our firſt thoughts. It is certain that we have ideas independent of ſenſations, otherwiſe man would be only a watch. How is it we reſolve geometrical queſtions at eight years of age? Pardon me, legiſlators, if I have been too diffuſe in giving my ideas on the conſoling ſentiment of the immortality of the ſoul; it has ſuſtained me in times of oppreſſion and tyranny; it has given me that calm and courage which I ſhould have ſcarcely found elſewhere; it would have made me march to the ſcaffold tranquil and reſigned. But I return to the queſtion reſpecting private interments. Citizen repreſentatives, (and I beg you to mark,) they would give full right and authority to exterminations. After having entruſted interments to the arbitrary ideas of relations or neighbours, they would have a right to place or diſplace the dead at their pleaſure. We ſhould be every year witneſſing new ſcenes of an indecent piece of folly, or a ridiculous lacrymania. Domeſtic preparations would take place, which coming acroſs other images, and as it were on a ſudden, might affright or afflict the feelings of others, and impreſs painful ſenſations on fibres too ſuſceptible, on thoſe of infancy and youth. A funeral ceremony would affect the young bride; the ſongs of mourning would interrupt thoſe of joy. But nature has impreſſed a repulſive aſpect on corpſes, in order that they may be carefully concealed from every eye. Maniacs might rehearſe at their fancy the ſpectacle of ſimulated grief.

" Religion had placed the dead under its ſacred and immutable ſafeguard; let a political law be its imitator on this point; let it keep under its empire the wrecks of humanity without permitting their diſperſion, which would

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be the germ of ſcandal and folly; and if we have examples to borrow from the ancients, let it not be their bad uſages, eſpecially when infected with the ſpirit of idolatry. Is it not that ſpirit which has extinguiſhed in man all great and elevated ideas, and which has brought him down to the level of idols?

"What abuſes would reſult from this pretended liberty, which, to my very great aſtoniſhment, your commiſſion propoſes for your acceptance? Would you play then with the dead? they would be no longer ſure of repoſing in peace. The maniacs are more numerous than you think. *Senſibiliſm*, permit me again to uſe this term, is the portion of a multitude of weak and little beings, of feveriſh ſentiments, and of ſuch as are the eternal comedians of true ſenſibility.

"If the progreſs of anatomy requires the tranſport of a few corpſes into our amphitheatres, prudence and wiſdom are careful that the eyes of thoſe who are unconcerned in the operations ſhould not be daily ſhocked; but does it not ſometimes happen, in ſpite of theſe precautions, that the eye has been ſtruck with theſe frightful ſcenes, and that the people, ſtarting back with horror, have taken the ſtudious work of the ſcalpel for the horrible crime of an aſſaſſin?

"How much does it then behove us to remove corpſes of every age and ſex from the phantaſies of pride, and the errors of ſentiment! To grant them to him who ſhould claim under pretence of patronage or ſentimental connection, would be opening the moſt unlimited field to perhaps ſacrilegious abuſes; we cannot calculate, at leaſt, the effects of ſo imprudent a permiſſion, ſince this toleration, beſides ſhocking a crowd of religious ideas, would act in a manner ſo different with reſpect to popular ideas, already ſo variable, already ſo extraordinary, ſince our revolution. French heads are no longer the ſame; they have made as many commentaries on the word *liberty* as they have committed acts againſt the *thing*; and this it is that effects the republican ſo deeply.

"The commiſſion, without doubt to prepare the mind of the public, has demanded a year for the accompliſhment of their project. It ſeems to me impracticable under every point of view, a year hence as much as to-day, and I cannot recover my aſtoniſhment that we ſhould have ſo groſsly profaned the words *liberty* and *ſentiment*.

" I therefore demand in my own name the eraſure of the fifth article, conceived in theſe terms: " Every per-" ſon is permitted to burn, or inter, in whatever place he " ſhall think fit, the body of his relatives, or of ſuch as " ſhall be dear to him, conforming himſelf nevertheleſs to " the laws of the police and of ſalubrity." The impaſſioned head of a romantic young man decorating tombs and ſcribbling epitaphs could not have more completely confounded the expreſſions, *which are dear to him.* What a latitude! it terrifies my imagination! *in whatever place he ſhall think fit.* What a promenade for the dead! what a career open to the wildeſt ideas! And this is what they venture to propoſe. No, I wiſh for none of their infectious piles; I wiſh for none of thoſe domeſtic cemeteries, of thoſe gardens paved with the dead, of thoſe preſſes where one man will ſhew me his grandfather, another his great uncle. Our chimney-pieces would be ornamented with embryos inſtead of Chineſe mandarins; human extravagance would waſte itſelf on objects formed to ſtrengthen it; I wiſh, in ſhort, for none of thoſe tranſlations of corpſes; and nature and policy, the police and ſalubrity, are equally averſe to it. Private burials are a crime againſt the peace and repoſe of ſociety."

CHAP. CCXXXVIII.

ELECTOR OF THE YEAR FIVE.

It is no longer with greaſy night-caps, pantaloons, dirty ſhirts, and tucked-up ſleeves, that the exerciſe of the ſovereignty of the people diſplays itſelf. A decent and even dignified demeanour is what we remark in the electors of Paris. Cabriolets, berlins, and phaetons, bring and take back a part of the members of the aſſembly. Let us take care, however, that luxury, and all the vices it engenders, do not introduce themſelves among us.

CHAP.

CHAP. CCXXIX.

PLAYERS ON THE FRENCH HORN.

THEY were ſtationed in cabarets, and correſponded from one quarter to another. All theſe correſponding ſounds were united to a common centre; ſome event was expected whenever they redoubled their noiſe: you liſtened for a long time, but comprehended nothing: thoſe ſounds, were, however, the tongue of ſedition. Thoſe conſpiracies, though ſo loudly proclaimed, were not on that account leſs dark and ſecret.

It has been obſerved, that when fires took place, the ſignal was more quick, rapid, and piercing. At the time of the fire at the Celeſtins, near the arſenal, my head was ſplit the evening preceding with the ſounds of horns; another time it was the cracking of whips; on certain days it is the noiſe of gunpowder crackers: we are tormented by thoſe loud and daily alarms.

It is in this manner we have lived for eight years paſt. At the theatres ſome thundered out the Marſeillois hymn; others hiſſed and groaned, in order to hinder the continuance of the ſong, and demanded, with menaces, ſome other piece than that which was to be repreſented. It is to-day eight years that we have been in full revolution; it is this day eight years that the fall of the Baſtille ſhook the foundation of the moſt ancient monarchy in Europe. How many events: what a hiſtory! how long we have lived during theſe eight years! We are now going to celebrate the commemoration of the 14th of July; our poſterity will be ſtill more diſpoſed than ourſelves to celebrate the anniverſary of ſo memorable an epocha. We have had the labour, and they will reap the fruit; they will forget our labours, our dangers, our combats; they will, perhaps, load us with unjuſt reproaches, becauſe it will be impoſſible for them to have any juſt idea of the tempeſts by which we have been beaten; but whether they honour our memory or not, there is one ſentiment which conſoles me for every thing: *I was born a ſubject, I ſhall die a republican.*

To

To form a true idea, they ought to have ſeen the celebrated epochas of the 14th of July, the 4th of Auguſt, the 5th of October, 21ſt of June, 10th of Auguſt, 31ſt of May, 13 Vendemiaire, and 18th Fructidor; they ſhould have deſcended into dungeons, be tied to the plank of the guillotine, and have been in continual view of death, either by the fury or error of a great people in inſurrection. What does it matter? my wearied life has been full; I have ſeen what other men have not; I have been preſent at terrible and diſaſtrous commotions, which enlarge and fortify the ſoul, which render it ſuperior to events, and make it brave death. I would not exchange this ſtormy but inſtructive exiſtence for another more calm and tranquil. After what I have ſeen, the hiſtory of man is in my mind.

I have ſtill before me the images and the buſtle of a city beſieged; every day the noiſe of drums, the retreat, the beat to arms, the cry of the ſectionaries, the claſh of ſabres, the fear of ſome, the ferocious joy of others, predictions of the moſt frightful cataſtrophes, the neceſſity of marching between royaliſts and anarchiſts; and when they rallied and joined their forces, there was nothing but the government to ſtop the effuſions of blood.

And what aſſaſſinations! Paris aſſaſſinated Michael Lepelletier, St. Fargeau; Charlotte Corday poignarded Marat; Robeſpierre, envying Collot d'Herbois the honour of the attempt on his life, dreams, and publiſhes that a girl of ſixteen wanted to attempt his days; Tallien, finding his thermidorian influence on the wing, contrived to be miſſed by a piſtol-ſhot in the Rue de Perle; the young and innocent Ferraud is murdered at the foot of the tribune by furies who hid themſelves in the crowd; Lepelletier is aſſaſſinated at Chartres; and Syeyes was deſperately wounded by a prieſt named Poule; a tribunal condemned this laſt only to the gallies. What days! If there have been any ſuch of old, I do not recollect them: and amidſt ſo many horrors, balls, concerts, galas, new dreſſes rivalling each other in brilliancy, uſeleſs expences, can we complain of robbers, mud, and the want of lamps?

There have, however, been days in which Paris was perfectly calm, in which we have had no more the appearance of being in war than in revolution. Foreigners, who read our newſpapers, ſee us covered with nothing but blood, tatters, and all the livery of miſery. What muſt be

be their ſurprize, in arriving at Paris by the road of Chaillot, and croſſing that magnificent avenue of the Champs Elyſées, bordered on both ſides with elegant phaetons, and peopled with charming women; continuing their route, attracted by that magical perſpective, acroſs the garden of the Tuilleries; traverſing this beautiful garden, more rich and better kept up than it was even in the moſt proſperous time of the monarchy? What muſt they think of the French and of their newſpapers, of their hiſtory, and of their miſeries?

The women are brilliant, the carriages numerous, and the Bois de Bologne crowded. We hear nothing, however, but the cry of miſery; and the cauſe of this is, that behind theſe rich tapeſtries are hidden the rentiers, the ſtate penſioners, the unfortunate, who have been cruſhed by the revolution. Thoſe perſons exclaim, and they have juſt cauſe. A Juvenal would alſo make the air reſound with his cries; but could he make his voice ſufficiently heard, ſo as to put an end to the hideous contraſt of the moſt inſolent luxury diſplaying itſelf by the ſide of the moſt deplorable miſery?

Such is the almoſt inevitable reſult of an immenſe population. The word *equality* does nothing for the thing; that is the work of time, and of civil inſtitutions the moſt difficult to trace out. How ſhall we remedy the inequality of fortunes? how fix a juſt medium, while it is ſo natural for the governed as well as the governors to precipitate themſelves into extremes? If you have induſtry you will neceſſarily have luxury, and you will have poor; if you have no induſtry, you will have an equality of miſery. Democratic and deſpotic equality are ſituated at two oppoſite points of the political axis; they are equally dangerous. Where is the ſecret of going on a long time without ſtriking on one or other of theſe rocks?

But I hear the complainings of ſome worthy father of a family. Look a little, ſays he, at the fine *equality* which reigns among the citizens of Paris! After eleven o'clock, the foot-paſſengers, who walk before the guard-houſe, are obliged to enter, and produce their card of ſurety, or their paſſport; but the ſmart gentlemen in carriages have the privilege of paſſing and repaſſing without any enquiry. Is the being rich enough to have a carriage, or hire a hackney-coach, a brevet of civiſm?

For ſome time paſt a ſtop has been put to thoſe caprices of the commanders at thoſe different poſts.

CHAP.

CHAP. CCXL.

CARDS OF RESTAURATEURS.

You receive them as you enter, printed, a ſheet in folio. One man, leaning with both elbows on the table, ſtudies a long time before he decides; another feels his fob, to ſee if he has enough to pay for his dinner, for no one now dines cheap. Calculate well, if you do not wiſh to be taken unawares, and obliged to leave your watch or ſnuff-box at the bar, in mortgage for half a capon.

You ſee the price plainly marked; but you do not ſee the diſh: when it comes on the table, what it contains might be ſerved up in a ſaucer. You behold in the firmament the increaſe of the moon; at the reſtaurateurs, you ſee nothing but the decreaſe of the diſh; but the price is fixed and irrevocable as the polar ſtar. The meat is cut in filigree, bye and bye it will be cut in laces. One would ſuppoſe that oxen were dwindled into the ſize of turkies; half an ounce has taken place of half a pound; the apothecary does not weigh out his doſes more ſcrupulouſly. When you aſk for a cut of eel *à la tartare*, they bring it you; but this cut is not above an inch and a half in length: take care that the card expreſſes how many inches you ſhould have, without which your cut will be only a little roll. It is the ſame with all other diſhes; they are all of the moſt delicate ſmallneſs; you would imagine that they were only bringing you ſamples of ſome future repaſt. Alas, citizen-cooks, I do not want to have a coat made; I want to dine. There would not be money enough in Paris to give a ſingle dinner to every individual in Paris, at the price that coſts a ſingle repaſt, not far from the Peron.

Let your purſe, when you enter a reſtaurateur's, be better furniſhed than the card, and take care that you do not faſt, though you pay a good deal. Nothing is more deceiving than the view of the prices, becauſe the reſtaurateur, though fat and thick, looks upon all thoſe whom he entertains as real Lilliputians. A wag ſaid, "I will make "my dinner in five acts, with change of ſcenery, but not "in the ſame theatre."

There

There are ſome droll terms in theſe cards. We hear a waiter crying out to a kind of maitre d'hotel, Bring a potage *à la ci-devant reine*, with two kidneys *à la brochette*: bring a pottage *à la ci-devant Condé*, with a ragout of hare. There you eat the pottage of that Condé, who fled ſo quick, and ſo far, which ſounds along the tables, and which ſignifies only a ſoup, which he will never taſte again.

"A ſole *au gratin*," ſqueaks a little ſhrill and feminine pipe; "A quarter of a capon," bawls a ſtrong and maſculine voice.

Your pottage, your petits patés, your cutlets, your fricandeau, your apple, your biſcuit, all is enregiſtered the moment you ſwallow it; and if your ſtomach doubts what you have ſwallowed, a procés-verbal places it before your eyes. For as to the account, it is made after the rules of Bareme; pay, and I adviſe you to go and dine elſewhere.

They offer you at theſe tables the *Letter of a Cordelier turned player, addreſſed to a Carmelite become a milliner*. There is nothing but the title which is piquant. If you liſten to what is paſſing around you, you find a droll mixture of folly and reaſon, ſorrow and gaiety, ſilence and noiſe, wit and ſtupidity, of ſlavery and liberty; the converſation is a true ſalmagundi, like the diſhes.

At the Courtille, the petit Pologne, new France, the traiteurs are more loyal than thoſe in the city; in theſe guinguettes, you ſee the diſh together with the price; you may compare them, and take them away, dreſt or undreſt. The old-clothes men ſell their merchandiſe in the ſhade, in order to conceal the ſpots; the reſtaurateurs ſell diſhes inviſible, and which the ſcullions never diſplay till you are engaged; the reſtaurateurs deſerve therefore the title of Jews as much as cloathſmen.

They get rich pretty faſt; and what proves this is, that you ſee written up in great characters, Such a one, ſucceſſor to ſuch a one. Leda already rivals the celebrated Meot. Eating is the fundamental baſis of ſociety at preſent; eating is the only ſerious occupation; to dine well is the *ſummum bonum*; and all thoſe looking-glaſſes which decorate the rooms of theſe reſtaurateurs, reflect nought but egotiſm devouring every thing at their eaſe; and which, when it has dined, is affected with no one's misfortunes.

CHAP.

CHAP. CCXLI.

PRIMARY ASSEMBLIES OF THE YEAR 5.

It is, above all, at the moment of the primary aſſemblies, that the enemies of the republic are careful in diſtributing their parts to thoſe whom they think moſt capable of filling them. They have their *prowlers*, their *commiſeratqrs*, their *calumniators*, and their *dividers*; thoſe laſt are ſpecially commiſſioned to break up the union which reigns amongſt the moſt decided republicans; to kindle their perſonal paſſions, for which, neglecting the affairs of the republic, and employing themſelves only about their own private intereſt, they fall into certain deviations, which ſubject them to a warrant of arreſt. Then they ſay to them, "You ſee now that theſe arbitrary impriſonments weigh "upon republicans as well as royaliſts. There is no know- "ing where we are. Every thing is topſy-turvy. Is it not "better to ſave twenty who are guilty, than condemn one "who is innocent? And in this ſtate of things, would it "not be as juſt as it would politic, to give all their liberty?"

Then would come an amneſty; after an amneſty, conſpiracies; after conſpiracies, treaſon; after treaſon, civil war; and this is the happy moment our enemies are looking for, to deſtroy the republican government, and ſet Tarquin on the throne, or ſhare the wrecks with him.

Mirabeau ſaid, *I know them; each of them is wiſhing only for a ſhred of the royal cloak.*

No! the republic will not periſh, it is immortal. The royaliſts, affrighted at the ſucceſs of the 18th Fructidor, begin to be afraid. They exclaim in their rage, "O "firſt of Vendemiaire! abhorred day, in which the "throne was broken! Day more horrible ſtill, 10th of Au- "guſt, in which the throne was annihilated, and we alſo. "Till lately, crouching at the look of kings, and the no- "bility, the people felt themſelves honoured by one of "our ſmiles; a ſingle word from our lips made them hap- "py, or forced them to tremble. At that time they did "not know their ſtrength; but every thing has changed; "we were for a long time difficult to be perſuaded, that "France could exiſt without a king and without nobles; "France has taught it us to our ſorrow. O accurſed day, "O firſt of Vendemiaire (6th year!) how are all our pro-

"jections

" jections overthrown! . . . . . Coaleſced Europe, our " knights of Coblentz, our heroes of the poignard, our " black huſſars of Tivoli and Italy, our marſhal Pichegru, " the bells of Camille Jourdan, even the homilies of La- " harpe, all have been wrecked againſt theſe roturiers! . . " . . . . O hero of Blackenbourg! O my maſter! O " my king! ſuffer your rebel ſubjects to celebrate this " firſt of Vendemiaire; the next year you ſhall celebrate " St. Lewis in your Pariſh of Verſailles; we ſwear it by " the holy phial, and on our ſwords."

And we ſay on our parts, " Hail, firſt of Vendemiaire, " to the end of ages! thou wert for France what Hercules " was, when he cleanſed the ſtable of Augeas; what Ju- " piter was, when he conquered the Titans; hail!"

What proves that a decree in favour of the prieſts, monks, and monkeſſes had been projected in the union at Clichy, is the ingenuous declaration of a Carme arreſted at Saintes, in the habit of his order. " The news had " been ſpread in Spain," ſaid the monk, " that the legiſla- " tive body of France was going to put things in *ſtatu quo*, " relating to the religious orders; and give us back our " eſtates and convents." The declaration of this Carme agreed perfectly with what was paſſing under our own eyes. Dreſſes for monks and nuns had been making for ſome time paſt in Paris. This is not all: there exiſts in the houſe of . . . . . Rue Honoré, a ſociety of novices, who appeared in the court, and at the windows, in ſtomachers and veils. In the ſame houſe is a charming little refracto- ry abbé, who from his window enters into converſation with thoſe beguines, and who ſays to them at every mo- ment in a gentle tone, " Patience, ladies, patience! the " decree is coming out, on my word of honour."

CHAP. CCXLII.

LAW OF DIVORCE.

THIS law was projected in 1790, in the whining papers of the Duke of Orleans, of that prince revolutionary for his own advantage, corrupted and guillotined, and who had a virtuous woman for his wife. This fundamental law

law was decreed the 20th September 1792, in an evening ſitting, without diſcuſſion, by ſitting and riſing, and cauſed a general mourning throughout France, ſcandalizing foreigners, who have loaded us with ſo many reproaches on account of it ſince. Thoſe who are the friends to ſocial order, and indeed all men of ſenſe, acknowledged that it opened a wide door to the licentiouſneſs and depravity of manners, which was already ſo general.

It was much worſe when the convention decreed the additional laws reſpecting divorce, of the 8th Nivoſe, and the 4th Floreal, 2d year, which have ſo much favoured the diſſoluteneſs of the paſſions.

By thoſe laws, the ſimple abſence of ſix months is a ſufficient plea for divorce; and either of the parties may contract without delay a new marriage: in conſequence of which, the only female claimants for divorce were the wives of the defenders of the country, and of public functionaries, diſtant from their home for the ſervice of the republic. The legiſlators Oudot and Pons-de-Verdun had even anouunced a new project of a law, which ſhould make divorce more eaſy; but this divorcing paſſion was ſpeedily repreſſed. Attornies and pleaders ſeized with avidity on thoſe fatal decrees, and a diſſolution took place in the bonds of ſociety. Every debauched, unprincipled, ambitious, immoral man, ſatisfied his inordinate taſte, his reſentment, and his avarice. No one could imagine the abuſes which have reſulted from thoſe laws ſo clumſily conſtructed, and ſo favourable to immorality. There was no longer any reſpect paid to oaths, to perſons, or to properties. How many private diſorders have corrupted public morality, and is the wound moſt difficult to cure?

Nevertheleſs, the numberleſs abuſes, the hideous ſyſtem of libertiniſm, which divorce appears to have introduced into our manners, are not ſo much the effects of the inſtitution itſelf, as of the bad law which ſanctified it at firſt. Reform this law, and thoſe which follow it; put ſuch conditions on divorce as ſhould make it very difficult to be obtained, and you will then have fulfilled your duty, and conciliated the intereſts of morality with that of the republic.

CHAP.

CHAP. CCXLIII.

FIGURES IN THE PORTICO OF NOTRE DAME.

Do you remember, readers, thoſe kings of the portico of Notre Dame, thoſe unformed maſſes, thick as elephants, which formed a long proceſſion in the niches of the front of the firſt church of Paris? All the firſt race was there, and pretty well blackened by time; but you might diſtinguiſh the monarchs in ſtone, which was contemporary with the ages in which they lived, and who all in one day have been levelled with the earth.

Do you know what is become of them? They lie in heaps on each other behind the church, where they are buried under every kind of filth. Their gigantic ſize attracts the looks of every paſſenger; and their great ſceptres in their hand, and the different and droll mutilations which they have received, force a ſmile of pity, when we reflect on the ſingular decrees of time, and the ſtrange ſtrokes of fate.

Chance, without doubt, rather than miſchievous intention, has preſided over this groteſque and humiliating degradation; but it is unneceſſary that both ſight and ſmell ſhould be offended by their preſence. Their hiſtory ſmells ill enough already.

A grenadier, with his pipe in his mouth, ſcales the protuberant belly of Charlemagne, and lops off, without fear and without reproach, the emperor's great noſe, taking a tranquil ſurvey of the other coloſſuſes, who have ſtill their crowns on their heads. His comrade follows his example, without condeſcending to enquire the name of the viſage which he is going to diſfigure. King Pepin is there, ſword in hand, and a lion under his feet, in commemoration of that which he killed in a combat which took place in the abbey of *Ferrieres*; his lion and his ſword remain motionleſs in ſpite of ſo many inſults.

Such is at preſent in Paris the new St. Denis, or rather the muſeum of thoſe antique and royal ſtatues. The virtuoſo, in croſſing it, holds his noſe, fearing leſt thoſe effigies, more ſtinking than carcaſes, ſhould engender the plague.

CHAP. CCXLIV.

JACOB DUPONT.

THERE was in the convention one Jacob Dupont, who made a public declaration at the tribune of his being an atheiſt. This fanfaronade, the value of which was duly appreciated at the time, was treaſured up by every foreign writer hoſtile to revolution. They calumniated the whole convention and made of us what the hard Janſeniſts, in their theological diſputes, made of the Moliniſts. From that time the deputies have been conſidered by certain weak-headed men as men capable of every crime.

Jacob Dupont has therefore done the greateſt injury to an aſſembly, which, I am confident, contained no decided atheiſts, and this is more than we have ſeen in ſome literary ſocieties leſs made to harbour them.

This Jacob Dupont was a crack-brained fellow, who ſtuck up a courſe of public inſtruction on the walls in Paris, and wanted to ſet up his pulpit ſometimes in the ſquare of the Revolution, and ſometimes in the church of Notre Dame. He taught every thing, was verſed in all ſciences, and wrote to the two councils to be made public and univerſal profeſſor.

At any other time, ſuch a madman would have excited nothing but a ſmile; but there were ſo many other jugglers in different ſtyles, that this man has not yet been able to obtain the celebrity of ridicule.

CHAP. CCXLV.

THE MORALIST FINANCIER.

HONOUR to our own times, which, after the Janſeniſts, the Economiſts, the Maratiſts, have alſo engendered the *Moraliſts*. The Financier (or he whom we are agreed to call by that name), talks alſo of morality; for there is no one but the banker who barters money; a financier is modeſt, he

he would not dare to do it, eſpecially when he ſits in the legiſlative body.

We will take the liberty here of repeating to the financier the argument to which he has turned a deaf ear, and which is, that for upwards of three years paſt, notwithſtanding the drawing of the lottery, has been diſcontinued in France, ſpeculations in foreign lotteries have conſtantly taken place, and even at this moment the lottery of Cologne, which is drawn every decade for the benefit of the emigrants, is eagerly followed. Here the ſpeculators purchaſe their chances at private offices or of bankers, who being all in direct oppoſition to the law, play a double trick on the purchaſer, either by not paying him when there turns up a conſiderable prize, or by ſubſtituting falſe tickets in place of thoſe really drawn. The true morality of the *Venerables** ought to have been, or I am much deceived, to ſave the governed from that crowd of knaves of whom they are continually the dupes.

If, therefore, no law, no prohibition, could ſtop this fury of running the chance of lotteries, why ſhould not the government have made ſo univerſal a paſſion turn to its own advantage, eſpecially if it was deſirous of applying the benefits to means which ſhould concur to the public good? This is the true point of view, under which we ought to conſider the queſtion: the reſt is declamation, ignorance, intentional perverſity.

It is the exceſs of perfidy to have repreſented me as the champion of the *loto*. I have ſaid repeatedly, that it is for mathematicians to give us the mode of the eſtabliſhment of a lottery founded on new calculations, ingenious and truly philanthropical; and ſince there has been a talk about immorality, it might take place, if on one ſide the government expoſed itſelf to a loſs, or if on the other it gained more than is allowed to a public game granted to that hope which is the ſpring of action in every mind. To ſhut the door againſt vagrant knavery, which haunts public places with an impudence that nothing can repreſs; to make the chance more favourable to the ſpeculator; to hinder purchaſers from going to foreign offices; to deſtroy the cupidity of the private receiver and the *moraliſt financier*, who is continually returning his funds; to accelerate the drawings; to give hope, conſoling at every moment

* Alluſion to the council of elders, who had at firſt rejected every plan of a lottery.

the moſt ſpeedy deciſion; to receive depoſits from the loweſt to the higheſt price; to force a great circulation of money, which conſtitutes riches—this is what the legiſlator ought to propoſe to himſelf. He ought to enact neither the Sorbonniſt nor the theologian, but try to conciliate the intereſt of the government and that of the ſpeculator, ſince he cannot eradicate a paſſion inherent in man.

CHAP. CCXLVI.

NATIONAL RICHES.

BEHOLD Paris ornamented with the moſt glorious ſpoils of Greece and Italy! Behold the prodigies of art collected together on the ſame ſpot, which is become the depoſitory of every thing moſt curious in the world. Whatever you can imagine moſt rare in the productions of nature, you will here find; all the wonders of taſte, of ſcience, and of literature, are before your eyes, and you are invited every day to the enjoyment of them. You ſee nothing but vaſt collections of books and of monuments of every kind; we talk of nothing but laying new foundations for the accumulation of new ſcientific treaſures, and we are nevertheleſs every where ſaying that here is no public inſtruction. I think we mean to ſay in other terms, that there is no public teaching, or that it is good for nothing which comes to the ſame thing.

Public inſtruction is every where, ſince at every ſtep we take, we find libraries, profeſſors, and public lectures. You want only eyes to ſtudy natural hiſtory and botany, with the aſſiſtance of the fineſt ſpecimens of the productions of the three kingdoms; you want only eyes to ſtudy chymiſtry; your eyes alone are ſufficient to perfect yourſelf in the taſte for painting.

This vaſt gallery, called the Central Muſeum of the Arts, is a city of pictures; but there are ſo many, that the eye is fatigued, and the attention wearied; we ſee nothing, becauſe we ſee too much.

I do not know whether all thoſe pictures collected at ſo great an expence do not mutually injure each other, and

if

if the mind be not confuſed amidſt ſuch a variety of objects. The Raphael's, the Michael Angelo's, the Carracci's, the Titians, the Correggios, the Guidos, the Rubens, are come to find you, to aſſail you, to beg your approbation, while perhaps it was your buſineſs to have made the firſt advance, and go and viſit them in their ſanctuaries. All theſe creations to the diſdainful Pariſian ſeem a debt, which is paid him, and which ought to be paid him.

CHAP. CCXLVII.

DUPIN.

We never remember the name of Meſmer and his magnetic tub, but to laugh at the credulity of the public, and the traps into which they fall when the charlatan is a little adroit. If we ſhould retrace all the extravagant ſcenes which took place during the experiments of the German doctor, the picture would ſeem merely imaginary of the aſſemblage of individuals who co-operate by the ſtrangeſt contortions and the moſt ridiculous grimaces to the ſame follies. An hundred louis muſt be paid before admiſſion to the influence of the doctrine of animal magnetiſm. A few farmers-general ranked themſelves among the adepts. What proves that the mountaineers had no appetite for blood, but in order to confiſcate property, is the haſte they made in labouring for the death and plunder of the farmers-general. It was here that the Committee of General Surety, though it was ſufficiently immoral and tyrannical, ſurpaſſed every thing which could be expected from the vileſt and moſt impudent ruffians. They commiſſioned a man of the name of Dupin, the ſame who had denounced them at the tribune: they charged this mountaineer with the inventory and the procés-verbal which regarded the department of Paris. Accuſed of dilapidation, of having made uſe of falſe ſeals, of having his hands full of various jewels, belonging to the former farmers-general, the ſighs and groans of their widows and their children were loſt in air; the devaſtating executioner kept the ſpoils with the ſame impudence that Serjent of Paris wore on his finger the agate torn from the hand of

one of the murdered in September, and thoſe two murderers abuſing the character of the repreſentatives of the people, took refuge in the mountain as a fort inacceſſible to cries and acclamations.

What is become of this monſter of iniquity, who rung the tocſin of death, and of an unjuſt death, over ſixty citizens, among whom we number Lavoiſier? Exhaling around him the odour of crime, he came to the priſon emptied of the farmers-general who had immolated, and inſulted the ſeventy-three. I could only addreſs him in theſe words: "I have the conſolation of being no longer ſeated by the ſide of thee."

How many crimes remain unpuniſhed! But if Dupin, as well as others, have eſcaped the vengeance of the laws, they are given over to the execration of mankind.

Thoſe farmers-general were condemned for having put water in the ſnuff. I ſaw in my priſon an unfortunate old man who bore my name, who was the ſon of the nurſe of Louis the XVth: he could not have made a ſum of addition; another perſon filled his functions. He had given an hundred thouſand crowns, which had been exacted from him: he had never ſeen me before this fatal meeting: he lamented over my deſtiny, and I wept over his; for innocence was impreſſed on his forehead as it had been on his paſt life, and in his heart. Oh! who will relieve me from the remembrance of thoſe bloody days! But no, I will treaſure it up to puniſh and cover the authors of them with infamy.

CHAP. CCXLVIII.

PUNISHMENT OF ROBESPIERRE.

WHERE ſhall I get colours to paint the general cry of public joy amidſt the moſt horrible of ſights, the exploſion of that tumultuous tranſport which ſpread, and which reſounded even at the foot of the ſcaffold? His name, loaded with imprecations, was in every mouth; it was no longer the *incorruptible*, the *virtuous* Robeſpierre; the maſk was fallen off; he was delivered over to univerſal execration, and made reſponſible for all the crimes of both

both committees. The ſtalls, the ſhops, the windows, were crowded; the roofs were covered with people of every claſs, who had only one object, that *of ſeeing Robeſpierre led to death.*

Inſtead of a dictator's throne, he lay reclined in a cart, which carried alſo his accomplices, Henriot and Couthon. There was a noiſe, a tumult around him, which was made up of a thouſand exclamations of joy, mingled with mutual congratulations. His head was wrapped round with a dirty and bloody napkin, and only half of his pale and ferocious viſage was ſeen. His mutilated and disfigured companions bore leſs reſemblance to criminals than wild beaſts caught in a gin, and which could be ſeized on only by breaking ſome of their limbs. A burning ſun did not hinder the women from expoſing the roſes and lilies of their delicate cheeks to its rays, waſhing to ſee the *aſſaſſins of their fellow-citizens.* The horſemen who eſcorted the cart brandiſhed their ſabres, and ſhowed him their naked points. This pontiff-king no longer drew after him the convention at ten ſteps' diſtance from his perſon; he ſeemed to have preſerved the remains of life only to ſatisfy divine juſtice, and its terrible vengeance on hypocritical and ſanguinary men.

When he came near the place of puniſhment, and before the houſe where he lodged, the people made him ſtop; and a groupe of women formed a dance to the noiſy clappings of the multitude. One of them ſeized the moment, and apoſtrophizing him with violence of geſture and voice, exclaimed, "Thy puniſhment intoxicates me with joy. Deſcend to hell, covered with the curſes of every wife and "every mother of a family." Robeſpierre remained dumb.

When he mounted on the ſcaffold, the executioner, as if animated by the public deteſtation, tore rudely off the dreſſing put on his wounds; he threw out the cry of a tiger; the lower jaw then detached itſelf from the upper, and ſtreaming with blood, made this human head one of the moſt monſtrous and horrible that the pencil could exhibit. His two companions, not leſs hideous in their torn and bloody garments, were the accolites of this great criminal, whoſe ſufferings excited not the ſmalleſt ſpark of pity. Mortally wounded, public vengeance called him to undergo a ſecond death; and the people ruſhed on in crowds, not to loſe the moment when his head ſhould bend under the axe where he had precipitated ſo many others: the applauſes continued for fifteen minutes.

Twenty-two heads fell with his. The next day ſeventy members of the commune went to join their chief; they were the ſame who came to our dungeons to carry off our food, and load us with inſults. The day after, twelve other members of the commune paid with their heads for their connection with the chief of the conſpirators, but theſe ignoble and vulgar heads of mean ſatellites had no name; Robeſpierre's alone was counted.

If he was arreſted, it was for want of courage; had he mounted on horſeback, he might perhaps have been followed by the ſame multitude who covered him with maledictions. Robeſpierre repoſed on Henriot, and on his Jacobins, but they had neither firmneſs nor boldneſs when they were neither executioners nor aſſaſſins. Theſe conſpirators all turned pale when they ſaw themſelves ſtruck by the decree which put them *out of the law*.

It is frightful to reflect that Robeſpierre fell only becauſe the Committee of Public Safety was divided; had they been in accord, the bloody oppreſſion would ſtill have laſted; two triumvirates were quite prepared to continue the courſe of this incredible tyranny; and I do not exaggerate in maintaining, that the remaining members ſtill flattered themſelves with the duration of that chaos, the grave of public liberty. They ought, had they been wiſe, to have thrown every thing on Robeſpierre, and have declared themſelves his enemies, after having equalled, and ſometimes ſurpaſſed him in inſolence and ferocity. But the thirſt of dominating, and the hope of maſtering the convention, and by this means the reſt of France, did not forſake their hearts. They had, however, the impudence to be the accuſers of him whom they had ſo long ſerved as valets, and whom they would not have oppoſed at laſt, if they had not themſelves been proſcribed. But for that liſt of proſcription in which they had ſeen their own names, they would ſtill have been proſcribing with, and under the ſanction of Robeſpierre. Thoſe cowards were far beneath him whom they overthrew, and whom they overthrew only from fear.

True republicans, and I among the reſt, remained ſtill in dungeons, from the inconceivable impudence of the decemvirs, and the inexpliable cowardice of the national convention, which convention indeed exiſted no longer on the ſeats where thoſe deputies were crawling about, but where the honourable priſoners were ſhut up; it was we alone who ought to have ariſen again, and reſtored and given it back the majeſty and energy which it had loſt.

Certainly

Certainly we were juſtified by all the crimes of the accomplices of Robeſpierre; but what man, even after thoſe days of victory and juſtice, dared demand that a repreſentation of the people, irreproachable under every point of view, ſhould re-appear at its poſt? It was neceſſary to make another diviſion among theſe aſſaſſins, and overthrow them one by the other till they were ſo weak as not to be able to retard our triumphal entry. They wiſhed to deſtroy, in order to reign, but not to eſtabliſh the republic. The event has proved that this horde of ruffians could not bear the ſight of good men, nor reſpect that liberty to which thoſe had given the firmeſt ſupport. Our looks, our names tranſfixed them with the pain of the moſt merited reproach; and what evil have they done their country! as much as we wiſhed to have done good. Few amongſt them all have eſcaped the fate which awaits them; they vainly endeavour to unite their cauſe with that of the revolution, they will never ſucceed; they alone have imprinted on it a diſguſting character; and time, which aſſigns to every thing its place, has already marked their names, and encircled them with public contempt and horror, whilſt their hands are covered with blood; they are like the wife of Macbeth, they cannot wipe out or turn aſide their looks from the ineffacable ſpot.

What rendered the ſyſtem of Robeſpierre terrible was not ſo much its madneſs and atrocity as its duration. The decemviral tyranny which covers us all at preſent with ſo much confuſion, would not have exiſted had there been a dictature of thirty-ſix hours; that would have cruſhed the ſucceſſors of Robeſpiere. But men hid themſelves one behind the other, in order to be ſtill more atrocious and more wicked than thoſe who were open and avowed.

Barrere, Collot, Billaud, thoſe monſters diſavowed by human nature, appeared after the death of Robeſpierre, and ſat in the convention; fifty thouſand citizens, whom they had cauſed to be murdered, could obtain no other vengeance than the baniſhment of their aſſaſſins; and it was in this mode that the government paſſed rapidly from a ſyſtem of the moſt deteſtable tyranny to that of the moſt fatal indulgence. After the 9th of Thermidor, it entered into compromiſe with the aſſaſſins, and the conſpiracies ſince that time have been the fruit of I know not what fear, or rather delirium, which had ſeized every head. The royal re-action took place becauſe it had been propoſed to frame a law which ſhould aboliſh the pain of death; a law which ſuppoſed a conſtitution already tried, a government

ſeated

ſeated on a ſolid baſis, a decided national character, of which we had not even the elements.

Robeſpierre and his faction had made a treaty with Philip d'Orleans, and had ſaid to him, "Thou ſhalt give us thy "gold in exchange for our crimes." Louvet, the courageous Louvet, denounced that infernal faction. The artful Barrere warded off the blow which the convention was going to ſtrike. How many crimes would have been prevented by this act of juſtice!

Contraſt the puniſhment of Robeſpierre with that of the Counteſs Dubarry. Of what uſe was the murder of this woman puniſhed by Vaudevilles, and fallen into contempt? If ſhe had been ſeen getting naked out of bed, the bed of her royal lover, making the Pope's nuncio hand her one of her ſlippers, and the grand almoner of France the other; Was this a motive for ſending her to the ſcaffold? or did they covet her beautiful houſe at Lucienne? The ruffians had often no other policy than the thirſt of gold, and though Robeſpierre was a ſanguinary monſter, we ſhould alſo add, that he was an avaricious wretch; that he ſold himſelf to D'Orleans, and in the end to ****.

CHAP. CCXLIX.

HISTORIC POINT OF VIEW.

THE victory of Paris over the whole of France when thirty thouſand armed men ſurrounded the convention, declared the defenders of order and property traitors to their country, and demanded their heads, will be a ſubject of eternal reproach from the whole of France againſt this city. The report of the commiſſion of twelve was about to name the true accomplices of Dumourier; the aſſaſſins, the ruffians, the promoters of anarchy, were on the point of being unmaſked; the triumvirate of Danton, Marat, and Robeſpierre, would not have taken place, and the decemvirs, the offſpring of the triumvirate, would never have terrified the nation and hiſtory with their abominable crimes. Dangerous example of a minority, which having its protectors and ſupports under its hand, in a narrow ſpace, becomes much ſtronger than a majority whoſe reſources are ſcattered, and as it were, loſt over a vaſt territory ſuch as France.

The true republicans were overthrown, the nation detached itſelf from them, and ſuffered them to be dragged to the ſcaffold

ſcaffold or periſh in priſons. And what was the language of the plain? ſuch as the government holds at preſent when ſeated on the baſis of victory, wiſdom, and moderation. "It is time to build up, after having demoliſhed ſo much." The violent meaſures which have ſaved us from oppreſſion will, if we continue to uſe them, force us back again under its yoke. We believe that a republic can be founded only on wiſdom and moderation; that to overcome prejudice and ſuperſtition, we ſhould enlighten and not exterminate; that a magnanimous people may know their ſtrength without abuſing it; and that they ought to diſdain under the empire of the laws, to obtain by rapine what they might claim from virtue.

We believe that we may be republicans without being fanatics, philoſophers without becoming profeſſors of plunder, patriots without being cannibals, and fulfil our duties as legiſlators without becoming aſſaſſins. We were deſirous, it is true, of ſaving the king from the ſcaffold; we were afraid of raiſing the whole of Europe againſt us, and of prolonging the war; we thought it more uſeful to keep the king as an hoſtage; we were willing to make his life ſubſervient to the acquiſition of peace, and to haſten on its return; and we thought to ſpare the effuſion of blood, and to bring France to a happy point of proſperity, by abridging in the quickeſt manner poſſible the courſe of its calamities. We did not aſcribe ſuch importance to a king as to think that his death would be a giant's ſtep towards public felicity, as our ferocious rivals would have it believed; nor have we thought, like them, that to cauſe the head of a prince to fall under the axe, was the maſter-ſtroke of philoſophy.

The great ſhe-wolf, the mother and nurſe of the Jacobins, kept then her infernal den at Paris; ſhe was put in motion by the aſſiſtance of the popular ſocieties, and after her howlings had thrown terror afar, the ſhock of tumults and the tempeſts of diſorder were framed, in order to launch during the ſtorm the moſt monſtrous and horrible decrees. Had the convention been in any other place or ſituation, it never would have yielded, and with it the whole nation. When the act of commanding the Pariſian inſurrection in a minute had been formed, there was no longer any liberty for us; and the decemviral tyranny aſſaſſinated both legiſlators and private citizens with great pomp, decimating them at its will and pleaſure.

CHAP. CCL.

RESISTANCE.

A MISPLACED, arrogant, and haughty reſiſtance; a reſiſtance too hot and obſtinate at the firſt ſtep of the revolution, gave it many very conſiderable advantages, for which great obligations are due to ye, gentlemen-ariſtocrates. Nothing remains of the government which the revolution has deſtroyed: but the car of the revolution did ſo much miſchief becauſe we threw ourſelves precipitately before the horſes, and even under the wheels. Going back has ſtill been more terrible than advancing. The coachman who drove over the leg of a poor wretch, when they cried out to him on all ſides, "Stop, ſtop!" drew back, and paſſed over his body.

This car had to run through a vaſt ſpace, becauſe it had been launched from a vaſt height. The foaming courſers and heated wheels want nothing ſo much as repoſe.

A government at once freſh and new has manifeſted its form, its power, and its life; no one can deny the creation of this body politic; it is young, and not leſs robuſt; it is living, and ought to have the aſſent of every reaſonable man; it is the intereſt of the whole that it exiſt, for the beſt form of government is that which ariſes from the perfection of the mind of a nation whole and entire; and as it is not to be preſumed that it would give itſelf up again to remembrances as powerleſs as they are miſerably ſuperſtitious, the hope is, that it will naturally fall in with the government which has been juſt formed, and which is, as it were, of ancient date, for this ſimple reaſon, becauſe it lives and goes on. It is by its action, and not by its duration, that we ought to regard it.

If deſpotiſm ſhould ever return in France, it would be the moſt terrible of all tyrannies, becauſe the intermediary powers would haraſs, weary out, and oppreſs alternately the people and the monarch. The deſpot, having no longer either clergy, or nobility, or parliament to reſtrain or conciliate, the rod of power would ſtrike the people with its full ſwing, and they would have neither organ to complain, nor means to defend themſelves: it would be a long and exter-

exterminating war. There are thus ſeveral degrees of ſervitude, but this ſervitude would form an abyſs deeper than deſpotiſm itſelf. The Danes were guilty of a moſt cowardly dereliction of their liberties; hatred againſt the nobles dictated that ſhameful conceſſion in which they ſold themſelves to a king. Mankind would turn away their ſight with horror from the moſt ſervile flock of the degraded human ſpecies, if it was poſſible for us to imitate the Danes.

CHAP. CCLI.

FRIMAIRE, SIXTH YEAR.

It has been for a long time obſerved, that in revolutions the habitude of encountering dangers, the ſacrifice of private affections, and the ſentiment of public evils, have led men to ſport with life, and embarraſs themſelves little about dying; but it is with pain that we have ſeen aſſaſſins mount the ſcaffold with an air of unconcern. Four, who were lately executed, affected a brutal inſenſibility; one cried out at the moment of execution, *I die like an honeſt robber!* another, caſting a look on his companions, already thrown into the fatal hamper, ſaid gaily to the executioner, *Stow them then a little better, there will not be room for me*—room for him!

A few days ſince two young girls were guillotined, who were convicted of murder; they went to the ſcaffold as if it were a feaſt, ſinging couplets of libertine ſongs. Theſe two young girls, who from their ſex, their figure, and their age, might have excited an emotion of unreflecting commiſeration, inſpired nothing but a ſentiment of horror. The people clapped their hands as their heads fell. Charlotte Corday went to puniſhment with a countenance dreſt in ſmiles, but ſhe did not ſing.

This final impenitence can be attributed only to the unhappy triumph of a doctrine which reduces us all to animal automatiſm; and as irreligion has deeply tinged the people with immorality, it is for the wiſdom of legiſlators, duly penetrated with the importance and dignity of their functions, to give a new courſe to religious ideas; for there is without doubt ſome means of remedying this degradation

gradation of the human ſpecies, which, attaching no value to exiſtence, conſidered at all times, and by all animated beings, as the greateſt benefit of nature, muſt, in conſequence of this inſenſibility, deſpiſe, forget, and tread under foot both virtue and talent, and, in general, every thing which renders them of value, and adds to their charms.

The *Chauffeurs* have already ſhocked the tribunals with the recital of their cruelties. Aſſaſſins of a new kind have juſt been arreſted: they had taught dogs to ſtrangle men at the corner of a wood, whom they afterwards ſtript at their leiſure. When examined, they only obſerved, "It is not "we who killed them."

Every thing proves the neceſſity of more repreſſive, more firm and vigorous meaſures, in the reform of the criminal code; for human perverſeneſs, in ſhaking off the reſtraint of religion, has diſplayed itſelf under a point of view moſt hideous, and ſubverſive of ſociety.

CHAP. CCLII.

PANTHEONISED.

A PERSON carried to the Pantheon after death. Pantheoniſe a ſcoundrel! Even after the 9th of Thermidor, Marat was pantheoniſed, and then depantheoniſed. Mirabeau, accuſed by the *iron preſs* of having ſold himſelf to the court, was depantheoniſed. The body of Lepellctier St. Fargeau was given back to his brother.

It is thought that it was on the demand of the royaliſts that Monteſquieu was to be pantheoniſed. Will Voltaire be depantheoniſed at ſome future day? How can we reconcile Voltaire's writings and republican maxims?

When there is any queſtion about canonization, we ſee the devil's advocate make his appearance. Chenier, a great amateur of proceſſions and ceremonies, wiſhed one day to ſend Deſcartes to the Pantheon. I oppoſed his motion. Paſchal would have been of my opinion. Here is what I ſaid:

"Citizen repreſentatives, it is nearly one hundred and fifty years ſince René Deſcartes received at Paris, in a church, the honour of a funeral ſervice, attended by a deputation

putation of the parliament, the Sorbonne, the rector of the univerſity, the four faculties, and all the theologians, logiſts, phraſers, and ignorant naturaliſts of that time. A rhetorician came next, who elevated his voice, and made his eulogium for an academical prize; at length he had a ſtatue in marble, in the court faſhion, under the reign of the laſt tyrant. I am of opinion that all theſe honours are ſufficient for the memory of Deſcartes, and that his ſhade ought to be perfectly ſatisfied. I own that I alſo made in my younger days an eulogy of Deſcartes *, but I was at that time the dupe of names held up in academies, and I did not then know that the greateſt charlatans of this world were ſometimes very celebrated men.

" Throwing aſide then that extravagance of eloquence ſo familiar to panegyriſts, the proud prejudices of nations, and even their political rivalry, which has but too much

* It was printed in 1765. The tone of the *ſchool* was then a great flow of ſounding words. The ſtyle of Thomas, the great pugiliſt in this kind, was almoſt always inflated and drawn out. Freron ſaid wittingly enough of him, *I amuſe myſelf in pricking his bladder with pins.* When the ſeaſon for laughing comes, I ſhall perhaps publiſh the *academico-literary* hiſtory of thoſe years. The deſpotiſm of the *grand ſeigneur* Voltaire, and of his *viſirs* and *pachas*, will be duly diſplayed; we ſhall, above all, be aſtoniſhed to ſee near two hundred men of letters paſs in review, all labouring *for immortal glory*, and whoſe names are already buried in oblivion.

That bureau d'eſprit, called *French Academy*, has done much miſchief to original talents; but it was the road to fortune for ſuch abbés as conſented to be ſuch philoſophiſts. It was neceſſary, under pain of being ſtifled at your birth, to take the *academical plait*. The ſupple *Maury* took it to perfection, and laughed at my want of accommodation. *Maury* told me twenty-three years ſince, I will faſten myſelf on the academicians, who will crown me, and who will, in conſequence of this diſtinction, get me to preach a lent at Verſailles. I ſhall enter the academy; from this affair I ſhall obtain an abbey, then we will labour in the clergy; I am reſolved to have 60,000 livres revenue, and then my *little horſe* will carry me to Rome. He has told me twenty times that he would be a cardinal; but he depended greatly for his ſucceſs on his prize from the academy. As all great *tragedies* are followed by a *farce*, I expect to ſee *Maury* pope. O Rabelais!

Maury alſo tried his hand at making eulogies, and if I am not miſtaken, he had undertaken that of *Deſcartes*. What I recollect is, that we printed, in oppoſition to each other, a fine academical diſcourſe on the *miſeries of war*. As the academicians never went there, there was neither prize nor *acceſſit* for that time. There was never but one verſe of mine cited at the French academy, and that made a *ſchiſm*. This is the verſe:

Le cœur qui n'aima point fut le premier athée.

influence

influence on philoſophy, permit me to give a ſketch of the evil which Deſcartes has done to his own nation, whoſe progreſs he viſibly retarded by the long tyranny of his errors: he is the father of the moſt impertinent doctrine that ever reigned in France. It is Carteſianiſm which deſtroyed experimental philoſophy, and which formed a ſchool of pedants inſtead of a ſociety of naturaliſt obſervers.

" Nature, ſays Bacon, is an immenſe book to devour; but we muſt begin by the alphabet. Deſcartes was one of thoſe preſumptuous mortals who wanted to gueſs at nature inſtead of ſtudying it with reſpectful attention. He was one of thoſe raſh men that talk with confidence of their ſyſtems of the world, as if they had aſſiſted at the creation. Look, ſay they, at the conceptions of a great genius; behold the luxurioufneſs of the human mind; but others will conclude, and with more reaſon, that there lies his extravagance. All theſe arrangers of worlds, all theſe fabricators of ſyſtems, make a world without God, and build a univerſe in expelling, if I may uſe the expreſſion, the ſupreme intelligence. None ſcarcely had ever underſtood this ſublime expreſſion, *Ego ſum, qui ſum.*

" Deſcartes' ſubtle matter, his centrifugal force *, his globular matter, his fine duſt of which he forms the habitable globe, his whole ſyſtem of the world, in ſhort, is a delirium †. He next led himſelf aſtray in his optical reſearches. He was fantaſtic and romantic even in his phyſiology. *Deſcartes' man* is not the man of nature; he has not even the firſt feature ‡.

" While

* " Give me motion and nature," ſaid Deſcartes, " and I will " make a world." Yes, thou wilt make a world (for we cannot forbear ſmiling) as a turner makes a block for a perriwig. Fool! and intelligence the only real and exiſting cauſe, and the initial projection and the final cauſe . . . . but *my three elements, my principal plane*, where I lodge the ſoul, my *univerſal ſcience*. Alas! I recognize thy theological tone, and nothing more, mounted only on an anti-peripatetick mode. To replace ridiculous aſſertions by aſſertions not leſs ridiculous, what an effort!

† This hollow brain made the *plenum*. He had at firſt determined for the *vacuum*, but father *Marſenna*, a minion, having written to him that they laughed prodigiouſly at Paris at the *vacuum*, he turned back to the ſide of the *plenum*.

‡ Ambroſe Paré has rendered the greateſt ſervices to humanity on this queſtion; but his works were the reſult of fact and experiment; the name of a man who had not publiſhed great dreams was never pronounced with emphaſis.

Ambroſe

" While natural philoſophy and chymiſtry, regenerated in our days, and riſing from the long ſleep of death, which the ſect of the author of the *Tourbillons* had imprinted on them, admit no other diſcoveries but ſuch as are confirmed by experiment, abjuring all hypotheſes, ſhall we bear to the Pantheon the remains of that viſionary who ſo long retarded the promulgation of phyſical truths, who made no experiment, who even diſdained, and who conſtantly wandered from every path that led to obſervation? Strange contradiction! After having advanced that all ſcience ought to begin by methodical or preparatory doubt, faithleſs to his own maxim, he was the firſt to affirm what he did not underſtand. How long a time, and to the ſhame of true ſcience, was ſcientific France ſervilely attached to the viſions of Deſcartes! He allied to this want of reaſon, which builds dreams on dreams, that audacity which forces men afterwards to adopt them. His partizans imprinted a theological tint on his phyſical errors; it was the vice of the time, I agree; but what is it but a tyrannical ſyſtem, which clips the wing of every other ſyſtem more ſuited to the progreſs of facts and experiment. He was nevertheleſs a geometrician, if he was not a great philoſopher. The application which Deſcartes firſt made of algebra to geometry, a fine invention, though inferior to the application which Galileo had made of geometry to nature, is his great glory in the phyſico-mathematical ſciences. No perſon will conteſt this with him, and it is the only diſcovery which juſtifies the pompous eulogies which have been laviſhed on him; and this is the only title on which is founded that national partiality ſo fatal to mankind, in conſequence of which Fontenelle ventured to place Deſcartes in a parallel with Newton. This bel eſprit ſaid, (and the crowd of panegyriſts have continually repeated it) that we muſt paſs by the Tourbillons to arrive at the true theory of the world; as if error could ſerve as a ſtep-ladder to truth, as if Deſcartes, coming after Kepler and Galileo,

Ambroſe Paré had written; the immortal Bacon had written; Deſcartes read neither. I am aſtoniſhed that ſo little is ſaid about *Gaſſendi*; it is probably becauſe he was of a religious turn of mind, becauſe he was not dogmatical, and becauſe he did not pretend to hold in his hand the *key of the univerſe*.

Deſcartes finiſhed one of his chapters by theſe words, *And this is the great ſecret of the myſtery of generation.* Has not the poet Buffon attempted alſo to myſtify us with his organic molecules, a *leſs pleaſant thing*, however, than his *incandeſcent* globe, which afterwards *cools*; and his comets, *chips* from the ſun, &c.?

had

had not had under his hand, as well as Newton, the true elements of the theory of the univerſe; and as if any other thing was wanting than the great art of putting them in practice.

"The French are ſo much the more eaſy and more ſtrongly led away by the opinions of their adoptive philoſophy, as this nation has a lively tendency towards the pleaſures or wanderings of the imagination. Jealous even of their errors, they wiſhed to remain in peaceable poſſeſſion, and for forty years repelled the ſame truths which our neighbours ſeized with avidity, and idolized as ſoon as they appeared. Maupertius was the firſt who had the courage to declare himſelf a Newtonian; a crowd of adverſaries roſe up againſt him, ſupporting themſelves by the operations made with ſo little exactneſs in France; and it was in order to ſilence theſe enemies of truth that the companies of mathematicians undertook to verify at a great expence, the one at the polar circle, the other at the equator, what Newton had diſcovered without going out of his cloſet. The reſult of theſe two celebrated operations confirmed the Newtonian theory; but Newton was held in no higher reſpect than truth. Clairant and D'Alembert, not knowing how to combine their calculations with the movement of the apogee of the moon, imagined they had ſhewn the falſity of the primordial law of attraction, and cauſed their memorials to be printed with an air of triumph. At length they perceived that the error was in the calculation, and rendered a tardy and forced homage to the genius of Newton.

"I will not here ſpeak of Deſcartes' metaphyſicks, becauſe there are no longer any metaphyſicians after the adorer Plato; becauſe order and harmony are every thing; becauſe there is nothing real but intelligence; becauſe the being who has no conſcioufneſs of his being is as if he did not exiſt; becauſe the breath of the divinity is in us; becauſe this ſoul, diſtinct from that which we ſhare with animals, compoſes our morality, and is neither bound nor ſubject to bodily organs. Never did Deſcartes in his books adore, as Newton has done, that great, that firſt mover, that only intelligence, which had projected for ages known to itſelf alone the initial plan of the univerſe. An initial impulſion was wanted to ſhake the celeſtial ſpheres; it was uniform, as well as the cauſe which ordained it. Unhappy he who ſees nothing but ſenſeleſs agents, forced aggregations, pullies, wheels, cordage, atoms, tourbillons, and who does nothing but trace geometrical figures! It is

aſtoniſh-

aſtoniſhing that the final as well as univerſal plan ſhould eſcape him?

" Deſcartes was half way on the road to the higheſt order of truths, when he religiouſly maintained *innate ideas*; but it appears that he had not the intimate conviction of the *deus eſt in nobis*, when he withdrew himſelf from Plato, and loſt himſelf in a ſcholaſtic logomachy. He made nothing of this luminous principle, and was therefore as if he had advanced nothing, The ſentiment of the fair, the juſt, and of conſcience, does not acknowledge ſenſations for their ſource; conſcience is not an accident; this is what he ought formerly to have ſaid, and what he did not ſay; he has not therefore been able to raiſe himſelf to the height of the queſtion. Locke and Condillac afterwards came to poiſon us with their groſs reaſonings on the human underſtanding. Blind mortals! they had the cataract, the gutta ſerena of the ſoul; they were unenlightened by the torch which they held in their hands *; they have never felt the intimate connection of man with univerſal harmony, connection ſo independant of the ſenſes. What droll metaphyſicians are metaphyſicians who are not ſpiritualiſts! Senſations never make moral ideas any more than printing types form the Iliad. Morality and the will are every thing, order every thing, and moral inſtinct is unceaſingly freed from material organization.

" Is it not aſtoniſhing that this doctrine of Socrates, Plato, and Marcus Aurelius, ſhould have been trodden under foot in our days, and that we ſhould have forgotten the *Savoyard curate's profeſſion of faith*, which embraces the wiſdom of the higheſt antiquity? Ye, who have been anxious to govern men and make laws by throwing aſide theſe ſimple and religious ideas, all your ſteps have been crimes.

" Struck with the profane immortality of a generation in which we have ſeen for the firſt time, perhaps, the alliance of the impetuous paſſions of the ſavage and of the

* Man is a ternary being.—Let a ſervile diſciple of Locke tell me on what fibre plays remorſe, which at the end of thirty years overwhelms the ſoul of an aſſaſſin, appointed the judge of an innocent man accuſed of his crime, and which makes him cry out, *It is I who am the guilty man, and not he; I inſiſt on finding relief in the puniſhment which was prepared for him.* O moral inſtinct, divine ray, thou holdeſt to the ſpirituality of our ſoul pure emanation of a good and intelligent cauſe; it is thou who exiſteſt, and what is not thee (taken in a philoſophic ſenſe) does not exiſt at all.

depravity

depravity of civilized life, I have often thought with myſelf, what then are the principles, which from being either badly felt or comprehended, have vitiated ſo many heads? and I have thought that I had diſcovered, in the attempts made againſt the ſpirituality of man, the truth of that infernal ſpirit which has provoked ſo many ſcenes of mourning and carnage. Man has ceaſed to be the mirror of the divinity *; this mirror has been broken without pity or remorſe; daring naturaliſts have made the way for the reign of thoſe guilty philoſophers who are anxious to explain every thing by the bodily ſenſes, and who would reduce every thing to objects purely phyſical. Fatal philoſophy, which haſt only ſought to animaliſe man! it is thou who haſt formed a callous in the ſouls of all our murderers, who have ceaſed being men, for I have not yet heard them exclaim with the voice of repentance, *We have been monſters!*

" It is ſince the time of this fabricator of an ideal world, and in imitation of him, that proud geometry, ſtepping out from its domains, has come with the frigidity of its method, the rudeneſs of its barbarous terms, and the nothingneſs of its abſtractions, to exerciſe an air of ſelf-ſufficiency on every kind of ſubject. Almoſt all the ſciences have been infected with it; every thing is embroiled in an immenſe chaos of calculations; the moſt ſilly hypotheſes, the moſt abſurd ſyſtems, have been accredited by means of this kind of charlataniſm; reaſon has often been compelled to hold her peace before the oſtentatious exhibition of algebraical calculations; a certain reputation, an affirmative tone, and

* Jacob Dupont declares at the tribune that he is an atheiſt, a fanfaronnade which lent arms to calumny againſt the national convention, and which loſt its confidence through the whole of Europe; ſo dangerous is a ſingle madman! Danton, ſtealing a phraſe from Buffon, exclaims, *Nature embarraſſes herſelf but little with individuals, ſhe is intereſted only for the ſpecies*, and applies inhumanely to politics the thought of the naturaliſt. Theſe plagiariſts never comprehended the *evil* which words might do when they were unnaturalized. It is by ſtealing philoſophical ideas, and tranſlating them into the idiom of folly, that we have witneſſed thoſe times of extravagance and delirium in which, at the voice of a tribune, the hideous image of atheiſm preſented itſelf to our looks in every direction in thoſe deſolating words, *Death is an eternal ſleep.* And can we, without having the laugh of the world raiſed anew againſt us, recal to its remembrance that decree which gave back its creator to the univerſe? Take care to obſerve that it was during the total abſence of religious ideas that the greateſt cruelties met, independently of the executors and accomplices, with the greateſt number of cold and impaſſable witneſſes: they ſaid, *The guillotine is a very mild puniſhment; beſides, death is an eternal ſleep.*

figures

figures of grimace, have made the moſt contradictory propoſitions be received as truths *.

" The abuſe of this language dates from Deſcartes, who gave the dangerous example even in his private letters; but at leaſt he did not exerciſe it on politics, for he wrote nothing on this ſubject. Social mechaniſm, which is ſtill (or nearly ſo) a ſecret for the eighteenth century, was then ſubjected to a ſort of ſilent admiration. The court of Chriſtiana, her travels in Holland, in Germany, in Italy, in England, inſpired him with nothing, not a phraſe that we can quote on this head; he was born for an imaginary world. During the holding of the ſtates of the kingdom, aſſembled at Paris in 1614, Deſcartes did not ſay a word.

" He wrote on morality, on which it is almoſt impoſſible to ſpeak ill; and he had for his diſciple that fantaſtic queen of Sweden, who was a vagrant throughout Europe, and afforded France the ſight of an aſſaſſination before which all the philoſophers of the time kept a profound ſilence. It would not appear that the morality of Deſcartes had greatly influenced the heart of Chriſtiana, who thought herſelf a philoſopher before ſhe laughed at the pope, and had added the reveries of her maſter to the vain reveries of a woman and of a crowned head.

" But although Deſcartes ſhould have been a wiſe philoſopher, a patient and attentive obſerver of nature, a *Spallanzani*, are we here to build the palace of fame, to diſtribute degrees among philoſophers and naturaliſts? We muſt have the tribunal, or the evidence of many ages, to form a true judgment of the man of genius. Nature ſmiles at our vain ſyſtems, which, ſcarcely adopted, crumble away. Reputations alternately fall and vaniſh, becauſe univerſal laws go on invariably and without ceaſing, whilſt our opinions are moveable and changing; it is ignorance always which has deified error, an admiration in truſt is what deſpotizes over our credulous underſtandings. If the author of Geneſis be not in great repute as a naturaliſt; for ſometimes his ſyſtem gains, at other times, at leaſt, ſome part of his ancient narrative ſeems better confirmed by facts

* We do not here ſpeak againſt geometry, but againſt the inveterate abuſe of its language, which has been tranſported into politics: it has nevertheleſs its *dangerous ſide*. Let him, for inſtance, who likes it, love the productions of that ſad and cold geometry which calculates the means of deſtroying the ramparts which it has raiſed for the defence of man, and which perhaps does not look on itſelf as having reached the ſummit of its art, until it has triumphed over itſelf, and cauſed what has coſt whole years to raiſe to be deſtroyed in an inſtant.

than other ſyſtems of natural philoſophy, let us modeſtly own that we are ſomewhat incapable of claſſing theſe great reputations, and let us reflect that a new experiment only may be wanting to diſſipate in a moment all our pompous reaſonings, and cover them with the ſame ridicule as we have covered thoſe of the ancients. Chymiſtry will perhaps prove to us to-morrow, that there are but two elements inſtead of four. We are on the brink of a world altogether new; let us not hurry our apotheoſes; I have witneſſed the birth and death of many reputations who had alſo made their romance of the univerſe.

" The Pantheon is a republican temple; let us reſerve it for the heroes and martyrs of the revolution. Leave the books of Deſcartes, as well as all other books, to the endleſs diſputes of men; let us not decree a privileged crown; this would be offering inſults to ourſelves, and opening too wide a field to ſubtle and idle diſcuſſions. Let us leave the land of chimeras, and march on ſolid ground; let us attach ourſelves to republican virtues, which wear an inconteſtible phyſiognomy, and of which we are the firſt and the real judges. May he who ſhall have ſhed his blood for his country receive the homage of that country. May the pen of the legiſlator place itſelf by the ſide of the ſword of the warrior; but may other pens, when the ſanction of ages is neceſſary either to decide on their tranſcendency, or mature their uſefulneſs, go and ſeek for honours in another ſanctuary.

" The republic of letters has its laurels as well as its debates; let us not enter into its diſcuſſions, nor diſtribute its palms; let us ſtore up our great men, that is to ſay, thoſe who in the moſt terrible of political commotions, ſhall have preſerved an equal mind, a firm republican character; ſuch men we may appreciate and honour.

" Our predeceſſors, more fixed and ſolid in their ideas of regeneration, would not have embarraſſed themſelves with hewing out literary ſtatues, for theſe are raiſed and thrown down at the ſport of men's fancies; they would not have opened the doors of the Pantheon to that great poet, that great corrupter, who flattered every king, all the great, and all the vices of his age; who careſſed every licentious error accredited in courts; who was undeceived even in his Brutus, through which his monarchical genius pierces in ſpite of all the ſtrength of his ſubject*. He did not know how to ſtrike at ſuperſtition

* If you wiſh to ſee him quite at his eaſe, read theſe verſes of Adelaide and Gueſclin:

Le

tion without giving a mortal wound to morality; unlike Hercules, who transfixed the Centaur without killing the beautiful Dejanira.

" He ſaw nothing in the Theodicæ of Leibnitz, the fineſt of books, but the ſubject of the romance of Candide, that wretched production, which attacks the conſolatory doctrine of providence. Together with this eternal ſardonic ſmile, he has bequeathed us a ſhameful Pyrrhoniſm; and with it perhaps that cruel levity which makes us glide over virtues as well as crimes. The writings of the author of the Pucelle* and republican manners will never aſſociate. The phyſiognomy of Voltaire (I ſwear in the name of public decency) will never be an antique phyſiognomy.

" Let us take care then henceforth not to pantheonize ſo lightly, for we ought to be idolaters no longer. The Pantheon has already been twice ſullied †. Let us duly penetrate ourſelves with this but little acknowledged and ill felt truth, that we have not the true and ſure ſcales fit to weigh thinking heads with exactneſs. Our learned

Le pur ſang de Clovis eſt toujours adoré:
Tôt ou tard il faudra que de ce tronc ſacré
Les rameaux diviſés et courbés par l'orage,
Plus unis et plus beaux ſoient notre unique ombrage.

The death of Cæſar has been talked of, but in this piece little is wanting that Cæſar does not become an object of regret. This bad and faithleſs imitation of Shakeſpeare proves that Voltaire did not feel in the Engliſh poet the concentrated part of Brutus, and that he did not underſtand this hiſtorical and dramatic maſter-piece.

Voltaire praiſed for fifty years the moſt immoral man of the age, the *Duke of Richelieu*: he made verſes for *Pompadour*, for *Dubarry*, for all the princeſſes and their chambermaids, and for every miniſter in place. Exerciſing a literary deſpotiſm analogous to his ardent jealouſy againſt every kind of ſucceſs; he flattered every thing that was ſervile and fawning, in order to ſnuff up the ſmoak of their incenſe. He cajoled Frederick; and when he died, he placed on his tomb the moſt virulent of ſatires againſt his hero. *The Age of Lewis the XIVth, the Age of Lewis the XVth*, and the panegyric of this laſt, are proofs that he was a conſtant flatterer, not of royalty, but what is very different from it, of kings.

* What an inroad into our moralshas this writing made! I appeal to experience, it is the code of our youth, who know it by heart. Talk then, after that, of Socrates, Plato, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, and Seneca. How the ſtatue of J. J. Rouſſeau repulſes that of its neighbour!

† Even if *Mirabeau* had ſaid as the ancient captain *Epaminondas*, " We believe that it is with money, as with every other thing, that there are honeſt means of giving and receiving, and that there are alſo diſhoneſt.'

men, or thoſe who call themſelves ſo, who thought they had ſurmounted a hoſt of prejudices, are in fact the men moſt under ſubjection to them; none among them know which of our opinions will be uppermoſt in fifty years, or which of our books will aſtoniſh, inſtruct, or charm poſterity. Prepoſſeſſion is the lot of the French*, and this is the fatal work of academies †; from their preſumption in judging of every thing, they have unlearnt us to read what is under our eyes. The real glory of writers does not depend on us, it is confirmed or deſtroyed by time alone; their apotheoſis is in their books, and no where elſe. Let us leave them to die or live in their works. As for the true glory of republicans, it is and ought only to be in a greater ſum of liberty and happineſs. Let us not be offended at the ſuperiority of an Engliſhman; Newton belongs to the world. Let us be no more jealous of him than of Taſſo or Virgil. Let us not be creating particular rivalries, nor place in oppoſition to each other thoſe men who belong to every age and every country; let us above all take care not to renew, and after another faſhion, the ridicule of canonizations, leſt the modern be laughed at as well as the ancient.

" When

* If each of us after his taſte, his affections, his prejudices, or even his conviction, ſhould place his favourite author as *idol* in the Pantheon, this temple would in a ſhort time be nothing but a pagoda.

† How much nearer is he who in ſilent adoration at the magnificence of a ſtarry heaven, feels a ſecret and deep charm in the contemplation of the heavenly bodies—how much nearer is he to the great and good author of nature, the father of all men, than all theſe ſyſtem-mongers who, buried in geometrical problems, are ſo ſqueamiſh in pronouncing the name of God, as if it was a name fit only for the vulgar! Moſes, Mahomet, Zoroaſter, Confucius, Marcus Aurelius, Newton, and Euler, never pronounced this name but with reverential awe; this is becauſe the ſoul (the ſoul which we hold from him) feels and perceives him. Some of our aſtronomers have been looking at the heavens all their lives; but, alas! they have never ſeen that great heaven. O pectora cæca!

Profound ſpeculatiſts, tell me then *why I move my arm.* I adore, and this is the beginning of ſcience as well as wiſdom. I adore and proſtrate myſelf, and never feel myſelf more ſtrong, more happy, more enlightened, than in this ſympathetic connection with heaven. How ſuperior to Deſcartes, Paſcal, (who was alſo a geometrician) appears to me, when he ſaid, *All our reaſoning reduces itſelf to ſentiment; let man feel his value, it is great; and what reveals his grandeur to him is, that he knows himſelf to be wretched.* I do not know a finer thought.

Voltaire

" When a perfect equality reigns among the dead, and after we have ſcattered the proud duſt of tombs crowned with trophies or lying marbles, let us not revive a worn-out idolatry, and carry about in proceſſion worm-eaten bones; let us open a *book of life*, and let the names of men of genius be written therein*. This will be ſufficient, and will ſpare the people thoſe coſtly fêtes, thoſe ſuperfluous expences, that waſte of time incurred by theſe ceremonies, which have ſometimes alſo a ſingular and uncouth aſpect.

" What ſignifies it to the people that the author of tourbillons and of ſubtle matter, Deſcartes, be the the writer of a romance, or a ſcientific geuius? When they ſee his ſtatue paſs, they will look at it with the ſame eyes as that of the Grand Lama; they will find out neither the end nor the neceſſity of ſuch an apotheoſis †. How many men in this great city are abſolutely ſtrangers to Deſcartes and his doctrine. There are not thirty in this commune who have read the books of Deſcartes.

" I conclude by demanding that the legiſlative body, erecting itſelf into an academic corps, nor lowering itſelf to the ſentiment of national vanity, leave the memory of Deſcartes to live and die in their works, and alſo

Voltaire, who during a very long life has never had more than from *eighteen to twenty-two years*, has criticiſed Paſcal without comprehending him; he alſo took the liberty of calling Clarke *un moulin au raiſonnement*, two words abſolutely contradictory; but he wanted to make the French laugh; it was his part, like *Preville* on the ſtage. How many profound authors are forgotten! Clarke and Cudworth, who have written with ſo much force, clearneſs, and ſentiment, againſt materialiſts, are ſcarcely ever cited in France. We have immenſe libraries, and we never read; writings have been deſtroyed by books.

* If Deſcartes is abſolutely to be pantheonized, I ſhall make no farther oppoſition; but I ſhall certainly inſiſt that that vile matter which is not Deſcartes, be not carried to that edifice. I ſhall move that they carry——his name.

† Of what ſervice is this ſumptuous edifice? To harbour rats, bats, and the coffin of poor J. J. Rouſſeau, who during his lifetime wanted wood to warm himſelf. With what that dome has coſt we might have built thirty convenient, healthy, and airy houſes of charity. O cruel architects! and you, painters, ſtatuaries, decorators! dangerous, uſeleſs artiſts, devourers of the republic, and of every private fortune, who would exhauſt mines of gold with your varying and ruinous caprices, enemies of the true, moral, conſolatory, and nurſing arts——You ſhall not eſcape my *book*.

the

the repeal of the decree of the 2d of October* 1793 (old ſtile), which orders the tranſlation of his aſhes to the Pantheon."

CHAP. CCLIII.

EVERY THING IS OPTICAL, OR THE SPORT OF OPTICS.

How different are things when they are near, from what we judge them at a diſtance. Every thing wears a deceiving appearance! Paris is deſcribed as overturned by every political commotion, and children placed on the ſpit by the cannibals who took the Baſtille and the chateau of the Tuilleries. It is the wind which carries the report of the gun to a diſtance, we hear leſs of it by its ſide.

The famous ſitting which decided the fate of Louis the XVIth laſted ſeventy-two hours. Any one would undoubtedly ſuppoſe that the houſe was a ſcene of meditation, ſilence, and a ſort of religious terror; not at all, the end of the hall was transformed into a box, where ladies, in charming negligees, were eating ices, oranges, and drinking liqueurs, and receiving the compliments and ſalutations of comers and goers. The huiſſiers on the ſide of the *Mountain* acted the parts of the openers of the opera boxes; they were employed every inſtant in turning the key in the doors of the ſide galleries, and gallantly eſcorting the miſtreſſes of the Duke of Orleans, capariſoned with three-coloured ribbands.

Although every mark of applauſe or diſapprobation was forbidden, nevertheleſs on the ſide of the Mountain the dutcheſs dowager, the amazon of the jacobin bands, made long ha, ha's! when ſhe heard the word death ſtrongly twang in her ears.

* What an epocha! It was on the eve of that day when Amar went coolly and tranquilly to move at the tribune the death of forty-two repreſentatives of the people, and the arreſt of ſeventy-three. The Convention did not breathe then, I think, in an atmoſphere very philoſophical!

The

The lofty galleries deſtined for the people during the days which preceded this famous trial, were never empty of ſtrangers and people of every claſs, who drank wine and brandy as if it had been a tavern. Bets were open at all the neighbouring coffee-houſes.

Liſtleſſneſs, impatience, and fatigue, were marked on almoſt every countenance; each deputy mounted the tribune in his turn, and every one was aſking when his turn came. Some deputy came, I know not who, ſick, and in his morning gown and night-cap. This phantom cauſed a good deal of diverſion in the aſſembly.

The countenance of thoſe who went to the tribune, rendered more funereal from the pale gleams of the lights, and who in a ſlow and ſepulchral voice pronounced only the word *death!* all theſe phyſiognomies which ſucceeded one another, their tones, their different keys; D'Orleans hiſſed and groaned when he voted the death of his relation; ſome calculating if they ſhould have time to dine before they gave their vote; whilſt women with pins were pricking cards, in order to count the voices; deputies who fell aſleep, and whom they were forced to awaken in order to vote; Manuel, the ſecretary, ſliding away a few votes in order to ſave the unhappy king, and on the point of being put to death in the corridors, as a puniſhment for his infidelity; theſe ſcenes can never be deſcribed as they paſſed, it is impoſſible to figure what they were, nor will hiſtory be able to reach them.

Such has been the caſe with each of the memorable days that have taken place; I was there, and never knew where I was, or comprehended the danger in which I was involved, or all the ſingular things that ſurrounded me.

I ſaw the head of *Feraud* borne on a pike, and I can give no account of his aſſaſſination; I ſaw *Henriot* give the word of command to the cannoneers, and I know not how I got free and to my own houſe. I learnt news of the victory of the 13th Vendemiaire when ſeated in my curule chair, and I did not yet know if there had been a battle. I ran to the palace of the Luxembourg on the 18th of Fructidor, without knowing the importance of that day; I never believed in the inſolent and ſanguinary audacity of the Mountaineers, becauſe I was near them; I ſaw the inſtant when *Duperret* gave the ſignal for falling on forty wretches, who ſtiled themſelves excluſively the founders of the republic, and of ridding both France and the world of ſuch monſters; that held to a thread; the coté

coté droit for a long while loſt the majority, only becauſe they had too much contempt for their adverſaries. None of us had any faith in their inconceivable triumph. I ſay again, every thing is optical; it is impoſſible to furniſh any adequate deſcription; the Mallet du Pans, for want of being with us, and of writing on the ſpot, ſketch nothing but images of their own fancy; every thing is falſe, lying, exaggerated out of the viſual line: all their reports are like old almanacks, and nothing they ſay is either applicable to the morning or the evening.

As every revolutionary criſis is compoſed of infiniteſimals, theſe form the eſſential baſis of every event. In general, the obſerver has had reaſon to be aſtoniſhed, becauſe all theſe events have not only been unforeſeen, but were beyond the belief of every man of ſenſe. And how could we have formed any idea of ſuch an exceſs of uſeleſs cruelty, of ſuch abominable extravagance, without any end; a doctrine like that of Marat's finding enthuſiaſts; bacchantes ſans-culottiſed and admired in proportion as they made themſelves hideous; and Robeſpierre, aided by the commune, ſubjecting to his arbitrary will thoſe men who were as ambitious and as profligate as himſelf.

I have witneſſed the triumph of loquacious and enfuriated vulgarity, but I never could have believed it the day before, becauſe I never could have admitted the delirium or lethargy of a whole nation, nor of power placed in the hands of incapacity and folly. Impudent crime, as it ſeemed to me, ought to have concealed itſelf in the ſhades of night; I have ſeen it courted and applauded.

Notwithſtanding which, thoſe who are at a diſtance from the ſcene pretended to explain the cauſes of ſuch and ſuch events of the revolution, and they only confound time, places, and perſons.

How will the hiſtorian get out of this labyrinth? How will he avoid the ſway of his own opinion, when thoſe who have the moſt penetrating eyes have had ſuch difficulty in ſeizing the point of view, and of fixing an object in ſuch extreme and continual change of poſition?

It will be almoſt an impoſſible taſk to write the hiſtory of the revolution till half a century has elapſed, becauſe its agents, ſtill more variable than their paſſions, often eſcape the eye, though it follow them attentively, and the principles which directed the day were no longer thoſe of to-morrow. How write ſuch a hiſtory, if you loſe the link of each day? for ſome events have taken place in a manner

manner ſo unexpected, that they ſeem to have been created, and not begotten.

The cannon-ball which cut the chain of the draw-bridge of the Baſtille, would twelve hours ſooner or later have remained without any effect; and if, on the day in which Robeſpierre reſtored the Supreme Being to France, he had had the wit to open all the priſons, and proclaim the reign of clemency, like the Supreme Being, he would have erected for himſelf at the ſame time both a throne and an altar.

How many actors on this great theatre! Some playing the part of Mahomet, others contenting themſelves with the ſubaltern characters of the Seid. You might as well fix the colours of the clouds as attempt to paint their phyſiognomies. If you are aſtoniſhed that ſo many crimes have been committed, you naturally enquire how ſuch and ſuch men ſtopt in their career, or how they ſtrayed out of their way? Great images, when near us, are not the ſame; all thoſe injurious epithets given to our revolution, to its authors, and its partizans, fall to the ground, when we ſee it purſuing its march quite alone, and at thoſe times when it had no ſupport. The names of *republic*, of *repreſentative government*, of hatred to *hereditary governments*, have operated on every brain. The deſtruction of privileges, and the neceſſity of deſtroying them, were univerſally felt.

War rages in Europe, but its angry waves are ſapping and undermining thrones. The potentates, jealous of retaining their ſtern domination, and coaleſcing with each other to keep the human race in chains, conſpire againſt the nation which has given the rapid ſignal of liberty to the world. They conſpire in vain; theſe kings, aſtoniſhed to ſee the ſceptre with which they oppreſſed their ſubjects, eſcaping at length from their hands; their conſpiracy is madneſs! the time of privileges is paſt.

And it is in order to maintain their privileges, to put birth in the place of virtue, titles in the ſtead of labour, that a few men have ſeparated themſelves from their equals, and are anxious to exerciſe their vengeance, Yes, it is a a war for privileges which has devoured Europe. They are in open hoſtility with human reaſon, and what is the force by which its voice can be ſilenced?

Incloſe a ſingle barrel of powder in the centre of the globe; the ſtronger the preſſure, the greater the exploſion. It is the ſame with the rights of man; attempt to annihilate them,

them, and they are inſtantly eſtabliſhed; that is, in other terms, their triumph is henceforth ſecure in every time and place.

CHAP. CCLIV.

DECREE.

By a decree of the executive directory of the ſixth year, every journal or periodical writing in which the old æra, which exiſts no longer for French citizens, ſhall be henceforth joined to the new æra, even with the addition of the words (old ſtile) as has been indecently practiſed hitherto, ſhall be prohibited. This article, at firſt ſight, does not appear of very great importance; but in the eyes of every reflecting republican it is evident that under the new regime we muſt tear up the laſt root of the old.

Since the 14th of Germinal, ſixth year, the directors of the theatres are obliged to regulate their repreſentations according to the republican calendar, and repreſent exactly every decade, and the days of the national fêtes, without attending to Sundays and the fêtes of the old calendar, when thoſe days do not occur either with an ordinary day of amuſement, or with a day of national fête, or with a decade. Every theatre in contravention to this decree of the directory, was to be ſhut up: nevertheleſs there will be always ſome theatres open on Sundays. Go on thoſe days into our churches, and you will ſee a crowd ſo much greater, as they go in gratis.

CHAP. CCLV.

MARGARITA.

The *prieſt Margarita*, vicar of St. Lawrence, has juſt retracted his oath. Eaſter was approaching, and the good old devots would no longer confeſs themſelves to this great ſwearer. The new-born and the dead would not, it is ſaid, have any thing to do with his baptiſm, or his *de profundis*.

In

In vain had he turned up his fine fair locks, and put a fine green ribband in his hat. This toilette did not ſeduce them. He takes another reſolution. He mounts his pulpit, and declares to his dear flock, that the oath which he took was only a matter of form, and that he repents and retracts it. He beſeeches them afterwards, with the oily eloquence of an artful hypocrite, to give him back their confidence, which he ſhould never have loſt but for this *villanous* revolution. The whole auditory melted into tears; and what was the reſult? that he had fourteen voices to be elected, and that fifteen only rejected him.

CHAP. CCLVI.

MONOPOLIZER.

THERE are many kinds of them: ſome are induſtrious in buying up, caſh in hand, ſuch merchandize or wares as are at a low price, in order to ſell them at an exorbitant price when they ſhould have become ſcarce. They have for this purpoſe a barometer in their warehouſes, which they raiſe or lower at their pleaſure.

Their only end is to enrich themſelves without troubling their heads whether the patriot or the ariſtocrat is in the right. The white cockade, or the national one, are perfectly indifferent to them, provided they *gain ſo much*. This is the word with which they are beſt acquainted in the language, and which appears to them to have moſt energy.

There are other monopolizers much more guilty. It is not their own private good which they ſeek, in monopolizing objects of the firſt neceſſity; they ſet fire to every harveſt; they bury their gold twenty feet under ground, without the leaſt regret. It is the general evil which they are anxious for. They are in hopes that the abſolute want of things of indiſpenſable neceſſity will begin by diſcontenting the people, that the people diſcontented will finiſh by revolting, and then (the monſters!) comes the happy moment which they have languiſhed for, in order to make common cauſe with them, in having the air of compaſſionating them, and of kindling the torch of civil war, with which

which they flatter themſelves that they ſhall deſtroy the republic which they deteſt, becauſe it forces their pride to bend to the level of equality.

CHAP. CCLVII.

EIGHTH OF SEPTEMBER.

THE Pariſians, under the old regime, went on the 8th of September in pilgrimage to Calvary, to addreſs their prayers to the good Jeſus on the croſs. They have diſcontinued this holy exerciſe, ſince Jeſus is no longer at Calvary, and that it is in poſſeſſion only of the *bad thief*.—What do you call him?—Oh! It is not I who will tell you his name. I had much rather tell you ſomething quite new, which is, that the repreſentative Tallien is diſpoſed according to Poultier, to accompany General Buonaparte in the great expedition which is preparing. Such are the pleaſantries which the Pariſians allow themſelves, and thoſe who are the objects of them laugh always the firſt.

CHAP. CCLVIII.

MEN OF LETTERS.

IT is who ſhall uſurp the title of man of letters; you know not how to give or how to conteſt it; and it is at Paris particularly that we ſee many writers ſcarcely known, and whoſe patriotiſm is more than doubtful, in haſte to get up a little piece, truly republican. Ha, ha! ſay they, you reproach men of letters for not ſhowing themſelves. Well! here I am with *my* civic drama.

A very painful reflection, which muſt ſtrike every perſon, is, that theſe men of letters, who have contributed moſt by their writings to make our glorious revolution, have all died before its immortal exploſion. Here, ſince liberty is eſtabliſhed, what writings would not the Monteſquieus,

quieus, the Voltaires, the Rouſſeaus, the Mableys, the Helvetius, the Diderots, have publiſhed! thoſe who, under deſpotiſm, holding the torch of truth in their hands, dared to ſhake off from it but a few ſparks! I wiſh a philoſophical writer would undertake a work in the form of a dialogue, in which theſe great men, meeting in the Elyſian fields, and conſequently diveſted of paſſions, ſhould ſhow each other to what degree each of them in particular cooperated by his genius to the regeneration of France. I ſhould think I had deſerved well of my country, if when I died I left this work on my tomb! Alas! I am looking particularly at Paris, for the ſucceſſes of the illuſtrious writers whom I have named; but *vox clamantis in deſerto.*

I do not reckon among men of letters thoſe who with juſt contempt are called journeymen, and of whom the public ſometimes avenge themſelves in a ludicrous manner. A piece lately met with the greateſt ſucceſs at the theatre; a journeyman writer of the *Petites Affiches* took it into his head to abuſe in his newſpaper the work which had been received with approbation by the public; the public, ſeated on their tribunal, ordered the newſpaper to be brought before them, and condemned it to be torn in pieces on the ſtage, which ſentence was duly executed.

CHAP. CCLIX.

THE NEW WALLS.

We are indebted to Lavoiſier, of the academy of ſciences, for theſe heavy and uſeleſs barriers, a new ſpecies of oppreſſion exerciſed by the raiſing of taxes on their fellow-citizens. But, alas! this great philoſopher, Lavoiſier, was a farmer-general!

Pour augmenter ſon numeraire,
Et raccourcir notre horiſon,
Le ferme a jugé neceſſaire
De nous mettre tous en priſon.

We remember the complaints which the Pariſians made againſt this inſulting encloſure. The ſecret end in view was

was to maſter and reſtrain the city, many of the edifices at its entrances being real fortreſſes.

When the Duke of Nivernois' advice was aſked on this new enclofure, he anſwered angrily, *I am of opinion that the author of this project ſhould be hanged.* The unfortunate Lavoiſier was not hanged, but guillotined by the decemviral tyranny, which in its profound ignorance confounded a chymiſt of the firſt rank with an apothecary. The walls are ſtill ſtanding; the deteſtable inclofure aids the collection of the road-toll, which is levied notwithſtanding the remonſtrances againſt it; but as it is the carriages which pay, and whoever keeps a carriage can very well pay the toll, which is applied to the repair of the roads, theſe complaints appear unreaſonable to every man of ſenſe.

Theſe barriers differ from each other both in their form, ſize, and internal conſtruction. Some reſemble caverns, other tombs, churches, and ſome are as magnificent as palaces. The architect has exhauſted his fantaſtic deſigns. The farmers-general gave the money, and the city conſoled itſelf with ſarcaſms.

CHAP. CCLX.

LE PRE ST. GERVAIS.

It is the terreſtrial paradiſe, or, to ſpeak more properly, the Pariſians' garden of love.

Scarcely has the zephyr in the firſt fine days of ſpring fanned the lilach with its odorous breath, than a thouſand ſwarms of airy nymphs aſſemble in this enchanting ſpot. You ſee them tripping along the narrow pathways edged with flowery ſhrubs, warbling their notes, and quicker-eyed than the Argufes who are ſet to watch them, they pluck with their little nimble fingers the fragrant branches. It is an habitual ſort of theft, which every year before the ruſtic municipal officer love juſtifies by the intention.

But it is in the middle of June, the time when the cherries redden like rubies on the trees, when the young peaſant-girls gather the cooling currants, and carry off the baſkets of ſtrawberries on their heads, that you ſee the multitude winding along the paths, and climbing to the top

top of Belleville, to regale themſelves with theſe refreſhing fruits. The children trip along before their parents, carrying their proviſions for dinner, a walk which had been a long time promiſed them as the reward for their good behaviour. Tranſported with joy, they are anxious to reach the top. The younger ſiſter ſits down by the ſide of her brother at the foot of the windmill, from which the eye plunges down on Paris and its antique towers. On that ſpot all the girls are pretty; the gentle exerciſe has covered their cheeks with roſes.

What pencil ſhall expreſs the aſtoniſhment of the ſad inhabitant of Rat-ſtreet, or Rag-lane, who ſees no other garden than the pot of mint at his window, when he beholds the immenſe proſpect which from the heights of Romainville, where he arrives covered with ſweat, diſplays itſelf at once to his view, particularly in one of thoſe fine days when the azure of the heaven extends its majeſtic canopy above this magnificent picture?

With what delight does his eye wander over the ſoft undulations of the diſtant hills and the yellowing harveſts! How he admires thoſe fertile plains, which are cut at intervals by long avenues, clumps of trees, woods, and pictureſque hamlets!

Proud of the country which he is exploring, the young huſband is anxious to make his young companion, who leans languiſhingly on his ſhoulders, perceive all its beauties. You might ſuppoſe them two lovely children, looking with tranquil pleaſure at the picture of the promiſed land in the Bible.

While the higher claſſes of citizens, who have ſucceeded the high nobility, fly in cabriolets with two courſers towards the new gardens of Armida, to yawn under weeping willows loaded with ſeven-coloured lamps, or contemplate, ſpy-glaſs in hand, a few ſheep wandering over mountains ſix feet high, the labouring claſſes, diſdaining thoſe faſhionable puerilities, continue to go and admire at liberty nature in the fields of St. Gervais.

Theſe ſmiling orchards are not haunted by reſtaurateurs, who ſerve up ſoups *à la Condé*; but here you meet with the refreſhments of dairies, or guinguettes, where the violin animates the ſong of the birds on the ſurrounding branches; there you meet with none but joyous gueſts, who, ſitting under the ſhade of apple-trees, make a rural repaſt among butterflies and flowers.

On this delightful ſpot every thing is natural, every thing is freſhneſs, life, and animating beauty. You have the warbling

warbling of birds, and the voices of a thouſand lovers, for a concert; for a ſhade, alleys of cherry-trees; for parterres, beds of perfuming ſtrawberries; for caſcades, rivulets which ſport with murmuring noiſe over a bed of pebbles their limpid ſtreams.

And when autumn protrudes its head, loaded with fruits; when the vine lets its purple grapes hang from the tops of elms, which it embraces with its branches, thither they return to enjoy thoſe gifts; ſome to taſte the forbidden apple, others to ſteal more gentle favours.

Ah, how many charms at the end of a fine day have theſe enchanted places; and how many tender deſires are inſpired by the beginning of twilight!

Often at this happy moment a new Daphne, eſcaping from an arbour, flies another Apollo. The lover, with eye inflamed, purſues on the wing of deſire the object of his love. How fortunate he is! he reaches her, and ſhe does not change into laurels in his arms.

It is in theſe labyrinths of rural pleaſure that the citizens of Paris, waiting for the glorious peace which ſhall ſecure to the world the liberty of the ſeas, go and repoſe from their labours. What philoſopher can behold them, without a ſentiment of pleaſure, deſcending in long ſtreams on the evening of a fine day the mountain of Belleville, athwart the illuminations of the guinguettes, and the joyful exclamations of the dancers, who dance the *pas de charge?*

CHAP. CCLXI.

ITALIAN PICTURES.

SINCE there are no longer any frocked, ſurpliced, or caſſocked folks, and that we may laugh at the dreſs of a a biſhop or a cardinal, we ſee nothing in the gallery of paintings but monks of all colours, deacons, prieſts in function; and alongſide, as is natural, executioners and puniſhments. There was a regime of terror of old, and theſe ſacerdotal furies have been immortalized by the pencil of great maſters. On whatever ſide I turn my eyes, I ſee blood in theſe celebrated paintings. Have they brought them

them from ſo great a diſtance, and expoſed them with ſo much affectation, in order to juſtify our own exceſſes? By the ſide of ſo many bloody images, how many impertinent ideas! what a worn-out ſyſtem! what a ridiculous ſelection! what poverty in all theſe conceptions called religious! The St. Cecilia of Raphael, with all her violins at her feet, and her book of muſic open, will never ſing; the lion of St. Jerom will never let us hear any of his roarings; the executioner's arm, for ever ſuſpended, will happily never deſcend on the neck of that poor Girondin, I ſhould ſay, martyr.

Piles, cords, croſſes, heads cut off and ſtuck on pikes, or laid in diſhes; theſe frightful images recall the frightful days of Robeſpierre, that new Domitian. Is it to accuſtom our eyes and our hearts to ſcaffolds and tyrants, that all thoſe paintings have been accumulated? How hideous and diſguſting they are! Put them out of the way, unleſs you offer them as an inſtance of the exceſſes of the human mind: but at leaſt do not baptiſe with the name of maſterpieces works which cannot explain themſelves, nor ſhew with what intentions they have been compoſed.

The fineſt and moſt energetic heads are always thoſe of the executioners. Poor young man, who have juſt been copying theſe hideous features, you will perhaps admire them, and call them energetic; you will ſoon take murder for greatneſs, and become as ferocious as your maſter David, the admirer and painter of Marat and his peers.

We ſurvey with ecſtaſy all theſe dangerous paintings, which propagate ſuperſtitious ideas; we dwell upon them; we follow the animated geſtures of thoſe lifeleſs figures; we find motion in motionleſs images; we are waiting for the words that are coming out of their half-opened mouths; their heads ſeem alive, and yet are always fixed in the ſame poſition; we remain, in ſhort, in awful aſtoniſhment before each of thoſe deſigns which never vary; and nevertheleſs, a ſimple villager who paſſes near thoſe pictures, juſt gives them a glance. I gueſſed at his good ſenſe, I accoſt him, I ſpeak to him; the whole of this is nothing to him but lying images.

He ſtops a longer time before the ſpectacle of nature; he has not forgotten, that above his head the ſun, eternal lamp of the world, ſhines with incomparable ſplendor, enlightens the works of God, who hath ſuſpended it in the immenſe vault of the heavens; he hears with delight the murmur of a rivulet, which, burſting out from its ſource, flows in limpid ſtreams acroſs a meadow; he breathes with

joy the balm of the flowers which the zephyr wafts on its wings; a field-roſe on a thorny buſh is not for him a piece of canvas; he picks it, and runs to put it in the boſom of his miſtreſs; he is alive to objects of feeling alone; if he ſees a dance of ſhepherds under the elm, he flies there, and chuſes the beauty which pleaſes him; he joins her hand to his; he has no need, in order to know the pleaſure of the dance, to conſult Watteau or Teniers. He ſmiles with pity when he hears that a rich man has paid four thouſand livres for a piece of painted cloth of four feet in length. "I ſhould much rather," anſwers he, "have "a farm in bearing, and trees that produce fruit, than a "landſcape in painting."

The longer you look over a vaſt extent of country, the more you are perſuaded that it is not with terreſtrial objects that we ought to repreſent terreſtrial things. What repreſents nature is an animated ſtyle, a deſcription; all other means are weak, powerleſs, bounded, and place the admirer at the feet of the painter, and the painter with his frame murders nature. It is only in deſcription that conſiſts the imitation of things to a high degree.

Far from me, material images to expreſs material things! Intellectual ideas only can repreſent them, for the reproduction of objects, and perfect imitation, are in us, and not out of us: do not go elſewhere to find them. Shut your eyes; it is then that you inhabit an intellectual edifice hung round with magnificent pictures, and ſuch as the muſeum cannot offer. Speech is every thing, and the other arts are nothing in compariſon. Speech! hear the harangue of the ſavage; read the fine pages of Buffon, and frame the fables of Fontaine!

It is worthy of a man of ſenſe not to let himſelf be controuled by a paſſion for pictures. Why place the image without us, cold, confined, inanimate, while we can poſſeſs it within us living, and always in harmony with nature?

It is in the encloſure of cities, of thoſe great priſons, that began with falſe taſte, which makes us look at a landſcape on a wall, inſtead of going to viſit a neighbouring foreſt. I never met in Switzerland but one amateur of pictures; he was old and bedridden. In view of the Alps, copies of nature would be as miſplaced as the marine pieces of Vernet in ſea-ports. Can the pencil ever raiſe the waters like this line of Virgil?

Luctantes ventos, tempeſtateſque ſonoras!

The

The life of thirty Raphaels would not be ſufficient to tranſlate the ſecond book of the Æneid; and what is Albano, compared with the tears and ſighs of the tender Tibullus?

When our ſight has been familiariſed for any length of time with a crowd of moving objects, the frame of which is immenſe, that is to ſay, when we have travelled ſome months, and eſpecially poſt, it is impoſſible to regard the ſky of a painter otherwiſe than as a groteſque imitation; nevertheleſs, theſe frivolous things throw nations and certain men into incalculable expences.

CHAP. CCLXII.

ADVERTISEMENTS IN 1796.

We can ſcarcely take a ſtep without meeting with ſome impudent advertiſement, propoſing a loan, on good ſecurity, at a reaſonable intereſt; and this reaſonable intereſt is ſix or eight per cent. per month.

How ſhall we tame the execrable avarice of uſurers, who poſt up on the walls the confeſſion of their own knavery? What makes the politician and the moraliſt lament is, that this uſury ſtalks along with head erect; and if we let it go on much longer, will ſwallow up the remaining ſpoils of rentiers, clerks, and every honeſt public functionary. Paris, nevertheleſs, preſerves a wonderful air of tranquillity. The money-jobbers of to-day are no way behind-hand the *ci-devant* men of the court, and rather ſurpaſs them in folly. One might ſuppoſe that pleaſures and riches are created for them alone.

Never were there ſo many theatres, concerts, dances, dinners, traiteurs, limonadiers, public gardens, fireworks, lyceums, journals, and wine-merchants. This variety of amuſement is a phenomenon in the midſt of a moſt murderous war, at the end of a revolution which ought to excite only melancholy ideas; this oſtentation of opulence, diſplayed by ſo many individuals, amidſt the diſtreſs of government; this ſpirit of diſſipation, and prodigality, which has taken poſſeſſion of every claſs; this thirſt of gain, and want of œconomy; this piratical avidity, which is put in

play to obtain riches; and this ſort of extravagance with which they are diſſipated, are real phenomena. This day creates fortunes, to-morrow witneſſes their deſtruction. That man, deſcending from his garret to inhabit a palace, is by and bye conſtrained to repair to his former haunt.

The noiſe of a diſcordant violin invites every evening the mechanic, the ſoldier, the griſette, the water-carrier, to the brandy-ſhop, converted into a hall for dancing; while the drawing-rooms, which you might ſuppoſe created by the wand of fairies, now filled with thoſe who are grown newly rich.

In the former of theſe two claſſes, the tone, the language, as well as the coſtume of the *ſans culotterie*, is preſerved in all its purity; in others, on the contrary, whatever recalls the republican form, is put carefully out of the way; every effort is made to ape the old court, and the former *bonne compagnie*; and they imitate them as happily as Jodelet and Maſcarille imitated their maſters, when they dreſſed themſelves in their ſtolen coats.

The theatres have been very much frequented this winter; but it is not there as at the ball; each claſs has not its theatre; all claſſes mingle at Nicolet's and the opera; for the people who formerly went only to Nicolet's, pique themſelves at preſent on going to the latter. Do not however imagine, that they have gained any thing in the way of inſtruction, and that the taſtes which have an air of greater delicacy are the indication of a change of manners. The dearneſs of handycraft work, fruit of the revolutionary regime, has ſpread over the lower claſſes of ſociety an eaſe hitherto unknown, which permits the mechanic to ſatisfy his old inclinations for intemperance, and indulge that kind of inſtinct which draws him on towards enjoyment, of which formerly he never had an idea.

CHAP. CCLXIII.

MEDICINE.

MEDICINE is the moſt intereſting part of phyſic; but although the moſt cultivated, is the leaſt advanced, and the leaſt underſtood. It is now what, at the beginning of this

this century, were the other branches of experimental philoſophy.

Caſt your eyes over the moſt eſteemed treatiſes on medicine, you will find, inſtead of a ſimple and luminous theory, lying hypotheſes; the abſurd ſyſtems of animaliſts, vitaliſts, pretended chymiſts, in the place of evident principles, and a blind and dangerous routine inſtead of ſimple practice, founded on inconteſtable principles. Shall we be very wide of the truth, if we ſay of medicine, of modern medicine eſpecially, what Heraclius ſaid of art, *Its name is life, but its work is death?*

Anatomy has made conſiderable progreſs, and it is almoſt the only part of medicine in which uſeful diſcoveries have been made. The moſt valuable is that of the immortal Harvey; and yet, what has reſulted from it? the ridiculous ſyſtem of the ſource of all diſeaſes being in the blood; the abuſe alſo of bleeding, abuſe a thouſand times more fatal to mankind than the uſe of gunpowder.

We ſhould conſider true phyſiology as the principal baſis of ſound practice; but this important part of the art of curing is not known amongſt us, ſince in the numerous volumes which we have on this matter, we ſee no ſolid explanation of the animal functions, of the relation between the ſolid and fluid part of the human body, &c. &c.

Is the moſt eſteemed noſology any other thing than a faſtidious nomenclature, infinitely more fitted to lead medicine aſtray than enlighten its practice?

One of the coryphees of medicine has pretended to eſtabliſh ſixteen hundred kinds of fever.

All the noſologiſts, without an exception, give a great number of ſymptoms as diſtinct diſeaſes. This miſtake inevitably throws the practitioner into errors, oftentimes dangerous, ſometimes fatal.

Hitherto we have done nothing but chatter about pathology, which is all error, obſcurity, and incertitude. The materia medica is the opprobrium of phyſicians. There groſs ignorance lays itſelf quite open; no ſyſtem is ſo extravagant that has not been built on the operation of drugs: ſome give them the mechanical powers of the wedge, of the knife, of a point, &c. &c.; others make them act by a kind of magic on the different parts of the body; hence remedies cephalic, cordial, pectoral, hepatic, &c. &c.

Treatiſes on pharmacy might furniſh us with a thouſand new proofs that the materia medica is ſtill in its cradle.

Let

Let us open one of theſe hieroglyphical repertories; we ſhall find that the far-famed therical tincture is compoſed of ſixty-five drugs, and of theſe three are compounded. God alone knows the effect which may be produced by remedies compoſed of ſo great a number of drugs, ſo different from each other, and ſo little fitted, at leaſt ſome of them, to enter into the ſame compoſition. But the height of folly is the advertiſing courſes of *chymical materia medica*; as if the real materia medica could be treated after other principles, and by other proceedings, than thoſe of chemiſtry. If you wiſh for a more ſtriking proof of the profound ignorance of phyſicians on this important part of the art of curing, we ſhall find it in the *materia medica* of one of the moſt celebrated phyſicians of this age, where we ſee in a preſcription, in as many letters, the ſalt of *duobus* and vitriolated tartar. There is not an apothecary's apprentice who does know that the ſalt of *duobus* and the vitriolated tartar is one and the ſame ſalt.

Preſervative medicine is what has occupied phyſicians the leaſt. It ſuppoſes a degree of knowledge which is certainly not acquired in ſchools, and which we ſhould look for in vain in books; beſides, in inveſtigating this important part of medicine, would not theſe miniſters of health be afraid of hurting their perſonal intereſt?

The *theopractique* ſeems to have engaged their whole attention: they hold however very erroneous ideas on that point. But what can we expect from a practice which is not enlightened by a conſiſtent theory, and which has no inconteſtable principles for its baſis. They are not more happy therefore in the cure of acute, than of chronical diſeaſes. It would be eaſy to prove, with reſpect to the firſt, that the practice of the divine Hippocrates, and of his true followers, was more ſucceſsful than that of our modern phyſicians; probably becauſe theſe old maſters did not believe that the ſeat of all theſe diſorders was in the blood, and thought it their duty not to be prodigal of this vital fluid.

Chronical diſeaſes are the ſtumbling blocks of our phyſicians; they ſcarcely ever cure one, and they have ſometimes alſo the mortification of ſeeing quacks perform what they believed and declared to be impoſſible. If they triumph over any diſeaſes, it is by mere chance; and ſo it ought to be, ſince having entertained wrong ideas about them, their treatment muſt neceſſarily be wrong alſo. To be convinced of this, you have only to hear them talk

about

about inflammation, fever, apoplexy, dropſy, malignant fever, on vapours, on all ſorts of diſeaſes, and ſee how they treat them, &c. To form a true judgment of the profound ignorance of phyſicians, you ſhould obſerve them with their patients. They would have nothing to ſay if they had not contrived this convenient ſubterfuge, that agitations and pains are nervous movements. When a doctor anſwers, it is *nervous*, he thinks he has given a moſt luminous ſolution.

The misfortune of phyſicians is having looked on medicine as a particular ſcience, and not having conſidered it as the moſt important part of phyſicks—chemiſtry; theſe two ſciences make at preſent but one; but from having been too long enchained by the ſpirit of ſyſtem; from not ſtopping to examine what falls under obſervation; from having drawn falſe conſequences from the diſcovery of the circulation of the blood; from having been the copyiſts of each other; from having taken a blind routine inſtead of the plain road, all which unhappily are the exact features of our mode of practice, what is it but a ſyſtem of the moſt dangerous empyriciſm. Might we not apply to the phyſicians what Cicero ſaid of the Augurs, *That they could not meet each other without laughing?*

Let us not, however, deſpair of medicine. It is likely that the moment is near, when we ſhall ſee it make the moſt rapid progreſs. For ſome years paſt, the natural ſciences, chiefly true phyſicks—chemiſtry, has made ſuch conſiderable way, that it is become impoſſible for medicine to wallow in its ſloth, or for thoſe great wigs not to give up their old nonſenſical kitchen-preparations. The dropſical are no longer condemned to be devoured by thirſt. This ſucceſs will very probably be followed by a great number of others.

CHAP.

CHAP. CCLXIV.

BONAPARTE AT THE PUBLIC ASSEMBLY OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE, 15TH NIVOSE, 6TH YEAR.

OH! how intereſting was that aſſemblage of celebrated, diſtinguiſhed, and ſcientific men of every deſcription, among whom was ſeated Bonaparte! The inſtitute ſhone on that day with all the glory of the hero. In vain did he endeavour to hide himſelf from the looks of the ſpectators under the dreſs of a common individual! It was he alone whom they ſought; and the pleaſure of poſſeſſing him was diſplayed in the eyes of the moſt illuſtrious men who were in his preſence.

What a calm reigned over the features of the conqueror of Italy! We were afraid, if I may be allowed the expreſſions, to interrupt his meditation and the repoſe of his ſoul. It was no longer the ſhrill ſounds of the trumpet which gave the ſignal of the fight; a mournful muſe, throwing flowers over the tomb of the pacifier of the Vendee, mowed down in the ſpring time of life, ſpoke to the French Achilles of his worthy and valiant friend. Such is the fate of warriors, death and glory; and as they offer up the moſt precious of ſacrifices to their country, their fame is great and tranſcendant!

Fine verſes, well recited, make nearly the ſame impreſſion on the ſoul as the ſound of cannon in battle on that of warriors. Every heart was glowing, and the whole aſſembly roſe up when this line was repeated,

"L'Angleterre palit au ſeul nom de l'Italique!"

Applauſes were alſo renewed on this other line, where, ſpeaking of our *young heroes grown old in the art of war*; the poet exclaimed, in prophetic accents,

"Ils franchirent les monts, ils franchirent les mers!"

Among the engraved portraits of Bonaparte, that of *Henſelin* alone has retained the features of the hero. I am

alſo

alſo going to take my graving tool, or rather (for I ought to be modeſt in ſpeaking of Bonaparte) my pencil.

Bonaparte is of the middle ſize, a little ſtooping, thin, of ſomewhat a delicate frame, and nervous; his hair is of a deep cheſnut, falling over a large forehead; his eyes are large, dark, quick, and piercing, aquiline noſe, a raiſed chin, like that of the Apollo Belvidere, pale complexion, hollow cheeks, a voice unreſtrained and compoſed; he liſtens attentively to thoſe who ſpeak to him, and anſwers briefly; his air is ſolemn, but open; he has not the auſterity which characteriſes the head of Brutus: you may judge from his addreſs that he is a temperate, meditative man, but tenacious in the point which he has in view; that his pale complexion reddens in a deciſive action; that his body is all nerve, like that of the lion; that he fights in the ſame way; that he is indefatigable, and flies like lightning towards the enemy, before whom he never knew fear; this fire is concentrated; he reſerves it for great and ſtrong exploſions, and it does not imprint on his motions that reſtleſſneſs natural to men who are only ardent, and who have not the faculty of ſelf-poſſeſſion.

Serious as Cato, from him the French will learn to be ſedate, to reſpect their magiſtrates, their repreſentatives; to deſpiſe that light airy behaviour for which they have been characteriſed; to lay aſide their habits of punning, which are fit only for giddy headed-men and the maſters of puppet-ſhows.

Let republicans then take Bonaparte for a model, and ſince they reſpect him both as a wiſe man and a warrior, let them imitate his reſerve and demeanour; let them aſſume his ſimple and ſober dignity. Fewer words will evince more reflection, and leſs mobility of features more of greatneſs and reaſon. The ſacrilegious double entendre, which diſgraces many of our ſocieties and our theatres, ought no longer to diſhonour the ſtyle of a great nation; let us learn to converſe as we have learnt to conquer, without violent exertions, and without exaggeration; let us be the example of wiſdom, after having been that of victory; and let not a bon mot, made or repeated by a pamphleteer, turn into ridicule amongſt us the ſacred letter of the laws.

CHAP. CCLXV.

MY LAST VERSES.

My dream of life is about to finiſh; it will ſoon end. What ſhall I have to regret? The hatred of the wicked! the clamours of envy! the poiſon of calumny, of which nothing can ſtop the courſe! the vexations which always purſue innocence! the capricious tricks of adverſe fortune! the ſeditious pamphlets of a hero of the academy! ſuch, in two words, is the picture of life.

My days were as a point; but this point, my friends, you may readily believe me, preſents to my eyes the great events of hiſtory. How many crimes have been committed, how many ſublime virtues have aſtoniſhed France! I have ſeen the ſword of tyrants fall on peaceful innocence; I have ſeen the people honouring ruffians, and while they ſatiated their vengeance in the name of that people, decorate their fury with the ſounding title of courage.

I have ſeen pretenders to ſcience change their maſk, their language, and give their ſuffrages to theſe monſters of blood. I have ſeen the tomb of Marat near that of J. J. Rouſſeau. What, Frenchmen, dared ye place an abhorred monſter near a writer honoured by the whole world. What rending recollections! Ah, horrible days, the recital of which will freeze our poſterity with horror! days for ever preſent to my remembrance! I have witneſſed their melancholy hiſtory.

It is time for me now to lie down in the night of the grave, there, forgetful of the aſſaſſins of my country, I ſhall find repoſe. . . . . Ah, poor human race, thou art always to drag along thy heavy lengthening chain!

But you, whoſe inſulting acclamations were heard on every ſide; you, who amuſe yourſelves to-day in ſallies more fooliſh than wicked, when the executioner lifted up his fatal arm, and ſhook before your eyes the bloody head, when terror had erected ſcaffolds on every ſpot, when the repreſentatives whom you now inſult were loaded with chains as the reward of their courage, your ſavage tyrants appeared without ſpot, and blameleſs. While you ſuffered *Condorcet* to periſh in a dungeon, and while theſe aſſaſſins were glutting themſelves with vengeance, you, like baſe and dumb ſlaves, held your peace! Pillage, murder, conſpiracy,

ſpiracy, every thing then was good in your eyes; and when our courage overthrew the execrable work of the monſters, ſhameleſsly confounding perſons, times, and places, your abſurd arrogance inſulted innocence equally with guilt. If you were unhappy profligate libelliſts, did we ſleep on roſes?

As when Liſbon, amidſt the uproar of thunder, crumbled down beneath its overthrown walls; when ſubterraneous fires roſe up in array againſt it, indiſcriminately ſwallowing up men, women, and children, this terrific earthquake ſpared ſome of its vileſt inhabitants: a blockhead, whoſe ſhoulder was bit by a flea, exclaims, "Quick, quick, a club; oh! I am bit. . . . . I will proclaim it through the world, and what is ſtill better, I will write; all Parnaſſus ſhall know it; Pegaſus, if it be neceſſary, ſhall be the newſcarrier; the muſes ſhall awaken France by their cries: one of the forty . . . . O gods, that my old body ſhould be expoſed to ſuffering? I feel my indignation riſing: quick, quick, my pen, as the wind." Sudden from his brain ſtarts forth a new work. "Oh! how finely is it turned, how new, how beautiful! we ſhall ſee in the end if in my rhetoric, which I may pique myſelf on knowing, in a diſcourſe which can be underſtood by me alone, ſo beautiful is it, gentlemen, that I ſhall render ye all, myſelf excepted, as black as Lucifer." Such were the reflections of an old rhymeſter, who called himſelf a chriſtian, yet knew nothing of the duty of forbearance; who thinks himſelf the father or ſupport of the tragic ſcene, for having made a few ſtill-born children to the ſiſter of Thalia, which are already forgotten, and who, to maſk himſelf more completely, calls himſelf an honeſt man. But let him declaim! let him regret in his vain rage the triple dynaſty of kings! why trouble ourſelves about this noiſy idiot, this empty rhetorician, whoſe folly leads him to join the ſilly invective, the ſeditious cry of impudent royaliſm, to the bite of calumny? Truſt me, that he who is the leaſt diſpoſed to ſerve his country, who cries the loudeſt, and who forgets nothing that can diſturb or irritate it, is, and ever was, the Academician *.

* Laharpe.

CHAP.

CHAP. CCLXVI.

BELLS.

THE bells have never made ſo much noiſe as ſince we have taken out their clappers. But what a clatter will they make for the dead, the new-born infant, and, I was going to ſay, for marriages? but I recollect, the ſacrament of marriage was never accompanied by a peal; it was the moſt ſad of all ceremonies; they did not even ſing.

The defenders of the religion of our fathers pretended that bells were an eſſential part of the divine ſervice. They are miſtaken; matins were ſung for a long time, and bread and wine changed into God, before that convenient invention of calling the faithful to church was thought of. Bells have alſo been very often uſed for profane purpoſes. In ſome provincial towns they rang at ten o'clock to ſummon the tipplers to leave the taverns—At the end of a quarter of an hour, every friend of Bacchus who remained in the cabaret was ſwept off by the patrole.

The bells have no longer any tongue, which is very commodious for the ſick, the convaleſcent, and women in childbed; no other bell now is heard, than the little tingle, to ſummon the ſervant maids to ſweep the dirt before their houſes. In thoſe days of faction, every bell might have been made a tocſin: there is at preſent only one, and that is confided to the guard of the council of the elders. The great bells are all melted down, except the drones of Notre Dame, which hang ſtill in air. As to the chimes of the Samaritan, they ſometimes enliven us with their jingle, but only on public fêtes; heretofore they played when the king, queen, or dauphin paſſed: they play now with as good a grace for the anniverſary of the 10th of Auguſt, and in that reſemble certain tongues that are not made of metal.

CHAP.

CHAP. CCLXVII.

CATHOLIC PRIESTS.

THEY will be for ever talking of catholicism as of the religion *par excellence*; they will be for ever inviting every one by printed advertisements stuck on the wall, to come and hear an apology for religion, which they are to pronounce on a fixed day against the innovators. These innovators are the Protestants, who profess the religion of Enoch, Elias, Abraham, and Christ.

Pure and simple homage rendered to the Supreme Being, the rewarder of virtue and the avenger of crimes; songs of gratitude, in which they celebrate an active Providence which watches over the happiness of mankind; a course of practical morality, stript of the dryness of precepts; man continually placed in the presence of a heavenly judge, his own conscience; the duties of the citizen, and the public man, explained with conciseness; instruction mingled with harmonious music, elevating the heart of the worshippers towards heaven, and relieving the mind from the attention which it has given to the teaching of the minister; this is what the catholic priest calls an impious innovation.

To the probability of the rapid propagation of the worship of the Protestants, is joined the necessity of recurring to religious ideas, of putting aside whatever there is mysterious or unintelligible in dogmas, in order to preserve in all their purity those principles, those moral institutions which have no limit, inasmuch as they embrace every thing which can extirpate vice, prevent crimes, and encourage virtue.

CHAP. CCLXVIII.

RIBIE, MANAGER.

SUCCESSOR to Nicolet, and who exhibits all those pantomimes in which figure monks, whom we see no longer in France, bloody nuns, black penitents, all the frocks, cordons,

cordons, and ſandals of the ancient monkery; he is the man to act all ſorts of religious farces on his theatre; and I have heard ſay, that he is going ſoon to repreſent the maſs. Opinions are already divided on this point, and bets opened. It is even ſaid, that a certain fat vicar, who is now aſking alms, will act as heretofore the part to perfection, that he will ſuck the chalice with a deliciouſneſs ſo as to enchant the audience, and which he will perform with greater glee, as it was a long time ſince that he taſted wine. The part of the grand officiator will be conteſted, on account of the ſize of the ſacred hat, which is very large, and the wafer, which is to be a thick cake. The reſemblance, it is ſaid, will be terrible, and ſo great, that the devotees will think they ſee Satan rather than the identical prieſt. By the ſide of the little maſs will be celebrated the great; this laſt is to have a chalice, which holds two quarts; the other is to be only an egg cup.

The expences of this pantomime will not be very coſtly, ſacerdotal dreſſes of every deſcription are to be purchaſed on every ſtall; people make them into morning-gowns, as well to keep them whole as to amuſe the Theophilanthropiſts, and make the proteſtants ſmile.

This manager, endowed with an inventive genius, yielding in vigour to no perſon breathing, was at firſt a vender of pumice ſtones, then a drummer at a puppet ſhow, player, manager of the playhouſe at Rouen, and, as this is the age of promotion, director of all the dumb ſhows, which ſeem to promiſe us the reſurrection of that kind of amuſement ſo dear to the Romans, and for which they ſplit into factions.

At preſent you meet the director Ribié; (for he has no other title on the Boulevards); yet meet him, I ſay, driving always a pair of moſt elegant horſes, preceded or followed by a horſeman dreſſed à la Franconi; and the model of an elegant carriage is that which tranſports the director from one theatre to another, for he is the manager of two; he directs two republics.

Thus have I ſeen Poultier, a monk, a player of tricks of ſlight of hand, a Stentor at country play-houſes, adept in arts of grimace, author, then repreſentative of the people; and, to crown ſo much glory, journaliſts and editor of the *Ami des Lois*. But the director Ribié is more celebrated than he.

CHAP.

CHAP. CCLXIX.

SEVENTH OF OCTOBER, 1795.

To him who looks only at outward appearance, who ſees only the ſurface of things at Paris, every thing is tranquil, every thing appears to go on very orderly. Every one thinks only of his own affairs; as for thoſe of the republic, no one cares about them.

The happineſs which is promiſed us, and the maſs of inſtruction with which we are to be illumined, are ſtill and will a long time remain faſt ſhut up in the great philoſophic volumes, which the people will never read, and thoſe which the philoſopher reads without believing a ſyllable.

Inſtead of theſe, great books open the human heart, penetrate into the boſom of families who have ſhared neither in the extravagances of the ſovereign ſections, nor the horrible profits of money-jobbing: ſee them waiting with the impatience of grief for the phyſician who is to dreſs their wounds. They do not diſſemble that the victory of the 13th of Vendemiaire, neceſſary as it was, has become a national calamity.

Look again at that mother, in the midſt of five children, ſeaſoning a ſmall number of beans, which coſt her twenty-five livres in aſſignats, with a quarter of a pound of butter of ten livres, and a quarter of a peck of charcoal, which coſt three livres.

This ſingle diſh of dried beans, this diſh which coſt thirty-eight livres, this diſh which her children already devour with their eyes, is all her dinner and that of her children. Her huſband gains only forty livres a day.

With the forty ſous that remain he has to pay for the breakfaſt of his children; as for her, ſhe breakfaſts no longer; their ſupper, for ſhe eats none. He has alſo to pay the rent of his houſe, the waſhing, a crown for his ſhirt, ſhoes at two hundred livres, wood at a thouſand livres, candles at forty-five livres.

Think you that this woman is happy and tranquil? I know well that the convention is anxious to diminiſh her misfortunes, which it laments. I know that it is encumbered with affairs, betrayed, or ill ſerved. But the evil is there; it weighs, every day, every minute on the heart of that

that unfortunate . . . . Hope! Ah, yes! hope, ſhe has great need of it; it is the repairing balm of every evil, it is the laſt conſolation which beneficent nature reſerves to us during the anguiſh of life. But always hope! Let us go out, let us quit this ſcene of ſorrow, and ſee what is paſſing at the public places. What a change both in the decorations and the actors! The cabarets are filled with tipplers, one would ſuppoſe the wine only coſt ſix ſous, and it is worth fifteen livres.

The coffee-houſes are reſounding with gay ſongs, or patriotic diſſertations, and the coffee coſts ten livres the cup.

The theatres are brilliant, with crowds of well-dreſt people. The traiteurs! ah! I dare not approach theſe inviting tables, where the leaſt diſh is eſtimated at the value of fifty dinners. And the political news! ſo take no part in them, but inaſmuch as they furniſh occaſion for raiſing their commodities; others wait for the event.

CHAP. CCLXX.

SOUP-SPOON.

A WOMAN, whoſe fortune ſeemed to announce ſome education, and a certain degree of information, had been robbed of a ſilver ſoup-ſpoon. Overwhelmed with affliction at this loſs, which it required no great philoſophy to ſupport, ſhe ſaid with ſimplicity enough, ſpeaking of the convention, "But what are theſe deputies doing? ſee if they "will give me back my ſilver-ſpoon."

How many others, without making uſe of the ſilly frankneſs of this language, are nevertheleſs employed in getting back their *ſoup-ſpoon*, who make it the central point of all their ideas, of all their reflections, and of all their converſation! Are they not ſaying in other terms, Legiſlators, liſten only to my pretenſions and my hopes; give me back my blue ribband, my abbey, my coat of arms, my tithes, my ſhrine, my livery. The revolution has ruined me; it has taken from me my place, cries one; and this place was valet of the wardrobe. The thunder of heaven ought to fall and puniſh all the revolutioniſts.

How

How many perſonal intereſts are there which manifeſt themſelves with this kind of indecency? it would be endleſs to count them. Some of theſe accounts are exaggerated, others are ludicrous; but one would ſuppoſe in hearing them talk, that the government was eſtabliſhed only to ſatisfy the private ambition of idle intriguers. It is, who ſhall envy his neighbour; thoſe who are in place, and thoſe who are out, are equally diſcontented, and exhale themſelves in regrets; merit, virtue, and talents, are overlooked; every one boaſts of the ſacrifices which he has made, the ſervices which he has rendered, the votes he has obtained, and talks aloud of the ingratitude with which he is treated. The places the moſt difficult to fill are not dreaded by incapacity; on the contrary, they are indiſcriminately ſought after, whilſt it were to be wiſhed that the citizen could not be a legiſlator, or fill up other important functions, till he had acquired at once the age, the knowledge, and the experience ſuited for the occupation of a ſerious miniſtry.

CHAP. CCLXXI.

TURKISH AMBASSADOR.

In 1788, a very ſingular moral phenomenon took place in Europe; a great nation, jealous of its liberty, conceived a paſſion for a nation who was the profeſſed enemy of liberty; a people fond of the arts, for a people who deteſted them; a tolerant and mild nation for a perſecuting and fanatical people; a nation ſocial and gay, for a people grave and miſtruſtful; in a word, the French were ſeized with a paſſion for the Turks, according to M. Volney.

The laſt Turkiſh ambaſſador has juſt made his entry, which was not very ſplendid, and was the talk only of ſeven or eight days. You meet with him every where, and he is every where treated with indifference. Neither his turban, nor his private habits, furniſh any longer matter for converſation; the little theatres invite him alternately, as a ſupplement to their comedies; no one ever reflects that he has not yet received the ſacrament of baptiſm.

He was told that a great event had juſt taken place at Paris, the 18th of Fructidor, and that the directory had gained the victory. After having liſtened with the greateſt ſang froid, he aſked how many heads were ſtuck on the walls of the directorial palace. " Not one: a drop of " blood has not been ſhed." He could not recover his ſurpriſe. The following bill, ſtuck on the walls of Paris the ſame day, was read to him. " A good reward to who- " ever will find a fine miniſter of Louis the XVIIth, quite " covered with ſteel of the beautiful manufacture of Ver- " ſailles. No one knows what is become of him ſince the " famous day of the 18th of Fructidor. Whoever diſco- " vers any traces of him are invited to give information to " the citizen *Thibeaudeau*, who will pay the reward."

He was very much ſurpriſed to ſee that we had not only fine horſes, but ſtill finer than his own. I ſaw one of his attendants mount a moſt elegant and fleet courſer; and though a line of Virgil, which paints the horſe ſtriking the earth with equal rebounds, is admirable, it is ſtill finer to ſee him running at liberty, his mane floating in the wind, and his noſtrils breathing flame. Such an image can never be worn out if we are fond of ſeeing this noble animal in his courſe.

What is laughable is, that beſides a great round fan which he holds in his hand, and which he frequently makes uſe of when he is at the theatre, one of his attendants fans him with another; it is probably the ſame officer who drives away the flies from him at dinner.

A report had been ſpread that he had put to death one of his attendants, convicted of a theft at a jeweller's; the fact was falſe, but it was already a ſubject of examination how the ambaſſador ſhould be tried, and it was concluded in uniting philoſophical and republican ideas together, that he could not eſcape capital puniſhment. This mode of reaſoning would not have taken place in 1740, for it was then imagined that the inviolability of a Turkiſh ambaſſador extended even to the exerciſe in his hotel of the right of life and death.

CHAP.

CHAP. CCLXXII.

GOOD TO KNOW.

It is well known at preſent that ***** de ***** was the greateſt enemy of his brother and his king, and that he was always contriving to make him fall into ſnares, hoping to reap for his own account all the fruit which ſhould reſult from his ruin. This ***** was a bel-eſprit, and this is how he came to paſs for ſuch twelve times a week, and could ſpeak before a circle of academicians. He could ſpeak, I ſay, nearly by the ſame mode of proceeding as the ſpeaking doll of the Boulevards anſwers the queſtions of the credulous and curious Pariſians.

One Ferés, his valet-de-chambre and ſecretary, taught him both the queſtions and anſwers of ſubjects prepared and agreed on. When ***** ſhall be at his petite levée, I will ſtart a difficult queſtion. On this ſubject, his favourites preſent will torture their brains to get at the explanation; by and bye *****, by a ſort of unforeſeen and off-hand anſwer, will relieve them from their embarraſſment, and then every one will exclaim, ***** *is a mine of knowledge*, ***** *is the beſt informed in the kingdom.*

The Count *****, daily crammed with his ſecretary's wit, reminds us of the human voice of the organ, which gives out ſuch charming ſounds only from the intervention of the organiſt concealed behind the pipes. At preſent, contractors for wit are plentier than ever. The reaſon of it is, that all men in place have more or leſs need of it, and when they do not or cannot manufacture wit themſelves, they buy it ready made.

There are therefore contractors of every kind; contractors for bread, and contractors for meat; contractors for wine, vinegar, brandy; contractors for harneſſes, ſaddles, houſing; contractors for candles, pipes, wooden legs, crutches; in fine, contractors for wit, but thoſe are the contractors who gain the leaſt, becauſe they are reſorted to only in extreme caſes, and then are beaten down in the price.

CHAP. CCLXXIII.

THE TITUSES.

LITTLE perſonages, with ſhort black hair, who affect the coiffure of the Roman emperor, ſon of Veſpaſian, and lover of the beautiful and chaſte Berenice. Thoſe little chevaliers of the throne have created a vague kind of alluſion, and the name Titus is equivalent in their eyes to that of Louis the XVIth. The borrowed hair which formerly covered only the ſkulls of phyſicians, barriſters, bailiffs, and fiſcal attorneys, now ornaments the heads of theſe young debauchees. Theſe Tituſes are in half-boots, moſt of them are ſpindle-ſhanked and hectic; they wear a button on their ſhoulder, decorated with the illuſtrious number (which, readers, you may eaſily gueſs at), the number eighteen; it is placed almoſt on the part where the executioner heretofore engraved the fleur-de-lys. It is ſaid, that this mal-adreſſe has terrified many of their partizans, and with good reaſon; it has put a ſtop to the progreſs of the noble aſſociation of the Tituſes.

If you accoſt them, after heaving a ſigh according to cuſtom, they tell you, "I have been to Marli, but I have "not diſcovered Marli." One would ſuppoſe that the preſervation of all thoſe royal houſes intereſted the peace of the whole world, and that a nail, or a cloaths' preſs, ought not to have been deranged. The whole band of theſe Tituſes are the official panegyriſts of a humane and virtuous prince, who would have conſented to the ruin of the capital, and the diſmemberment of France, provided he had been left in peace to drink as he liked, to make locks, and hunt ſtags. Could any one have imagined that faſhion, though it be a divinity extremely fanciful and ſingular, would ever have introduced the Tituſes amongſt us; who whiſper low, that they are the avengers of the throne; or have gueſſed that this fooliſh kind of impudence could have lodged itſelf in the bodies of pygmies, while the republican patroles, who marched to the taking of the Baſtille, have advanced as far as Rome, Berne, almoſt to the gates of Vienna, and by and bye to thoſe of ******.

CHAP.

CHAP. CCLXXIV.

TOLERATION.

I do not mean to ſpeak of that virtue recommended by every philoſopher, and which is ſo well ſuited to the ignorance and weakneſs of mankind, but of a kind of patent which the police diſtributes to the keepers of E. O. tables, one and thirty, &c. with which privilege they ſet at nought all the aſſaults of juſtices of the peace. Their gaming-houſes are as open and as tranquil as if they ſold cakes; their cuſtomers go in and out in open day as if it were a coffee-houſe; it is an invincible taliſman, which can neither be ſeized nor carried before correctional tribunals. If the proprietor ſhould be arreſted, he would take a paper out of his pocket with a ſmile, and cry, Halt! there's my permiſſion.

A man of principle, one of theſe men, who have always the words, laws, principles, in their mouth, may choke himſelf with rage, and exclaim, that there is a law exiſting which forbids gaming, and which, until it be repealed, ought to be literally executed; the police is not leſs ſteadfaſt in farming out all the gaming-houſes at 120,000 livres a month.

This ſum is deſtined for the diſcovery of diſorderly perſons of every deſcription which infeſt the republic, for the inſpection of diſorderly houſes, and the looking after ſwindlers and ſharpers; it is in this manner that a diſorder become inevitable is regulated, and the maſs of vice diminiſhed, when it is impoſſible to extirpate it altogether. It is thus that the peſtilence is concentrated, in order to put a ſtop to the further extenſion of its ravages. Oft-times has the honeſt father of a family, better inſtructed or protected by the overſeers of the police, been warned away from thoſe haunts, which ſwallow up many a private fortune.

The great art of governing an immenſe population is knowing how to compound with men and their propenſities, happy alſo if politically we can prevent guilt and crimes, by tolerating a few abuſes, which deter men from theſe exceſſes of which they are ſuſceptible. O, moraliſts in theory, you love your pen, ink and paper.

CHAP. CCLXXV.

HIDING-PLACE.

THIS, in the language of the revolution, is a ſecret aſylum for thoſe who were proſcribed under the decemviral tyranny.

Honeſt men could not find a hiding-place at Paris: a workman diſcovered a hiding-place of Rabaut St. Etienne, thinking only that he had found out a receptacle for hidden plate.

What! in the time of Robeſpierre were there then no longer any relatives, brothers, or friends? And was there not in all France a hiding-place to conceal Condorcet, or Vergniaud, or Lavoiſier, or Briſſot, or Andrew Chenier? Condorcet was hunted from his aſylum, and forced to wander in the woods. Who has been able to ſave a ſingle celebrated man in Paris? O feeble mortals! muſt we ſtill be labouring for you?

The art of ſubjugating a nation is the art of terrifying it. Charette maintained himſelf by terrifying the greateſt part of the farmers; the national convention was terrified by Robeſpierre. How many legiſlators will have no other excuſe to alledge before poſterity than theſe words, "We were terrified!" The Romans built temples to Fear: the French nation in maſs ought to erect an immenſe altar to this divinity.

When I re-entered that hall from which had been baniſhed the repreſentatives of the people who had been moſt faithful to their oaths, what a lamentable ſight it preſented to my eyes! Here in this place, where ſat my generous colleague, I ſaw his headleſs trunk. I do not conceal it; I abhorred that place, the walls of which had been ſo long encruſted with incenſe laviſhed by mobbiſh ſottiſhneſs to infuriated tyranny. I panted after ſome other ſpot to ſit in.

I recollected, here have been paraded figures of all the proveditors for the ſcaffold; there I heard the vociferations of the furies of the guillotine; here I have been a witneſs of the crimes of Prairial; there the feeling eye is affrighted by hideous pictures: and every thing, even to the palette of

of the painter, had taken the cadaverous tint. I ſee the tribune where the ſavage Amar demanded the death of ſo many virtuous men, and he was not puniſhed on the ſpot! He is not even yet! No, this tribune is for ever ſullied!

But fractions of the people can never call themſelves the nation; commiſſaries of the aſſembly will no longer go to diſplay their proconſular pride and tyranny. Our conſtitutional edifice is ſolid and majeſtic: it will laſt, becauſe it ſecures to the government all the unity and intenſity of which it has need: it has democratical energy by the diviſion of powers, and the ſecuring to the people the exerciſe of its ſovereignty in the primary aſſemblies for its baſis; and it has given for the ſummit an executive power, phyſically leſs dangerous, and metaphyſically more eaſy to be ſhaken, than that of a ſingle perſon. The preſent government of France is the government of things; and when things are well ſettled, the power of men is almoſt nothing.

CHAP. CCLXXVI.

COLOURS IN THE TEMPLES.

ABOVE the evangelical pulpits, the figure of the catholic religion holds at the end of a pole, a three-coloured flag, on which is this inſcription: *Liberty of worſhip.*

The catholic prieſt mounts his pulpit, and makes a ſermon before the tablets, on which are inſcribed in capital letters the theophilanthropical maxims. It would be now very difficult to meet with Bourdaloues and Maſſillons. Some churches are full at the feaſts of Pentecoſt and Eaſter, but the taverns are much more ſo: the Tivolis, the groves of Paphos and Idalia, draw away the crowds; there are none but old women who now attend the wrecks of the catholic faith, but lately ſo ſplendid. It is, however, doing every thing to recover its ancient ſplendour, but it will not ſucceed; it ſtruggles, but cannot contend againſt thoſe crowds of new ideas and manners which puſh it back inſenſibly into contempt and oblivion.

FINIS.